

Monthly View

OF

NEW PUBLICATIONS, MUSIC, THE ENGLISH AND FOREIGN
 DRAMA, THE FINE ARTS, LITERARY AND
 SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE, &c.

MOST of the readers of LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE must be aware that, for more than twelve months, there has been in circulation, a prospectus of "*The Cabinet Cyclopædia, conducted by the Rev. Dionysius Lardner, LL.D., F.R.S., L. and E., M.R.S.A., FL.S., F.S.A., Hon. F.C.P., M. Ast. S. &c. &c., assisted by Eminent, Literary, and Scientific Men.*" The plan of this Cyclopædia, if Cyclopædia it can with propriety be termed, is altogether different from that of any other. It is, in fact, to be comprised in about eighty or ninety closely-printed volumes, to be published monthly, in small octavo; and it is to consist of a succession of distinct treatises; so that each subject, or work, will of itself form a complete whole, and may be purchased separately, without imposing any tie upon the purchaser, with reference to the preceding or succeeding parts. Thus, for instance, we are to have the History of Scotland, in two volumes, by Sir Walter Scott; the lives of British Statesmen, in three volumes, by Sir James Mackintosh; a Treatise on Mechanics, in one volume, by Dr. Lardner, &c. In the published list of contributors to this work, are many great and imposing names in every department of literature and science: indeed, as far as names can be deemed a guarantee for excellence, it has powerful claims on the support of the public. One point which particularly recommends it to our favourable notice, is the pledge given in the prospectus, that "No party politics whatever will be admitted into the CABINET CYCLOPEDIA: the cultivation of virtue, and the diffusion of sound political wisdom, will be its great and leading objects."

We have now before us the actual commencement of the work, in "*The History of Scotland, by Sir Walter Scott, Bart.,*" and, with its general character and style of execution, we are quite satisfied the public can have no just cause of complaint. The volume opens, after a few introductory lines, with the first incursion

of the Romans into Scotland, under the command of Agricola, and terminates with a view of the civil and military state of the country, at the time of the death of James IV., at the Battle of Flodden Field. The plan of the work admits of no lengthened inquiry respecting the aboriginal inhabitants of Caledonia, or the fables in which the early history of every country is involved; and in mentioning in succession the names of the immediate descendants of Kenneth Macalpine, who united in his person the crowns of the Picts and Scots, and may be termed the first king of Scotland, notice is taken of such incidents only "as are necessary either to illustrate the future history of Scotland, or the manners of the period." This judicious mode of condensation allows greater scope for the exhibition and illustration of more important characters and events.

When the nature of Sir Walter Scott's previous writings is taken into consideration, much credit must be accorded to him for his close adherence to facts, and for the simplicity and vigour of his style; and, although, to quote his own words, he has been "under the necessity of rejecting many details which engage the attention and fascinate the imagination," he has clothed the remaining facts, essential to his purpose, in a garb sufficiently attractive to excite and rivet the interest of the reader, and to render his work as popular for its manner as it is valuable for its matter. The life of Bruce occupies five chapters (a quarter of the volume) of absorbing interest; and the struggles of his successors with the powerful nobles of the land, and the feuds of the latter amongst themselves, are sketched with great skill, distinctness, and graphic effect. In selecting a passage for extract as a specimen of the style of the work, we are induced to make choice of one relating to Macbeth, as coming home to the imagination of every English reader, although the historical facts had previously been ascer-

tained by the researches of Mr. Chalmers, who informs us that Lady Macbeth, "with great strength of character, had the most afflictive injuries constantly rankling in her heart; a grandfather dethroned and slain; a brother assassinated; and her husband burnt within his castle, with fifty of his friends, herself a fugitive, with Lubach, her infant son; and that, amidst her misfortunes, she married Macbeth, the maorma of Ross, then in the prime of life, and of still greater power than her first husband." Sir Walter Scott states as follows:—

Malcolm died peaceably in 1033, and was succeeded by "the gracious Duncan," the same who fell by the poignard of Macbeth. On reading these names, every reader must feel as if brought from darkness into the blaze of noon-day; so familiar are we with the personages whom we last named, and so clearly and distinctly we recal the events in which they are interested, in comparison with any doubtful and misty views which we can form of the twilight times before and after that fortunate period. But we must not be blinded by our poetical enthusiasm, nor add more than due importance to legends, because they have been woven into the most striking tale of ambition and remorse that ever struck awe into a human bosom. *The genius of Shakespeare having found the tale of Macbeth in the Scottish chronicles of Holinshed, adorned it with a lustre similar to that with which a level beam of the sun often invests some fragment of glass, which, though shining at a distance with the lustre of a diamond, is, by a near investigation, discovered to be of no worth or estimation.*

Duncan, by his mother Beatrice, a grandson of Malcolm II., succeeded to the throne on his grandfather's death, in 1033. He reigned only six years. Macbeth, his near relation, also a grandchild of Malcolm II., though by the mother's side, was stirred up by ambition to contest the throne with the possessor. The lady of Macbeth, also, whose real name was Graoch, had deadly injuries to avenge on the reigning prince. She was the grand-daughter of Kenneth IV., killed in 1003, fighting against Malcolm II.; and other causes for revenge animated the mind of her who has been since painted as the sternest of women. The old annalists add some instigations of a supernatural kind to the influence of a vindictive woman over an ambitious husband. Three women, of more than human stature and beauty, appeared to Macbeth in a dream or vision, and hailed him successively by the titles of Thane of Cromarthy, Thane of

Moray, which the king afterwards bestowed on him, and, finally, by that of King of Scots: this dream, it is said, inspired him with the seductive hopes so well expressed in the drama.

Macbeth broke no law of hospitality in his attempt on Duncan's life. He attacked and slew the king at a place called Bothgowan, or the Smith's House, near Elgin, in 1039, and not, as has been supposed, in his own castle of Inverness. The act was bloody, as was the complexion of the times; but, in very truth, the claim of Macbeth to the throne, according to the rule of Scottish succession, was better than that of Duncan. As a king, the tyrant, so much exclaimed against, was, in reality, a firm, just, and equitable prince.

For the *matériel* of "*The Court and Camp of Buonaparte*," drawn up by way of Appendix to the Life of Buonaparte, contained in the first two numbers of The Family Library, the compiler acknowledges himself to be chiefly indebted to the Memoirs of M. de Bourienne, Colonel Napier's History of the Peninsular War, and the Annals of the Peninsular Campaigns, by the author of Cyril Thornton. It was unnecessary formally to apprise us that the arrangement of the present volume had not been made by the author of the very spirited and clever Life of Buonaparte. What we complain of, in The Court and Camp of Buonaparte, is the succinctness of most of the Memoirs, their baldness, their deficiency in striking and piquant anecdote. To this censure there are some exceptions; but, certainly, we are favoured with no new lights. However, it must be admitted, that to render full justice to the respective characters here introduced, it would require, at least, half-a-dozen volumes such as this; and valuable material for even a dozen might with ease be collected. This volume of the Family Library is embellished with portraits of Talleyrand, Murat, and Soult; in addition to which we find an *exposé* of much greater value—A Genealogical Table of the Buonaparte Family, down to the present period. By-the-by, we perceive, from the American papers, that Jerome Napoleon Buonaparte has just married "Susan Mary, only daughter of the late Benjamin Williams, of the city of Baltimore." This, we presume, is a son of that interesting personage Jerome Buonaparte, *ci-devant* King of Westphalia, who married, first, Miss Patterson, of

Baltimore, and, secondly, a daughter of the King of Wirtemberg.

Dedicated to the honourable Lady Georgiana Agar Ellis, we proceed to notice "*The Landscape Annual*"—or, according to its new, and more suitable title, for this is unquestionably a misnomer, "*The Tourist in Switzerland and Italy, by Thomas Roscoe, illustrated from Drawings by S. Prout, Esq. Painter in Water Colours to His Majesty.*" Had this elegant and beautiful volume reached us at an earlier period of the season, as it ought to have done, we should have felt ourselves bound to enter into a more extensive examination of its contents, literary and pictorial, than we now conceive to be necessary. Mr. Prout's name, and the style and merit of his productions, are so well known, and so justly estimated, that praise from our pen would be little more than a work of supererogation; with many of the exquisite drawings, too, from which the plates in this volume have been ably engraved, under the superintendence of Mr. Charles Heath, whose name alone is a host, we, as well as the public, have been some time familiar; for, throughout several seasons, they have constituted some of the most splendid attractions at the gallery of the Society of Painters in Water Colours, of which Mr. Prout is a distinguished member. In this view of the work, therefore, we have little more to do than to enumerate the subjects, twenty-six in number, as follow:—Geneva, General View;—Lausanne;—Montreaux, Castle of Chillon, &c.;—Bridge St. Maurice;—Lavey, near ditto (Swiss Cottage);—Martigny;—Sion;—Viss, or Viege;—Domus d'Ossola;—Castle of Angluera, from Arona;—Milan Cathedral, &c.;—Lake of Como;—Como;—View of Verona;—View of Vicenza;—Padua;—Petrarch's House at Arquà;—The Rialto, at Venice;—Ducal Palace, ditto;—The Palace of the Foscari, ditto;—The Bridge of Sighs, ditto;—Old Ducal Palace at Ferrara;—Bologna;—Ponte Sisto, Rome;—Fish Market, Ruins, ditto;—Vignette, Constantine's Arch, Rome.

From some accidental circumstance, we presume, it has happened that, in the view of Bologna, the leaning towers are out of drawing, as to their inclinations respectively, from the line of perpendicularity, and also in point of actual height, assum-

ing a scale of proportions from the given altitude of either. This is evident from an inspection of the plate, and also from the discrepancy between the design and the accompanying description. Whether the erroneous idea conveyed in the plate may have resulted from any peculiarity in the point of view taken by the artist, we are not prepared to say.

That, in six-and-twenty plates, some must be superior to others in pictorial truth and beauty of design, as well as in interest of subject, and in graphical execution, is inevitable. Something, too, must be allowed on the score of taste and fancy in the observer; one person, perhaps, giving a decided preference to some particular plate, which may not happen to excite the same degree of admiration as some other plate in the eye of a different individual, though, in point of fact, they may be equally meritorious. If, by confining a series of designs to the pencil of a single artist, we miss some portion of the much called for charm of variety, we are, on the other hand, as in the present instance, highly gratified by what may be deemed equally valuable, a noble and consistent uniformity. For ourselves, we are delighted with the general effect—with the clearness, force, and brilliancy of these views; though it is not impossible, that some of them might have been heightened by a more delicate and elaborate finish on the part of the engraver. On this point, however, we wish not to be understood as passing any severity of censure upon the subordinate artist, who too frequently labours under the influence and controul of circumstances, with which the public can never become acquainted. Speaking in general terms, the respective plates are very ably executed; and there cannot be a doubt that the patronage extended to the first volume of *The Landscape Annual*, will be such as to induce far superior arrangements for its successor in the season of 1831. It is only an act of justice to the engravers employed on this occasion, that we subjoin their names:—Charles Heath, Lewis, Redaway, Allen, Willmore, Carter, Brandard, Wallis, Kernott, Jeavons, Henshall, Tingle, Horsburgh, and Smith.

We expected more originality in the department of literary illustration; but

Mr. Roscoe has succeeded in presenting a very amusing medley of description, history, poetry, and anecdote.

In the new edition of the Waverley Novels, the Antiquary has been succeeded by the first volume of "*Rob Roy*;" the Introduction to which, extending to one hundred and thirty pages, consisting of an exceedingly interesting biographical sketch of the hero, interspersed with a variety of curious documents and anecdotes. Our limits permit us merely to transcribe the following brief notice of Rob Roy's death, which the reader may compare, at leisure, with the last moments of the cateran, in the novel:—

The time of his death is not known with certainty, but he is generally said to have survived 1738, and to have died an aged man. When he found himself approaching his final change, he expressed some contrition for particular parts of his life. His wife laughed at these scruples of conscience, and exhorted him to die like a man, as he had lived. In his reply, he rebuked her for her violent passions, and the counsels she had given him. "You have put strife," he said, "betwixt me and the best men of the country, and now you would place enmity between me and my God."

There is a tradition, no way inconsistent with the former, if the character of Rob Roy be justly considered, that while on his death-bed, he learned that a person, with whom he was at enmity, proposed to visit him. "Raise me from my bed," said the invalid; "throw my plaid around me, and bring me my claymore, dirk, and pistols—it shall never be said that a foe-man saw Rob Roy Mac Gregor defenceless and unarmed." His foe-man, conjectured to be one of the Mac Larens, before and after mentioned, entered, and paid his compliments, inquiring after the health of his formidable neighbour. Rob Roy maintained a cold, haughty civility during their short conference; and so soon as he had left the house, "Now," he said, "all is over"—let the piper play *Ha til mi tulidh* (we return no more); and he is said to have expired before the dirge was finished.

This singular man died in bed in his own house, in the parish of Balquhadder. He was buried in the church-yard of the same parish, where his tombstone is only distinguished by a rude attempt at the figure of a broad sword.

The frontispiece to the first volume of Rob Roy, exhibits the hero at the moment of recognition by the Baillic Nicol Jarvie, in the Tolbooth, Edinburgh. The

scene is admirably characterised by Kidd; to whom, in our apprehension, Mr. Davenport has not, in all respects, rendered full justice in the engraving. The vignette, engraved by Shenton, from a drawing by Chalon, exhibits old Mabel, "her head slightly agitated by the palsy of age, and shaded by a close cap, as white as the driven snow," pouring into the infant ear of Osbaldistone descriptions of the scenes of her youth. The conception, we must take leave to say, is far preferable to the execution.

We have a strong complaint to urge against Naturalists; most of those gentlemen are infinitely too fond of making a display of their reasoning powers; which display, unfortunately for the cause of truth, and for the interests of science, almost invariably terminates *in fumo*. They will tell us, for instance, that a rose is beautiful; and then they will proceed to argue that if a rose had been different from what it actually is, in conformation, texture, colour, odour, &c., it could not have been beautiful, and we could not have admired it, and it would not have attracted the bee, and it would not have answered the purpose of its creation; but all this fine and elaborate argumentation does not, in the slightest degree, tend to prove that a rose is intrinsically or abstractedly beautiful, but only that it is beautiful according to our perceptions of beauty; our perceptions being so constituted as to regard it as beautiful. Does it never occur to these philosophers, that our perceptions might have been so constituted as to regard a hedge-hog, or a toad, or a worm, as the most beautiful object in nature—that the most loathsome stench might be more grateful to our olfactory nerves than all the perfumes of Arabia, and yet that all might have been good? Do not let it be incessantly dinned into our ears by these reasoning wiseacres, that things could not have been otherwise than they are; or, that, if they had been otherwise, they would not have answered the purposes for which they were designed. The proper task of naturalists is to adduce facts; and, by the production and illustration of facts, to shew the existence of a grand harmonious whole. It does not follow that because the inhabitants of the earth could not exist in the

moon, that the moon is without inhabitants.

Naturalists, also, are too fond of assumption. Thus, we are told that vegetables, although they have various organs, all performing functions tending to the increase, preservation, and multiplication of the several species, have no sentient existence. How would the promulgators of this doctrine proceed if they were called upon to demonstrate its truth? It *may* be true; but not a shadow of proof has ever been offered that it *is* so. On the contrary, many truly wise and learned men have, upon very substantial grounds, entertained an opinion diametrically opposite.

Then, again, we complain of a want of precision in the language of Naturalists. We are, for ever, hearing of men *and* animals; birds *and* animals; fish *and* animals; that "*fish* are said to be longer lived *than* animals," and the like. If these scientific people would take the trouble of turning to any Latin Dictionary, they would gain the requisite information that an animal is a "a *living* creature, a man, beast, bird, or fish."

We have been led into these remarks from the perusal of a very pretty, and, generally speaking, cleverly executed, little volume, entitled "*Studies in Natural History; exhibiting a Popular View of the most Striking and Interesting Objects of the Material World, illustrated by ten Engravings.*" From this work much useful and pleasing information may be derived.

Part XXI. of "*The Animal Kingdom, described and arranged in conformity with its organization, by the Baron Cuvier, Member of the Institute of France, &c.,*" a work of the character, progress, and execution of which, we reported largely and favourably in our preceding volume, has been published. In this part, the order Gallinæ, of the Class Aves, is terminated, and considerable advancement is made in the order Grallæ. The plates are very numerous, and beautiful as any of their precursors. From the letter-press, we shall probably quote some interesting and amusing matter in our *Mélanges of the Month*.

In LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE for October, we announced at considerable length, with

critical notices of, and extracts from, several of its respective portions, the appearance and progress of that useful and valuable publication, "*The Family Library*;" and we have now equal pleasure in inviting the attention of our readers to its Seventh Number, comprising the first volume of "*The Natural History of Insects.*" Of this work, to be completed in two volumes, the first volume only is before us, embracing, in eighteen chapters, descriptions of the Hive Bee, and the Humble Bee, the Common Wasp, Ants, the Termites or White Ants, Parasitical Insects, the Ant Lion, the Spider, Caterpillars, Social Caterpillars, and the Chrysalis, or Aurelia. A brief Introduction conveys, in a concise and lucid style, some necessary information concerning the insect world in general, previously to the consideration of its various tribes. Nearly a third of the volume is devoted to the history of that interesting and extraordinary little creature—the Bee; in the compilation of which the best authorities have been consulted, and extracts are given from those naturalists who have made the bee the object of their peculiar study and observation. The other subjects of the volume are treated of in an equally skilful manner; and although but a small space, comparatively, could be allotted to each, nothing of interest or importance seems to have been omitted. The letter-press is illustrated by more than two hundred slight, but clearly defined, wood-cuts.

We have before us—delightful prospect!—"Health without Physic; or Cordials for Youth, Manhood, and Old Age; including Maxims, Moral and Facetious, for the Prevention of Disease, and the Attainment of a Long and Prosperous Life: by an Old Physician." Ah, this said "Old Physician" is a man of experience! He is, we doubt not, a *bon vivant*—one, who, like the sage that says "read my book," loves a glass—or a bottle—of ancient port, with the bee's wing in it, and the bright uhy just upon the turn, far better than rhubarb, senna, or blue pill. However, we must not conceal the fact that he prescribes a nostrum, and that nostrum is—temperance! "To live long," he observes, "people must live *well*, that is, not upon the *fat of the land*, but rather

upon the wholesome products, animal and vegetable, which the land affords, properly prepared and cooked." This will be found at once a very amusing and highly serviceable book. We have been greatly pleased with the section containing Directions for the Preservation of the Health and Comfort of Travellers, particularly in Warm Climates, and Sea Voyages.

Last year we directed the attention of our readers to a clever, though slight, little volume, entitled *The Home Book, or Young Housekeeper's Assistant*, founded on a lady's personal experience of five-and-forty years; and we notice, by the same author, "*The Home Account Book, or Housekeeper's Register of Family Expenses, arranged upon the Improved System recommended in the Home Book, and exhibiting the Weekly, Monthly, Quarterly, and Annual Expenditure for every Article of Domestic Consumption, for the Use of either Large or Small Families.*" To our judgment, this is, incomparably, the best arranged work of its class that we have seen.

Wilson's New Stranger's Guide through London and its Environs; or, a Portable Cicerone, containing every Species of Desirable Information; with a map, and Alphabetical Index, is formed on the plan of Meurice's Guide to Paris, and is extremely well calculated to answer its desired purpose. Not interfering, or pretending to compete with the well-known Picture of London, it forms, as the publisher observes, a sort of direction-post to the curiosities of the metropolis. The coloured map prefixed, though slight, is very clearly constructed; and, by a copious list of streets and squares for alphabetical reference, its value is greatly enhanced. The Hackney Coach, Cabriolet, and Watermen's Fares and Regulations, will also be found useful. We observe some slight verbal, and other errors in the work, which will, of course, be corrected in future editions.

From the acknowledged ability and reputation of its author, we have been led closely to examine "*A Comprehensive Grammar of the English Language, with Exercises, written in a familiar Style; accompanied with Questions for Examination, Notes Critical and Explanatory: intended*

for the Use of Schools, and for Private Tuition; by W. Pinnock; Author of Pinnock's Catechisms, &c." Mr. Pinnock, with even more than his usual industry, has here devoted himself to a critical inquiry into the construction and idiom of our native tongue, with the view of producing a more complete manual of the governing rules of the language than had hitherto appeared; and while we give him credit for the patience and intemperance of application which he must have exercised in so abstruse an investigation, we must cordially pronounce our opinion that he has accomplished his object. The consciousness of this will, doubtlessly, afford him his highest reward; but we should be wanting in gratitude for the essential service he has thus rendered to literature, of which grammar is so important a constituent, did we not recommend his labours to the patronage of the public, and express our sincere hope that he will reap further benefit by the extensive circulation of his work. This "*Comprehensive Grammar,*" we must add, combines much that is new and valuable, with all that is correct and irrefragable in preceding authors; throwing also great light on some points hitherto involved in obscurity, and exposing and remedying the errors into which former grammarians have unaccountably fallen.

"*The Son and the Ward; or, Selfishness Corrected; a Tale for Youth, by Marianno Parrott,*" is a cleverly-executed performance of its kind. Slight in its material, it is gracefully written, and the story possesses sufficient interest to awake and sustain the attention of its youthful readers, and to impress on their minds the important lessons it is designed to inculcate. The school adventures of the rich and indulged son, and of the poor and dependent ward, afford ample scope for exhibiting the vice of selfishness, with its debasing consequences, and the triumphs of generosity and magnanimity. We have pleasure in recommending it for the perusal of youth.

An excellent and most seasonable present for youth offers itself in "*Recreations in Science; or a Complete Series of Rational Amusement; by the Author of 'Endless Amusements;'* illustrated by numerous Engravings." Unless it were by copiousness

and variety of extract, for which it is impossible to find room, we could not convey a clearer idea of the contents of this little volume than in the words of the preface:—

It contains, within its convenient bulk, several hundred experiments and processes in the useful arts, a large portion of which are easily practised without any previous acquaintance with the subjects to which they relate, and many of them consist in valuable improvements in domestic economy. The experiments are also generally calculated to give the reader an insight into the various sciences, of which they form so many interesting illustrations (especially chemistry, hydraulics, hydrostatics, pneumatics) and incite him to a prosecution of those studies which will afford him lasting enjoyment and profit.

Chapter I. of Part III. completing the first octavo volume of 656 pages, of "*India, or Facts submitted to illustrate the Character and Condition of the Native Inhabitants, with Suggestions for reforming the present System of Government, by R. Rickards, Esq.*," evinces the same close and intimate acquaintance with the subject, that was shewn in the earlier portions of the work.* The present *livraison* treats specifically of "The Revenue Systems of India under the East-India Company's Government, as tending to perpetrate the degraded condition of the natives;" but, of this treatise, we have here only the first part, which "contains a concise account of the origin, principles, and progress of our revenue settlements in the countries conquered, or acquired, by the Company's Government in India." The second part is intended to show "the effect of our financial system, as regards the treatment and condition of the people; and the revolution it has occasioned in the state of landed property." By a perusal of the two succeeding excerpts, the reader will at once perceive the ground of Mr. Rickards's objections to the revenue systems of India, and the principle on which he opposes them:—

The Mussulmans, in establishing their dominion in Hindostan, applied the principles of the Koran, and of their most celebrated law tract, the *Hedaya*, to the formation of their financial system. They accordingly assert-

ed a proprietary right to all lands they conquered; and fixed that one half the gross produce of the soil should be the tribute, or tax, to be exacted from infidel cultivators, as a merciful compensation for not murdering the male population, and enslaving the women and children. * * * * *

When the British power supplanted that of the Mahomedans in Bengal, we did not, it is true, adopt the sanguinary part of their creed; but from the impure fountain of their financial system did we, to our shame, claim the inheritance of a right to seize upon half the gross produce of the land, as a tax; and wherever our arms have since triumphed, we have invariably proclaimed the savage right; coupling it, at the same time, with the senseless doctrine of the proprietary right to those lands being also vested in the sovereign, in virtue of the right of conquest.

Illustrations of these facts, and of their lamentable results, must be sought in the work itself. We can only add that "facts" are such "stubborn things," that the opponent who can confute Mr. Rickards will prove himself a giant in the field. Let the British Government and the East-India Company look to it.

Had it not been that LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE has furnished numerous proofs of the genius and talent of the writer, we should have been half fearful of encountering the perusal of "*Thomas à Becket; a Historical Play, in five Acts, as played at the Surrey Theatre; by Douglas Jerrold, Author of 'John Overy,' &c.*" Striking as is the history of Thomas à Becket, we have always considered the subject to be radically unfit for the stage. In his management of the story, however, Mr. Jerrold has shewn us that genius can work miracles with any thing; he has presented us with some fine sketches of character, much admirable dialogue, and several good "situations." In truth, he has deeply studied and successfully caught the spirit of our ancient dramatists. This is the writer, whose *Black-Eyed Susan* has had a run of a hundred and fifty nights at the Surrey Theatre, by which Mr. Elliston is said to have gained £6,000. That little piece has been performed with equal, if not superior effect at Covent Garden Theatre; and, altogether, Mr. Jerrold has acquired so much celebrity, that he has had a piece accepted at each of the winter houses. In fact, he has that sterling stuff in him,

* *Vide LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE, Vol. VII. page 209, and Vol. VIII. page 31.*

direct, will make many a modern dramatist hide his diminished head.

"*Moments of Loneliness, or Prose and Poetic Efforts, on Various Subjects and Occasions, by Sibella Elizabeth Hatfield,*" consist of about sixty pieces in prose and verse, all of which bear evidence to the kind and amiable feelings of the writer. Incidents of domestic interest, scenes hallowed by early reminiscence, &c., have principally called forth these effusions, which, to use their author's words, have occupied

"No days, no nights of thought sublime;"

but have constituted the solace of her leisure moments—moments snatched from busy intercourse with the more important cares of the world. "The Last of the Druids, a Tale of Carnbrae," is a fanciful production in prose; and "Thoughts on Early Friendships," and "The Advantages of Solitude in Affliction," slight essays, also in prose, are entitled to commendation. The volume is pervaded by a feeling of feminine delicacy and propriety of sentiment.

Printed, apparently, for private circulation, merely, "*The Maid of Scio, a Tale of Modern Greece, in Six Cantos, by Eleanor Snowden,*" has reached us. Scarcely amenable to the laws of criticism, we feel ourselves called upon only to announce the appearance of this poem as a very lady-like performance, very prettily printed on gilt edged paper.

A second edition of "*The Poetical Mêle-lange, in three volumes,*" is now before us. It consists of a miscellaneous selection of poems and passages of poems, from the works of our best writers. Not the slightest degree of arrangement or classification is apparent—the extracts are principally from modern and living poets, amongst whom a preference is assigned to those whose writings have a moral or religious tendency. An Index, and a Table of First Lines to each volume, render it a book of easy reference, and containing, as it necessarily does, much beautiful poetry, it is not without its value.—We almost long for the sight of a volume or two of original verse—verse such as the pen of

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IN four closely-printed octavo volumes, the most important historical work of the season presents itself in "*Memoirs, Correspondence, and Private Letters of Thomas Jefferson, late President of the United States, now first published from the Original Manuscripts, edited by Thomas Jefferson Randolph.*" To read these papers, is at once

to get behind the curtain, to see the actors without their visors, and to become acquainted with all the secret machinery of the American Revolution. Of the history of the period to which they relate, they constitute, by far, the most important mass of material that has yet appeared. Without their perusal, the political stu-

dent must remain in ignorance of many of the leading facts of the Revolution; without their profound study, analytically and synthetically, no man can be competent to the production of a correct or lucid narrative of that grand and stirring event. Yet, limited as we are, with scarcely a page to devote to the publication, which must be deemed political rather than literary, how shall we convey to the reader an idea of its multifarious contents? We can, in fact, do little more than point out, by a brief abstract of the preface, and by an occasional glance at the body of the work, the editorial arrangement. The autobiographical memoir, then, contained in the first volume, commences with circumstantial notices of Jefferson's earliest life. It was in 1821, when the writer had attained the age of seventy-seven, that he began to make his *memoranda*. The memoir is continued to his arrival in New York, in March, 1790, when he entered on the duties of the department of State, of which he had been just appointed secretary. Its contents, succeeding the biographical pages, are thus designated:—

General facts and anecdotes relating to the origin and early stages of the contest with Great Britain; historical circumstances relating to the Confederation of the States; facts and anecdotes, general and local, preliminary to the Declaration of Independence; an exact account of the circumstances attending that memorable act, in its preparation and its progress through Congress; with a copy from the original draught, in the *hand-writing of the author*; and a parallel column, in the same hand, shewing the alterations made in the draught by Congress; views of the connexions and transactions of the United States with foreign nations, at different periods; particularly a narrative, with many details, personal and political, of the causes and early course of the French Revolution, as exhibited to the observation of the author during his diplomatic residence at Paris.

Within the body of the work, or referred to in the appendix, are many curious, valuable, and important documents.

The other volumes contain—

Jefferson's letters, from 1775, to his death, addressed to a very great variety of individuals, and comprising a range of information, and in many instances, regular essays on subjects of history, politics, science, and religion: also, notes of conversations, whilst Secretary of State, with President Washington, and others in high

office; and *memoranda* of cabinet councils, committed to paper on the spot, and filed; the whole, with the explanatory and miscellaneous additions, shewing the views and tendencies of parties, from the year 1789 to 1800. Appended to the publication is a *fac-simile* of the rough draught of the Declaration of Independence, in which will be seen the erasures, interlineations, and additions of Dr. Franklin and Mr. Adams, two of the appointed committee, in the *hand-writing* of each.

Of this great man—for, with all his French, and all his republican prejudices, Jefferson was a great man—there is a lithographic portrait prefixed to these volumes. The eyes are large, dark, and intelligent; the brows full, and strongly expressive; the forehead is broad and high; the nose a full-sized, well-formed aquiline; the mouth large, and indicative of firmness. The *tout ensemble* carries with it an air of much shrewdness, not, perhaps, unmixed with cunning.

We would willingly trace the career of this legislator and diplomatist: here, it is impossible; yet, we cannot resist our inclination to exhibit his picture of himself in retirement:—

I am retired to Monticello, where, in the bosom of my family, and surrounded by my books, I enjoy a repose to which I have been long a stranger. My mornings are devoted to correspondence. From breakfast to dinner, I am in my shops, my garden, or on horseback among my farms; from dinner to dark, I give to society and recreation with my neighbours and friends; and from candle-light to early bedtime, I read. My health is perfect; and my strength considerably reinforced by the activity of the course I pursue; perhaps it is as great as usually falls to the lot of near sixty seven years of age. I talk of ploughs and harrows, seeding and harvesting, with my neighbours, and of politics too, if they choose, with as little reserve as the rest of my fellow-citizens, and feel, at length, the blessing of being free to say and do what I please, without being responsible for it to any mortal. A part of my occupation, and by no means the least pleasing, is the direction of the studies of such young men as ask it. They place themselves in the neighbouring village, and have the use of my library and counsel, and make a part of my society. In advising the course of their reading, I endeavour to keep their attention fixed on the main objects of all science, the freedom and happiness of man. So that coming to bear a share in the councils and government of their country, they will keep

ever in view the sole objects of all legitimate government.

These volumes contain some striking, and far from favourable, expositions of the character of that idol of the republicans, George Washington. Jefferson's notices of the French Revolution are also very fresh and original. Excepting that of her ferocious and sanguinary enemies, his opinion of the unfortunate Marie Antoinette is more unfavourable than any we have before seen. To her, indeed, he attributes the Revolution, and all its horrors; as a sure preventive of which, he would have shut her up in a convent, "and placed the king in his station, investing him with limited powers, which," says he, "I verily believe he would have honestly exercised according to the measure of his understanding." As we have already intimated, this publication *must* be read and studied by every person desirous of obtaining a full and accurate knowledge of the events and times to which it relates.

Forming a part of the series of useful and scientific works, now publishing under the title of Dr. Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopedia, of which the opening volume of Sir Walter Scott's History of Scotland constituted the commencement, we have now before us the first volume of a valuable and highly interesting work,—"*The History of Maritime and Inland Discovery*," carrying us from the earliest dawn of the science of geography to the return of Columbus from his discovery of the New World. We cannot but congratulate the author upon the successful execution of this portion of a task demanding such extensive reading, deep research, and an acuteness and clearness of perception and discrimination, as were necessary for the selection, arrangement, and combination of material for the production of a work to satisfy alike the scientific and the general reader.

Comprising the geography of the Ancients and of the Middle Ages, divided into three Books, subdivided into Chapters, the author commences his labours with the Mosaic accounts of the peopling of the earth by Ham, Shem, and Japhet, the sons of Noah, and proceeds thence to the geographical knowledge of the Jews, which, from their inland position and re-

stricted communication with foreign nations, was necessarily very limited. Of the discoveries made by the Phœnicians, the greatest maritime people of antiquity, no account has been transmitted to posterity. The first geographer of note was Homer, who united to poetic genius all the learning of his time. Of the countries known to him, his descriptions are minutely correct; and it is only when speaking of those with which he was partially acquainted "that the pictures of the poet lose the colour of reality." Upon this subject the author enters at considerable length, as well as upon that of the Argonautic Expedition, and proves that for several ages after Homer's time, the geographical knowledge of the Greeks extended not far beyond Greece, Egypt, Asia Minor, and the Islands, while to the West lay the land of dreams and fabled bliss, which continually receded from their advances.

The books of Herodotus form a new era in the science; books which, as our author justly observes, may be read even at the present day with profit and delight, and the statements of which our increasing knowledge has confirmed. In this place, and indeed throughout the work, much shrewdness and ingenuity are displayed in the removal of difficulties and apparent contradictions arising from the similarity of names, or their arbitrary application. The voyages of the Carthaginian admirals, Hanno and Hamilcar, were productive of many important discoveries. But we must proceed.

Of the expedition of Alexander the Great to India, a very animated and interesting account is given, from which it is shewn that the manners of the Hindoos were then nearly the same as at the present day. Curious and important as these details are, they yield in interest to the discoveries of the Northmen, who, it seems difficult to believe, had not reached the continent of North America nearly five centuries before Columbus.

Considerable space is allotted to the Travels of the Arabian Sheikh, Ibn Batuta, who visited, in the fourteenth century, Cairo, Damascus, Medina, and Ormuz, where he beheld the head of a fish that "might be compared to a hill: its eyes were like two doors, so that people

could go in at one eye and out at the other." Ibn Batuta visited all the cities of Asia Minor, Tartary, India, China, and Persia, of all which places his descriptions of manners, customs, natural productions, &c. are curious and interesting. The same remark applies to the journey of Carpini into Tartary, on a mission for converting the Mongols, sent out by Pope Innocent the Fourth.

The Travels of Marco Polo, in the 13th century, the first European who visited China, and who, says our author, enjoyed better opportunities of acquiring a knowledge of the country than any who have succeeded, occupy two chapters, the most amusing in the book. The enterprising spirit of the Portuguese, and the discoveries made by that nation, gradually led to the discovery of America, by Columbus, "who, by the force of his individual spirit and enthusiasm, effected an achievement, superior in boldness of design, and in its important consequences, to any other that occurs in the history of man." The circumstances attending this discovery are universally known, and with the return of Columbus terminates the first volume of this valuable work. We shall close with an extract relating to the supposed discovery of America, by a native of Iceland, at the commencement of the eleventh century:—

When the Northmen had crossed the tempestuous seas between Norway and Iceland, and from Iceland to Greenland, it might easily be conjectured that they would prosecute their discoveries still further westward. In the year 1001, an Icelander, named Biorn, sailing to Greenland to visit his father, was driven by a tempest far away to the south-west; the wind abating, he steered north-west, and reached his destination. His account inflamed the ambition of Lief, the son of that Eric Rauda who had founded the colony of Greenland. A vessel was soon equipped; Lief and Biorn, set sail together, and arrived at the country which the latter had descried. The first land they reached was a rocky island, to which they gave the name of *Helleland*; a low country, thickly wooded, was called *Markland*. A few days afterwards they found a river, on the banks of which were trees loaded with agreeable fruits. The temperature appeared delicious, the soil seemed fertile, and the river yielded abundance of fine salmon. Having reached the lake from which the river issued, our Greenlanders resolved to winter in the country. They found

that on the shortest day, the sun remained eight hours above the horizon; from which observation it results that they were not far from the forty-ninth degree of latitude.

A German, who made one of the party, found some wild grapes, and having explained to his companions the use to which that fruit was generally converted, it was agreed among them to give the newly-discovered country the name of *Vinland*, or the *land of wine*. The relations of Lief made several voyages to Vinland. The third summer after the Norman landed there, they saw arrive, in canoes covered with leather, a number of natives of diminutive stature, to whom they gave the name of *Skrælingues*, or dwarfs. They massacred those comparatively feeble creatures without mercy, and were in consequence furiously attacked by the whole tribe. Some years afterwards, the Scandinavian colony carried on an advantageous fur trade with the savages, who appear from these accounts to have been Esquimaux. The valuable fur trade which rewarded their enterprise, induced numbers to follow their example; but we are very imperfectly informed with respect to the circumstances of the Scandinavian colonies established in Vinland; we only know that Eric, Bishop of Greenland, made a voyage to that country in 1121, in order to convert to Christianity his countrymen settled there, and who still continued pagans.

It is impossible to shake the authenticity of these plain and circumstantial accounts; and it is likewise difficult, if not impossible, to acknowledge their genuine character, without admitting at the same time that Vinland was in Newfoundland, or close on the continent of North America, which was consequently discovered by Europeans, nearly five centuries before Christopher Columbus; in whose age, perhaps, some traditions were still preserved amongst seamen of those early discoveries in the north.

"*The Exclusives*," in three volumes, respecting which an extraordinary degree of interest has been excited, is, in effect, though not in manner, one of the severest satires ever penned upon a certain portion of the fashionable world. The moral certainly is an important one, and, we trust, will not be lost sight of. We have seen a list of high and distinguished names, purporting to be a Key to the characters introduced in this work; but, for our own parts, we dare not make the application. However, we doubt not that the portraits are sufficiently palpable in resemblance, to serve as their own index.

"*The Rivals—Tracy's Ambition*; by the Author of '*The Collegians*,' in three vo-

lumes, completes the third, and, as we are informed, last series of *Tales of the Munster Festivals*. The first of these, *The Rivals*, the scene of which is laid in the county of Wicklow, in the neighbourhood of the Seven Churches, possesses much merit, but is more remarkable for the many beautifully descriptive passages which it contains; for its force of language, and occasional delineation of character, than for the able construction of its plot, or the probability of its incidents. Esther Wilderming, an enthusiastic and romantic girl, is beloved by Richard Lacy and by Francis Riordan. She returns the affection of the latter, and her choice excites the most deadly feelings of hatred and revenge between the young men. Opposed in political sentiment, the distracted state of the country presents constant opportunities for their thwarting the views and plans of each other, till a duel with Lacy, who is in the magistracy, and the obnoxiousness of his conduct to Government, compel Riordan to quit Ireland, and to join the South American patriots, having first obtained vows of inviolable constancy from Esther. Esther becomes an orphan; the assiduities of the wily and cold-hearted Lacy continue; and, after an interval of some years, and the current report of Francis's death, the lady is induced, by the threats and entreaties of her friends, to consent to a union with his rival. The night before the bridal, Riordan returns, rich in wealth and fame; the news of his arrival causes the sudden death of Esther, and she is borne to the Cathedral of Glendalough, a corpse instead of a bride. Riordan, distracted with grief, determines on beholding the face of his beloved once more: and, attended by a trusty servant, proceeds to the vault, breaks open the coffin, and carries the body to a ruined cottage, and watches it during the night. For what follows no cause is assigned; but, in the course of the night, Esther revives, is released from her grave-clothes, and, in the course of a few days, is united to Riordan. Lacy receives intimation of Riordan's return; but of all that relates to Esther, save that her body has been removed, he is ignorant. Enmity between the rivals is renewed; Riordan confronts Lacy in a court of justice, and exposes

him as the prime agent of a conspiracy against the lives of two peasants, whose trial is about to commence. Here, where the reader's attention has been roused to its highest pitch, the interest of the story suddenly ceases. As though the author were unable to extricate his characters from the difficult situation in which he has placed them, he briefly and unsatisfactorily informs us, that Lacy became a reformed man, and that Esther was restored to her friends; and, we may presume, "lived very happily ever after."

This tale contains many powerful scenes, and many successful attempts at humour in the delineation of Irish character.

Tracy's Ambition, though superior to *The Rivals*, in interest and truth to nature, is less susceptible of analysis than that tale. It is the autobiography of a comfortable Irish gentleman, who, lured on by the petty ambition of obtaining an appointment in the magistracy, halting between two opinions, and endeavouring to make his conduct coincide with both, and, by a wavering indecision of character, gradually loses the respect and love of his tenants and neighbours, and ultimately occasions the murder of his wife and the ruin of his family. The unexpected return of a brother of his wife restores his children to wealth; and Tracy closes his narrative by stating, that when he shall have obtained the commission of peace, to procure which he is using every exertion, he shall be a contented man for the remainder of his days. Of the numerous incidents and characters introduced in this tale, it is impossible to convey an adequate idea. The work embraces scenes of powerful and highly-wrought interest, of the deepest pathos and most grotesque humour. The history of the Shanahans, involved in that of Tracy, presents a startling picture of the darker shades of the Irish character, of fierce and gloomy passion, roused into action by tyranny and oppression. Avoiding all political discussion, the author nevertheless presents striking views of the state of society in the middle and lower orders, and of the opinions and feelings of the peasantry. His portraiture of character are, perhaps, not less vivid than those by the O'Hara family, though the object of the former has been to bring forward the sorrows

and affections rather than the violent and fearful passions of the people. Some very pretty poetry is scattered through these volumes; but our limits forbid us to indulge in extract, and, therefore, cordially recommending them to the perusal of our readers, we take leave of the author, in the hope of meeting him again; a pleasure more than intimated at the close of his present work.

From the pencil of Cooper, and engraved by Raddon, the vignette title-page of the second volume of "*Rob Roy*," in the new edition of the Waverley novels, is capital. It represents the wild Highlander, attired in a hat, perriwig, and riding coat, which had once called Andrew Fairservice master, and mounted on the bailie's horse, and leading that of his friend. Certainly, in the spirited and faithful delineation of horses, Cooper leaves all his competitors far behind. We are much pleased with Leslie's design for the other plate. The moment of time chosen is, when Frank Osbaldistone, seated in the old study at twilight, and hearing a deep sigh, starts up in amazement, and perceives Diana Vernon standing before him, resting on the arm of a figure, so strongly resembling that of the portrait which had so often attracted his attention, that he looked hastily at the frame, expecting to see it empty. Yes, the design is admirable; but the engraving is tame, and far from satisfactory. However, we are led to expect considerable improvement in the succeeding volumes of this popular series.

Amongst the numerous presents prepared for our young friends at this holiday season, few possess better claims to notice than three small volumes entitled "*Bertha's Visit to her Uncle in England*." It professes to be a selection from the journal of a young person, who having passed her childhood at Rio Janiero, is sent at the close of that period on a visit to her English friends. The novelty of every object which meets her view on her arrival, excites her curiosity, and her inquiries elicit much valuable information on many subjects, which, from their familiarity merely, we are apt to pass regardlessly. Letters from cousins in different parts of the country, extracts from books, conversations, &c. are made the pleasing vehicle of a mass of useful and

entertaining knowledge, in most of the sciences, arts, manufactures, &c. to which a copious index offers every facility of reference. The language is natural and simple.

The works of Miss Edgeworth, for children, are so justly appreciated, that when we say that "*Laurent le Paresseux, Tarlton, et la Fausse Clef, Trois Petits Contes, traduits de l'Anglais de Miss Edgeworth*," are three of the amusing tales from that lady's "*Parent's Assistant*," turned into easy and familiar French, we need scarcely add that they form a pleasant reading book for the young student in that language. It is a very pretty little book, and will, we doubt not, be followed by the translation of the whole series, which cannot be too widely diffused.

The seventeenth volume of "*Time's Telescope for 1830, or a Complete Guide to the Almanack*," presents its readers with a fanciful frontispiece, in which are very neatly engraved the portraits of Lord Liverpool, Sir H. Davy, Dr. Wollaston, Lord Colchester, and T. Furlong. The useful and amusing character of this work is so well known, that it would be useless to enter into a description of its contents. It appears to us that the monthly astronomical occurrences are, this year, more scientifically and more satisfactorily given than usual. They are by Mr. J. T. Barker. We are not prepared to say that equal improvements have been effected in other departments of the volume; in fact, there appears to be a change, not for the better, in the general compilation.

"*The Literary Blue Book, or Kalendar of Literature, Science, and Art, for 1830*," is one of the most contemptible catch-pennies, or catch crowns of the day. In the words of a brother critic, it is "an admirable idea, wretchedly executed." We have seen it advertised as "elegantly bound, full gilt;" whereas the edges are only marbled, and the book is done up in slight cloth boards, with very slight and trashy gold ornaments. Were the cost an object, we should be glad to have it in our pocket again.

It is exceedingly injudicious to mingle the complex, the metaphysical, the mystical, with the simple and the practically useful, in philosophy or science. This we

consider to be the besetting sin of a volume denominated "*Christian Education, in a Course of Lectures, delivered in London, in Spring, 1829, by E. Biber, Ph. Dr.*" There is much sound excellent sense, much benevolent and truly pious feeling, with many enlightened views upon the subject of education, all converging to, and terminating in, religion as a grand centre, in these lectures; but, unfortunately, they are so deficient in simplicity of style and manner, in condensation of thought, and in clearness of arrangement, that we fear many a reader will stumble at the very threshold. Yet, if he will "persevere to the end," he will find his labour repaid. The author's object is, by means of education of the poor as well as of the rich, to produce, in the course of time, a more harmonious state of society. One of his leading positions is, that "all men are to be instructed essentially in the same branches of knowledge, but in different degrees, and in different directions;" for, says he—

1st. The different faculties which constitute man's mind, call for corresponding branches of instruction, as the means of developing and cultivating those faculties; and as the latter are essentially the same in all individuals, it follows, that the chief branches of instruction should be common to the education of all.

2d. The degree of power in which each faculty is to be met with in every individual, determines the degree of cultivation which it ought to receive, comparatively to other faculties; and as the former varies in different individuals, and with reference to different faculties, so must the latter.

3d. The station in society in which the individual is placed, determines the sphere in which his faculties will have to act, and, therefore, the department of each branch of knowledge, which is to be appropriated to their cultivation, and which must vary, for different individuals, accordingly to their different stations.

Into the multitudinous divisions and subdivisions of Dr. Biber's system we have not space to enter; for even an abstract of his lectures would occupy several pages of our publication. However, for those who may feel interested in the subject, we have said enough to point attention. It is in Dr. Biber's sixth lecture—there are seven lectures in the volume—that the most lucid plan of his scheme is given.

Divided into no fewer than fourteen

sections, though compressed within little more than a hundred loosely printed pages, we have before us the "*Economy of the Hands and Feet, Fingers and Toes; which includes the Prevention, Treatment, and Cure of Corns, Bunnions, and Deformed Nails; the Removal of Excrescences, Superfluous Hairs, Freckles, Pimples, Blotches, and other Cutaneous Eruptions; with Safe and Certain Methods of rendering the Skin White, Soft, and Delicate, without Detriment to Health; by an Old Army Surgeon.*" We should grudge the room that is occupied by this very copious title-page, were it not that it so clearly indicates the nature and object of the book, as to render almost superfluous whatever we might be disposed to advance respecting its contents, which we have no doubt will, in many instances, prove eminently serviceable. In fact, the best evidence that we can offer of our approval, is, that we have already set apart two or three of its recipes for our *Mélanges of the Month*.

Printed on thick and handsomely gilt cards, and inclosed in a crimson and gold case, the "*Third Edition, with Additions, of the Sybil's Leaves, or a Peep into Futurity,*" published by Ackermann, will agreeably diversify the amusements of a social party at this gloomy season. They consist of fifty cards; half on pink, for the ladies, the other half, green, for the gentlemen, each card bearing ten lines of an amusing, and often playful, if not very graceful, verse, prophetic of the drawer's fortune in that greatest of all lotteries, matrimony. Thanks to our kindly Sybil, the prizes are more numerous than the blanks; and while curious coincidences will not fail often to arise from the ambiguous style of the oracle, they will be such as to excite general mirth and hilarity.

THEATRICALS.

DRURY LANE.

THE pantomime is the principal novelty on our list of notices for the past month; for the production of a drama entitled the *Witchfinder*, claims but a brief attention on the score of novelty, as it was withdrawn after the first performance. The justice of that sentence we will not now venture to dispute; we may remark, however, that we never saw less courtesy evinced by an audience than was discovered on this occasion. It was dull, we admit—perhaps, nay, positively, undramatic: the decision was so far

Monthly View
OF
NEW PUBLICATIONS, MUSIC, THE ENGLISH AND FOREIGN
DRAMA, THE FINE ARTS, LITERARY AND
SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE, &c.

WITH no production of the day, periodically issued, are we more satisfied and pleased than with "The Family Library," of the general objects, tendency, and character of which, we, some months since, gave an extended notice.* We have now before us, constituting the tenth volume of this valuable work, the second volume of "*The Lives of the Most Eminent British Painters, Sculptors, and Architects, by Allan Cunningham;*" embracing the biography of West, Barry, Blake, Opie, Morland, Bird, and Fuseli. To the lives of these artists, respectively, are prefixed

* *Vide* LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE, vol. x. page 140.

their portraits; and as these, with the exception of Opie's, are all spiritedly though not finely engraved on steel, the embellishments are much superior to those of the former volumes. The heads of West and Fuseli, are after Sir Thomas Lawrence. Respecting the life of Sir Benjamin West, it was impracticable to offer much that should be found original. Professionally, however, this painter is very ably characterized by Mr. Cunningham.

In all his works, the human form was exhibited in conformity to academic precepts—his figures were arranged with skill—the colouring was varied and harmonious—the eye rested pleased on the performance, and the artist seemed, to

the ordinary spectator, to have done his task like one of the highest of the sons of genius. But below all this splendour there was little of the true vitality—there was a monotony, too, of human character—the groupings were unlike the happy and careless combinations of nature, and the figures seemed distributed over the canvas by line and measure like trees in a plantation. He wanted fire and imagination to be the true restorer of that grand style which bewildered Barry, and was talked of by Reynolds. Most of his works—cold, formal, bloodless, and passionless—may remind the spectator of the sublime vision of the Valley of Dry Bones, when the flesh and skin had come upon the skeletons, and before the breath of God had informed them with life and feeling.

Though such is the general impression, which the works of West make, it cannot be denied that many are distinguished by great excellence. In his *Death on the Pale Horse*, and more particularly in the sketch of that picture, he has more than approached the masters and princes of the calling.

It is, indeed, irresistibly fearful to see the triumphant march of the terrific Phantom, and the dissolution of all that earth is proud of beneath his tread. War and peace, sorrow and joy, youth and age, all who love and all who hate, seem planet-struck. The *Death of Wolfe*, too, is natural and noble; and the *Indian Chief*, like the *Oneyda Warrior of Campbell*,

“A stoic of the woods, a man without a tear,”
was a happy thought.

To Barry, a most disagreeable man, and very far from a first-rate artist, too much space is given. Every body knows that he was an eccentric, wild, and furious enthusiast; and, says Cunningham, justly enough—

His treatises, like his paintings, are distinguished by their vigour. Of the light and shade of language, he was an indifferent master; nor was he fastidious in neatness of arrangement, or nice in accuracy of reasoning: nevertheless, his earnestness of manner renders his writings very readable. His enthusiasm for pencils and chisels knows no bounds: a painting with him is the first of human works, and a painter the noblest of God's creatures. Poetry, he assures us, requires little knowledge, and “the most perfect verse is no more than the animated account or relation of the story of a picture.” Poetry, too, he says, (and with more truth), is limited by its language to a particular country; while painting speaks all tongues, and is readable to all nations. Northcote, in his *Life of Reynolds*, re-echoes Barry, and proposes to detect the presence of true poetry, by trying if it

will turn into shape with the pencil! There is, however, much of our finest poetry that would slip like quicksilver from the pencil of a greater than Mr. Northcote. If a poem be only the animated account of a picture, how many thousand pictures must that man paint who shall give us Shakspeare, or Milton, or Spenser, or Scott, or Southey, or Wordsworth, on canvas: and if poetry be only good when it presents such images as painters can copy, how many passages have age after age admired in vanity and in ignorance! No one but a wild enthusiast, like Barry, would claim, for any artist that ever breathed, an equality of mind with Homer, or Shakspeare, or Dante—men who have influenced the world from its centre to its circumference: and as for Mr. Northcote's test—the winged rapidity of poetry gives us, no doubt, in its lowest, as well as in its higher moods, many pictures, which the genius of art can embody; but at the same time it presents us with images so vivid and yet elusive, so distinct and yet so shadowy, as to set all art at defiance. Who shall paint *Elijah's Mantle of Inspiration*—the *Still Small Voice*—the *War Horse*, whose neck is clothed with thunder, and who snuffeth the battle afar off—the *Magic Girdle of the Fairy Queen*—or the *Cestus of Homer's Venus*, so exquisitely rendered by Cowper—

“An ambush of sweet snares, replete
With love, desire, soft intercourse of hearts,
And music of resistless whispered sounds.”

The life of another, but far more amiable enthusiast, poor William Blake, who could not only “call spirits from the vasty deep,” but compel them to arise and appear before him, is, in its details, singularly striking and curious:—

To describe the conversation which Blake held in prose with demons, and in verse with angels, would fill volumes, and an ordinary gallery could not contain all the heads which he drew of his visionary visitants. That all this was real, he himself most sincerely believed; nay, so infectious was his enthusiasm, that some acute and sensible persons, who heard him expatiate, shook their heads, and hinted that he was an extraordinary man, and that there might be something in the matter. One of his brethren, an artist of some note, employed him frequently in drawing the portraits of those who appeared to him in visions. The most propitious time for those “angel visits” was from nine at night till five in the morning; and so docile were his spiritual sitters, that they appeared at the wish of his friends. Sometimes, however, the shape which he desired to draw was long in appearing, and he sat with his pencil and paper ready, and his eyes idly roaming in vacancy; all at once

the vision came upon him, and he began to work like one possessed. He was requested to draw the likeness of Sir William Wallace—the eye of Blake sparkled, for he admired heroes. —“William Wallace!” he exclaimed, “I see him now—there, there, how noble he looks—reach me my things!” Having drawn for some time, with the same care of hand and steadiness of eye, as if a living sitter had been before him, Blake stopped suddenly, and said, “I cannot finish him—Edward the First has stepped in between him and me.”—“That’s lucky,” said his friend, “for I want the portrait of Edward too.” Blake took another sheet of paper, and sketched the features of Plantagenet; upon which his majesty politely vanished, and the artist finished the head of Wallace. “And pray, Sir,” said a gentleman who heard Blake’s friend tell his story—“was Sir William Wallace an heroic-looking man? And what sort of personage was Edward?” The answer was—“There they are, Sir, both framed, and hanging on the wall behind you, judge for yourself.”—“I looked (says my informant) and saw two warlike heads of the size of common life. That of Wallace was noble and heroic, that of Edward stern and bloody. The first had the front of a god, the latter the aspect of a demon.”

Many a time have we ourselves seen these portraits; and we may here add, that the “artist of some note,” alluded to by Mr. Cunningham, is almost as great an enthusiast as Blake himself—a gifted enthusiast in his own beautiful art, and a yet greater enthusiast in the science, or pretended science, of judicial astrology. His portrait, sketched by the pen, not the pencil, of Cunningham, is nearly as graphic as that of Blake. Some other capital stories of the worthy pair are given; but, for these, we must refer the reader to the work.

Opie’s life might have been enriched with more racy and humorous anecdote.

The notice of that wretched profligate, Morland, is, perhaps, less complete than might be wished. Mr. Cunningham hardly seems to have been aware of all the sources of information to which he might have successfully applied: in particular, Dawe’s *Life of Morland* abounds in exquisitely ludicrous, though sometimes coarse anecdote. It may be mentioned, too, what we suspect none of his biographers have hitherto been aware of, that Morland painted a great number of

pictures in the house of a sheriff’s officer named Donatty, in Harpur Street, near Bedford Row; and there they remained several years after his death. The widow of Donatty was the unfortunate woman whose murder, the perpetrators of which have never yet been traced, excited much conversation at the time.

The most important memoir in the volume we conceive to be that of Fuseli: it is treated with the skill and spirit of a master. We cannot help thinking, however, that Mr. Cunningham has been unnecessarily harsh in his incidental notice of poor Mary Wolstoncraft; a woman who, with all her great and glaring faults, possessed many estimable qualities of head and heart, and, by the liberal and feeling mind, must be regarded rather as the victim of circumstance, than as the votary of sensuality, or the apologist of vice. There was moral merit of no slight order in Mary’s precipitous retreat from temptation.

One more brief excerpt, and we have done—

Fuseli had little sympathy with gentleness and repose: he thought there was no dignity without action—no sublimity without exaggeration. He fulfilled the injunctions of Reynolds—he ate, and drank, and slept, and waked upon Michael Angelo. By a wiser course of study he might have schooled down his imagination; but he shunned the calmer company of Correggio and Raphael, to quaff wine from the cup of the Polyphemus of modern art. He lived in a species of intoxication—affected the dress and mimicked the manners of Michael—assumed the historic shoe, and would have preferred the sandal. In drawing and in sketching he tried to imitate his master’s dashing energy and extravagance of breadth, which induced Piranesi to exclaim,—“Fuseli, this is not designing, but building a man!” When time had mellowed his taste, and in his turn he had become an instructor, he continued to prefer that broad rough freedom of hand, and held in derision all that was cautiously neat or timidly graceful. He would seize the chalks of the students, stamp with his tiny foot till they stared or smiled, cry—“See!” and delineate a man in half the time, and with a broader stroke than a tailor uses in chalking out a garment.

Mr. Cunningham promises, for his third and concluding volume, a life of Sir Thomas Lawrence. Thus we shall have no fewer than three lives of the late Presi-

dent; as, besides the memoir announced from the pen of Campbell, Mr. Murray is understood to have placed some original papers in the hands of John Wilson Croker, Esq., for another.

With a lively recollection of that excellent and admirable novel, "The Protestant," which, if it have been read as extensively as it deserves to be, must be "familiar as household words" to every novel reader in the kingdom, we sat down with the appetite of an epicure to "*Fitz of Fitz-Ford, a Legend of Devon*," also by Mrs. Bray, the amiable and accomplished author of that work, and of "De Foix," "The White Hoods," &c. We dare not venture upon an outline of the story of this romance, lest, by forestalling, we should mar its interest. Suffice it, therefore, to state, as we learn from the introductory chapter, that the tale is founded in truth—that its localities of natural scenery, interesting ruins, and sepulchral remains, are still pointed out—and that the historic and traditionary recollection of its principal characters is still fondly cherished in the neighbourhood of Tavistock. In the composition of this work, Mrs. Bray must have enjoyed peculiar advantages: her husband, if we mistake not, is the respected Vicar of Tavistock; the Vicarage, erected for him by his friend and patron, his Grace the Duke of Bedford, to whom the volumes before us are dedicated, is contiguous to the ruined Abbey of Tavistock, the remains of which are within its grounds; and, a native of Tavistock, he, at a former period of his life, entered upon an extensive topographical and antiquarian research, with the view of writing the history of that town. Availing herself of these circumstances, Mrs. Bray has been enabled to produce a work, correct and vivid in description, abounding with wild and romantic incident, and rich, even to exuberance, in legendary lore; embracing, also, a distinct and graphic view of the ancient manners and customs of the people of Devon.

Amongst the characters which figure in this exciting romance, are Levi, a Jew, who, having suffered persecution in various countries, has become the agent of a gang of outlawed miners, in their secret traffic with the product of the silver mines

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of Dartmoor; George Standish, a desperate and somewhat mysterious personage, who, besides being in league with the miners, is one of the prime movers of a plot against Elizabeth, for the establishment of the Scottish Queen upon the throne of England; Sir Hugh Fitz, an amiable but weak-minded old man, devoted to the study of the occult sciences; his worthy and able coadjutor, Barnabas Ferule, the Latin schoolmaster; John Fitz, son of Sir Hugh, and the ostensible hero of the tale; his friend and rival, Sir Nicholas Slanning, a frank, warm-hearted youth; Noseworthy, a pirate captain, one of the colleagues of George Standish; Margaret Champernoun, a maiden of mysterious birth, the beloved mistress of John Fitz; Lady Howard, a young, beautiful, and wealthy widow, of violent and almost diabolical passions, enamoured of John Fitz; Betsy Grimbald, a stern, fierce, and terrific woman, the accomplice, respectively, of Standish, and Lady Howard; with various others of minor note.

The story of "*Fitz of Fitz-Ford*," is well planned and well conducted, disclosing a rapid succession of striking incident, and producing much powerful and highly-wrought dramatic effect. Mrs. Bray is singularly happy in the delineation and development of character, of which Levi, Sir Hugh Fitz, Barnabas Ferule, and others, are spirited instances; and her descriptions of scenery bring before us the *locale* as distinctly, as vividly, as though we were on the spot. It is, however, with much difficulty that we can present, within our narrow limits, a passage capable of conveying to the reader an idea of the style and manner of this performance. We must take two brief connected portions from the early part of the first volume. They at once illustrate the scenery of Dartmoor, and slightly introduce two important characters.

"Look! uncle Levi," cried Benjamin, "yonder stands Vixen Tor, the place of our destination."

"The red light streams upon it," said Levi; "it rises like the monument of Rachael, in the plains of Bethlehem, mighty and alone."

The object which the travellers now approached was one of the most striking throughout the whole of the moor, being a vast granite rock, or rather rocks, since it consists of three

contiguous lofty masses, above one hundred feet in height, that stand insulated on an extensive declivity, yet, when viewed at a little distance, seem but as one solid body, vast, rugged, and of a form so peculiar, that it is not improbable this august work of Nature's hand might have been selected as a rock idol of the Druids, who once consecrated so many of the tors of Dartmoor to the ceremonies of their priesthood. Vixen Tor in its form has been aptly compared to the *Sphinx*, and the abrupt heights, by which it is surrounded in various directions, to those "rocks amidst the flood of years," the pyramids of Egypt. The scene was at once wild and desolate, but full of grandeur.

In the foreground appeared a rugged way, thickly strewn with rough stones and heath, yet with no object of sufficient magnitude to interrupt the view of the dark tor, or to lessen its claim of solitary pre-eminence. But if viewed from the *south-east*, the abrupt fall of the land upon which it stands gives it a new character; and there Vixen Tor assumes the form of an ancient castle of stupendous construction, towering above the valley of the Walkham, that lies, as it were, sleeping in beauty far, far below its base; where the river winds its rapid course through this vale of enchantment, amidst woods that hang in rich profusion down to the very verge of its banks, strewn with rocks, over which the waters break in white foam as these masses interrupt their passage; and on the opposite side, the bold declivities that form the boundary of the valley, appear interspersed here and there with cottages, their blue smoke curling up, and relieving by contrast the deep green foliage of the woods, whilst they indicate, as do also the patches of cultivation in their little gardens, that this spot, on the skirts of the moor, shares neither its barren nor unsocial character.

From the direction, however, in which Levi and Benjamin advanced towards the tor, it appeared to them in that view we have first described, as a dark and solitary pile. In a moment its face seemed to change: for the clouds, that hung in a dense mass above, parted asunder; and a full flood of the morning light suddenly streamed upon the rock, and rendered it so brilliant, as to show every broken fissure of its surface, and the white lichen growing thick upon its sides.

Levi, whose mind was by no means insensible to the grandeur of nature, was impressed by the scene with a sense of awe and veneration; and the old man exclaimed, in the language of scripture, as he raised his hands and eyes towards heaven, "How fearful is this place! This is none other but the house of God! It is as the altar of unhewn stone that Jacob raised to the God of Israel."

"Uncle, uncle!" exclaimed Benjamin, and he drew near Levi with considerable perturbation as he spoke—"Is not yonder figure the man we seek? I see his corslet glitter in the sun."

Upon a projecting portion of Vixen Tor, under the thousand fantastic forms and hues of its superincumbent rocks, was seated a man, about fifty years old, of a countenance strongly marked, but so regular in the formation of every feature, that in youth it must have possessed the highest claims to manly beauty. An unsettled and wandering life, and probably the change of many climates, had dyed it of the deepest brown; so that there was little, if any, difference of its complexion from that of the swarthy natives of an eastern country. His eye was black, and full of fire, yet it was often cast upon the ground. And not the least remarkable thing in the change of expression which this person's countenance frequently underwent, was, that sometimes it bore a melancholy, and at others even a savage and ferocious character. His beard was of a rich brown, full and curly, without one hair having been changed by time and toil; his figure, tall, well-formed, and athletic. Upon his breast he wore a steel corslet, somewhat tarnished; and the bare arms, which were crossed upon it, large, sinewy, and dark, looked as if they were as hard as the very steel upon which they pressed. His legs also were bare, covered with hair, and brawny; a short and light boot of leather, that scarcely reached above the ankle, being the only covering of the feet. This man wore upon his head a morion, or steel cap, with a single black feather drooping towards the shoulder. A rusty cloak lined with fur, and of foreign fashion, hung across his back. A brace of pistols, a short knife, and a sword, the whole secured about the middle with a leathern belt, completed the figure we have endeavoured to describe, though we should vainly attempt to portray a countenance so marked and so expressive, that it was at once capable of exciting feelings of terror, awe, and admiration, bordering even upon wonder, since there was nothing about it that gave the idea of the vulgar and low-bred marauder. On the contrary, though this man really seemed a daring breaker of the laws, yet he looked like a rogue of a high degree. He might have stood as the prince amongst villains.

On the appearance of the second edition of "*Fitz of Fitz-Ford*," which, in all probability, will soon be called for, we hope to notice some slight changes of aspect. The placing of a motto at the head of each chapter is a very objection-

able, and now nearly exploded, fashion. These poetic ornaments, if applicable, let the reader too soon into the author's secret; if not applicable, they are at best useless. One word on another point. A few strokes of the pen here and there, chiefly at the commencement of chapters, would curtain the machinery, the actual appearance of which somewhat impairs the general effect.

In all that relates to plot, machinery, &c., we know of no work that has of late afforded us more pleasure than "*The Lost Heir, and The Prediction*," tales in three volumes, written, as we understand, by that very clever actor, Mr. Power. In the first of these, the incidents, without outrage to probability, are striking, and follow each other in close and rapid succession, exciting the keenest interest to the close. The scene lies partly in North America and partly in France, though the principal characters are all Irish. Some of these are ably sketched, particularly Cauthleen, the faithful and devoted nurse of the hero. The story is too intricate for us to attempt its analysis; therefore, recommending it to the attention of the reader, we pass to "*The Prediction*," a production of a higher class, and proclaiming its author to be in possession of the most versatile talents. In "*The Lost Heir*," all is motion, activity, and bustle; the characters are many, the incidents numerous, the scene constantly shifting—in "*The Prediction*," all is intense, concentrated interest; the scene changes only once; the characters are few, but they stand out distinct and imposing from the canvas; the incidents are few, and striking. The humble family of Finlay had been connected for ages with that of the once noble De Lacie, in consequence of a tradition, that, when an ancestor of the former was banished, by a Sir Warrensius de Lacie, he bade the tyrant cherish the infant boy he left behind, as Heaven had decreed that their families should flourish and fade together, until the last male heir of his line should perform the church's rites over the last of the De Lacies. At the commencement of the present tale the only representatives of the Finlays are Norah and her grandson, in priest's orders, and of the Lacies, Mr. Lacie and two sons, Terence and Felix. Felix becomes the

affianced lover of a beautiful girl, the daughter of a neighbouring proprietor, but in consequence of the political views of her father, who, in addition to his own sordid character, is made the tool of a yet deeper villain, Emma is married to another. The interception of letters, forged documents, &c., are employed to convince the lovers of the infidelity of each, and Terence and Felix return to Ireland on the day of the bridal. Mrs. Lacie loses her reason and finally her life, from grief, and Terence resolves on revenging the wrongs of his brother and the death of his mother, on their author, the father of Emma. Terence falls a victim to the treachery of Sir Walter, and his lifeless body is borne to his father's house, and laid beside that of his mother, whose wake is celebrating at the time. The aged De Lacie, who is present, expires on the bodies of his wife and first born. We lament that we cannot make a suitable extract from this awfully impressive scene. Afterwards, at the funeral, the assembled peasantry, chiefly retainers of the Lacies, and cherishing feelings of deadly hatred to Sir Walter, rush simultaneously to the house of the latter, which they burn to ashes with its wretched owner. This is also a scene of fearful interest. Little remains to be told. Felix leaves the kingdom, but after an absence of sixteen years, returns, heart-broken, to breathe his last sigh on his paternal inheritance, where the church's rites are performed over him by Finlay, the priest, the last of his family.

Innumerable are the offspring of medical pretence and quackery with which, of late years, we have been annoyed and disgusted. At length, however, we may congratulate the public on the appearance of a neat and portable volume, evidently the production of a man of science, which is calculated to prove eminently and extensively useful, and which is in every respect entitled to the popularity that, we are convinced, it cannot fail of attaining. The work referred to is, "*A Manual of the Economy of the Human Body, in Health and Disease, containing a brief view of its Structure and Functions, and the Diseases to which it is liable; with ample Directions for the Regulation of Diet and Regimen, from Infancy to Old Age; for the Use of*

General Readers." The book is all, and more than all that its title-page imports; it is one of the very few professional performances, which, without unduly interfering with the province of the physician, conveys to the reader precisely that degree of valuable information respecting the nature and structure of man, the diseases with which he is afflicted, and the general mode of treating those diseases, which every intelligent person ought to possess. The author's own remarks are so just, and in every sense so applicable to his work, that we cannot refrain from transcribing a portion of them from his preface. He has, he observes, given a concise yet "plain and intelligible account of the structure and economy of the human body, avoiding, as much as possible, scientific or technical language and nomenclature." This part of the work is well illustrated by an engraved internal view of the human body, and by several distinct wood cuts.

He has next adverted to the management of children, the regulation of diet and regimen in after life, cold and warm bathing, exercise, and the best methods of rendering old age comfortable; all which subjects are treated of at considerable length, and the various authorities relative thereto fully compared and examined. A general view is also given of the most common diseases, from which their nature and treatment may be easily understood; but it has been deemed unnecessary, and foreign to the plan of this treatise, to enter into any elaborate detail of symptoms or methods of cure. These are the proper objects which the physician ought to have in view; and those who know the subject best are always the most anxious to procure the assistance of the soundest judgment, and the most extensive and accurate experience within their reach. Indeed the general diffusion of a knowledge of the animal frame and its affections, would be a great means of aiding and facilitating the labours of the physician, and of promoting the improvement of the healing art. A host of prejudices, which the medical man finds it often more difficult to combat than the disease itself, would thus be banished; the sick would be more disposed to listen to and adopt rational advice, and would be better able to distinguish sound judgment, enlarged experience, and patient observation, from shallow pretension, base chicanery, and impudent empiricism.

If the writer be in error at all, it is, we think, when he leans too forcibly on the faith of Dr. Paris, on the subject of diet, &c. Dr. P. though generally a very sound

and able writer, is not uniformly correct in his opinions on the properties of different kinds of food. With the "Dietetic Maxims," given in this volume, we are, however, so much pleased, that we shall, for the benefit of the readers of *LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE*, transfer them to our *Melanges of the Month*. The "Dyspeptic Maxims," also, and the Remarks on Bathing, are exceedingly judicious; and, altogether, the work will be found the most practically useful in families—especially by wives and mothers—of any of its class that we have seen. An index and glossary, combined, increase its general utility.

The first volume of "*Domestic Economy*, by Michael Donovan, Esq., M. R. S. A., Professor of Chemistry to the Company of Apothecaries in Ireland"—the third volume that has appeared of Dr. Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopædia—is now before us; and if it obtain slighter notice at our hands than its precursors, the circumstance must be attributed more to its treating of subjects of less general interest, than to any defect in the work itself. This volume embraces the history, theory, and practice of brewing, distilling, wine-making, and baking. Mr. Donovan commences with the history of intoxicating liquors, amongst which he enumerates *opium* and *tobacco*; and traces the knowledge of wine and beer to the family of Noah. The period at which distillation was introduced into Britain is not certainly known, though it is commonly believed to have been about the time of Henry II. and the author further observes that the practice of extracting spirit from malt, was better understood in Ireland, even at the earliest period, than elsewhere. This chapter concludes with an enumeration of many well attested instances of spontaneous combustion in persons who have indulged to excess in alcoholic liquors. Chapter II. treats of the cultivation of barley for malting. The nature and constitution of seeds, malting, theory of fermentation, brewing, distillation, wine making, vinegar making, and baking, constitute the contents of the remaining chapters, respectively, each chapter being subdivided into numerous sections. All the various processes are minutely detailed; and in treating of subjects which have their bases on chemistry, the professor has brought forward his scientific knowledge

with considerable effect. The style is occasionally disfigured by provincialisms; and the work, generally considered, is of a less practical nature than might be desirable.

We really could, in many instances, extend our pity, and commiseration to booksellers, were it not that their injuries are frequently of their own seeking; or, at least, it must be allowed on all hands, that they do not adopt proper means for escaping the evil that is laid before them. The purse of many a bookseller would be spared, and the pocket and patience of many a reader, too, if our publishers, when they cannot find time to examine manuscripts themselves, would entrust them to the perusal of a literary agent, on whose integrity and judgment they could rely. These remarks are just now induced by a wretched affair, bearing the subjoined imposing title; a title, by-the-by, which did not for a moment impose upon us, for we found the contents of the volume precisely what we had anticipated from the *annonce*:—" *The Mirror of the Graces; or, the English Lady's Costume; containing General Instructions for combining Elegance, Simplicity, and Economy in Dress; Hints on Female Accomplishments and Manners, and Directions for the Preservation of Health and Beauty; by a Lady of Distinction.*" Verily, we do not believe that any *lady*, that any *woman*, has had to do with this compilation of trash: if she have, she deserves a *dressing*, very different in style from any that could be furnished by existing *modistes*, French or English. The scissors-and-paste author has not had the common taste, or the common sense, to whitewash, or otherwise disguise, the antiquated material here scraped and huddled together. By way of novelty, we have a paper of dear old Oliver Goldsmith's; and we heartily wish this were the worst thing in the volume. In another place, we are told of "the lately introduced German waltz." But let us begin with the beginning. Here are some of the very first sentences of the book, after what are termed Preliminary Observations.—"When Innocence left the world, astonished man blushed at his own and his partner's nakedness, and coverings were soon invented."—"Nature was then unsophisticated; and the lover

looked for no other attraction in his bride, than the peach bloom on her cheek—the downcast softness of her consenting eye."—Now for a touch of the poetic—the sublime!—"In after times, when Avarice ploughed the earth, and Ambition bestrode it, the gem and the silken fleece, the various product of the loom, and the Tyrian mystery of dyes, all united to give embellishment to beauty, and splendour to majesty of mien." Literary ladies, "or, what is much the same thing, ladies professing a particularly literary taste:"—"Wishing to be thought superior to founding any regard on external ornament, they forget external decency; and by slatternliness and affectation, render what is called a learned lady, a kind of scare-crow to her own sex, and a laughing stock to the other."

The following, also, will shew how intimately conversant this pseudo "lady of distinction" is with modern fashions, and with high life:—

Some of our fair dames appear, summer and winter, with no other shelter from sun or frost, than one single garment of muslin or silk over their chemise—if they wear one! but that is often dubious. The indelicacy of this mode need not be pointed out; and yet, O shame! it is most generally followed. . . . The *chemise* (now too frequently banished) ought to be held as sacred by the modest fair as the vestal veil. No fashion should be able to strip her of that decent covering; in short, woman should consider it as the sign of her delicacy, as the pledge of honour to shelter her from the gaze of unhallowed eyes.

Superlatively elegant!—

Let then the *long stay* be restricted to the too abundant mass of *fattening matronhood*; so may art restrain the excesses, not of nature, but of disease. Unwieldy flesh was never yet seen in a perfectly healthy person. It generally arises either from intemperance overloading the functions of life, or dissipation decomposing them.

Read this, and blush, and sink into the earth, ye *belles* of Britain!—

While we exult in the pre-eminent beauty of our fair countrywomen; while we talk of their lilies and roses, and downy skins, we cannot but shrink from comparison when we bring their manners in parallel with the females of other nations, who have not half their corporeal advantage. . . . The awkward, reserved air of the early part of the last century has given way, not to *grace and frankness*, but to an un-

blushing impudence, which is the very assassin of female virtue and connubial honour. * * * I seek to pluck the garb of Phryné from your chaste and Christian shoulders. Who, that is an actress, when called upon to perform the part of spotless *Virginia*, would rush upon the stage half naked, dancing, rolling her eyes as if intoxicated, and flirting with every officer of the *pretorian guard* who crossed her path? * * * Yet such Virginias are our Virginias! and to see a modest, abashed, retiring, blushing girl enter one of our assemblies, is as uncommon a sight as now and then an embassy from a foreign land.

However, were we to quote *all* the nonsense of this volume—to say nothing of the nauseous cant about religion and morality, with which it is crammed—we should subject the reader to a most lamentable surfeit. Gregory's "Legacy to his Daughters," that grand inculcator of demoralizing hypocrisy, is the only production it deserves to be classed with.

Let us leap towards the close. Amongst the *invaluables* appended, is a recipe for "*fard*," which is neither more nor less than an offensive imitation of cold cream. This elegant, refined, and delicate "*lady of distinction*" says—"First *wash* the face with its usual *ablution*, and when dry, rub this all over it, and go to rest with it on the skin."

Here is a most *elegant* "*wash for the hair*:"—

Beat the whites of six eggs into a froth, and with that *anoint* the head close to the roots of the hair. Leave it to dry on; then wash the head and hair thoroughly with a mixture of *rum* and *rose-water* in equal quantities.

This reminds us of another precious book we reviewed a few years since, in which *castor oil* was recommended as the best and cheapest unguent for the hair!

Now for a nice dish of another class—*Eau de Veau*:—

Boil a calf's foot in four quarts of river water till it is reduced to half the quantity. Add half a pound of rice, and boil it with crumb of white bread steeped in milk, a pound of fresh butter, and the whites of five fresh eggs.

Who would not suppose this to be *something nice to eat*—an epicurean trifle, from Véry's *carte*, perhaps? Not so; for having mixed with the above ingredients "a small quantity of camphor and alum, and distilled the whole," we have a lubricating and softening ointment for the skin.

Surely the nature of this vamped-up rubbish is now sufficiently exposed.

NEW MUSIC.

The Warwick Clavichord, or Musical Chart.

This ingeniously constructed Chart is founded upon the discovery of Sir Isaac Newton, that "the length of the spaces which the seven primary colours possess in the spectrum exactly corresponds with those of the chords that sound the seven notes in the diatonic scale of music." On this principle, L'Abbé Castel, in his *Treatise on Chromatics*, proving the relation between sounds and colours, framed a gamut of colorific music, and established an ocular harpichord. Thus, the author of the sheet before us has been induced to colour the seven spaces for the notes on his musical alphabet, or index, with the view of displaying each more accurately, and impressing them more sensibly on the scholar's memory.

We regard it as a very useful little compendium, calculated to materially assist the student in thorough bass; but we do not agree with the author as to its utility to those who may be unacquainted with the practice of music, or as to its applicability to the instruction of children without reference to the practice. It is as a summary of what the student has previously learned, and as a means to enable the performer, otherwise unacquainted with the theory of music, to comprehend figured basses, and even, with the assistance of an easy treatise, to master the rules of composition, that we recommend the Musical Chart to the attention of both students and amateurs. However, we are led to expect the publication of a second Chart, more fully to demonstrate the subject.

THEATRICALS.

THE KING'S THEATRE.

LAPORTE's new campaign was opened on the 6th of February, a night cold enough to freeze not only the organs of the voice but every faculty of the mind and heart. How Italian throats and lungs sustained the piercing cold and the humid atmosphere of the theatre, we know not; but sustain them they did, and with more effect than could have been anticipated, notwithstanding the cheerless paucity of the audience. The night's performance consisted of Rossini's *Semiramide* and the ballet of the *Carnival di Venici*. In the former, a Madame Petralia, from Rome, appeared as *Arsace*, and a Signor Santini, from Paris, as *Assur*. Mademoiselle Blasis personated the Assyrian queen to great advantage. This lady, though somewhat too rapid in passages that demand great execution, is rising to, and will speedily attain the most distinguished rank in her profession. Her voice is clear toned and beautiful; and in her acting she is second only to Pasta. Signor

Monthly View

OF

NEW PUBLICATIONS, MUSIC, THE ENGLISH AND FOREIGN
 DRAMA, THE FINE ARTS, LITERARY AND
 SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE, &c.

THOUGH but a small volume, we are not aware that we can commence with a work of greater importance than one entitled, "*Consolations in Travel, or the Last Days of a Philosopher; by Sir Humphry Davy, Bart., late President of the Royal Society.*" In this age of scepticism, how cheering, how grateful, how delightful it is to see a man so profoundly scientific, so deeply versed in the arcana of nature, as was Sir Humphry Davy, inculcating, upon clear, sound, philosophical principles, the sublime, the soothing, the ennobling doctrine of the soul's immortality! In this lightly printed volume, of less than three hundred pages, we find, besides a variety of other interesting and charmingly varied matter, a succession of the most convincing arguments of the imperishability, indestructibility, and consequent immortality of the human soul, we ever met with. Here are six Dialogues, under the respective designations of—The Vision—Discussions connected with the Vision in the Colosseum—The Unknown—The Proteus, or Immortality—The Chemical Philosopher—and Pola, or Time. The persons of the Dialogues, though they do not all appear in each, are—Philaethes, the author; Ambrosio, an enlightened Catholic and monarchist; Onuphrio, an English liberal and sceptic; Eubathes, a physician, a severe thinker, a physiologist and naturalist; and an Unknown Stranger, a man of the most extensive chemical and other scientific attainments.

We are not about to analyse Sir Humphry Davy's performance, for we have neither time nor space for such a task: we confine ourselves to one grand and particular point, relating to which we shall transcribe one or two brief passages, which will serve to impress the reader with a sense of Sir Humphry's views respecting the immortality of our nature. Philaethes observes:—

The doctrine of the *materialists* was always, even in my youth, a cold, heavy, dull, and in-

supportable doctrine to me, and necessarily tending to atheism. When I had heard, with disgust, in the dissecting rooms, the plan of the physiologist, of the gradual accretion of matter, and its becoming endowed with irritability, ripening into sensibility, and acquiring such organs as were necessary, by its own inherent forces, and at last rising into intellectual existence, a walk into the green fields or woods, by the banks of rivers, brought back my feelings from nature to God; I saw in all the powers of matter the instruments of the Deity; the sunbeams, the breath of the zephyr, awakened animation in forms prepared by divine intelligence to receive it; the insensate seed, the slumbering egg, which were to be vivified, appeared like the new-born animal, works of a divine mind; I saw *love* as the creative principle in the material world, and this love only as a divine attribute. Then, my own mind, I felt connected with new sensations and indefinite hopes, a thirst for immortality; the great names of other ages, and of distant nations, appeared to me to be still living around me; and even in the funeral monuments of the heroic and the great, I saw, as it were, the decree of the indestructibility of mind. These feelings, though generally considered as poetical, yet, I think, offer a sound philosophical argument in favour of the immortality of the soul. In all the habits and instincts of young animals, their feelings or movements may be traced in intimate relation to their improved perfect state; their sports have always affinities to their modes of hunting or catching their food; and young birds, even in the nest, show marks of fondness, which, when their frames are developed, become signs of actions necessary to the reproduction and preservation of the species. The desire of glory, of honour, of immortal fame, and of constant knowledge, so usual in young persons of well constituted minds, cannot, I think, be other than symptoms of the infinite and progressive nature of intellect—hopes which, as they cannot be gratified here, belong to a frame of mind suited to a nobler state of existence.

But this is infinitely more to the purpose: it is in fact absolutely conclusive; and therefore beyond this passage we shall not proceed. In the course of an extended and exceedingly curious physiolo-

gical discussion, Philalethes remarks to this unknown stranger—"I think I shall not mistake your views when I say, that you do not consider vitality dependent upon any material cause or principle?" Here is the answer :—

You do not : we are entirely ignorant on this subject ; and I confess, in the utmost humility, my ignorance. I know there have been distinguished physiologists who have imagined that by organization, powers not naturally possessed by matter were developed, and that sensibility was a property belonging to some unknown combination of unknown ethereal elements. But such notions appear to me unphilosophical, and the mere substitution of unknown words for unknown things. I can never believe that any division, or refinement, or subtilization, or juxtaposition, or arrangement of the particles of matter, can give to them sensibility ; or, that *intelligence* can result from combinations of insensate and brute atoms. I can as easily imagine that the planets are moving by their will or design round the sun, or that a cannon-ball is reasoning in making its parabolic curve. The materialists have quoted a passage of Locke in favour of their doctrine, who seemed to doubt, "whether it might not have pleased God to bestow a power of thinking on matter." But with the highest veneration for this great reasoner, the founder of modern philosophical logic, I think there is little of his usual strength of mind in this doubt. It appears to me that he might as well have asked, whether it might not have pleased God to make a house its own tenant.

Some months since, when we devoted an article expressly to the consideration of that excellent series of works, then recently commenced under the general denomination of "The Family Library,"* we availed ourselves of the opportunity to examine, at some length, the first volume of "*The History of the Jews*," by the Rev. H. H. Milman. The second volume reached us whilst we were preparing the paper referred to ; and that and the third volume have been awaiting notice on our table. With certain qualifications, the character already given of Mr. Milman's first volume applies very accurately—in our own estimation at least—to the whole of the work. Perhaps it may be felt, that, in the second portion, the incidents are somewhat crowded—and we marvel not

at this, considering the smallness of the scale on which the volumes are written. We thought, too, that, in tracing the events of that important period of Jewish history, in which the Great Author of the Christian code lived and died for his creatures, some clear, distinct, and appropriate notice should have been taken of his birth, his earthly progress, and his mortal sufferings. If, however, from its great compression of detail, the second volume should be found less exciting, less gratifying, than its precursor, the defect is abundantly atoned for by the third, which bursts forth with the liveliest and most intense interest, which, until the close, is never even for a moment suffered to flag.

In his Preface, Mr. Milman has found it expedient to offer some explanation on certain points, respecting which he had been misapprehended. Amongst others—

It has been suggested, that the author has not sufficiently regarded the "inspiration" of the word of God. His views of inspiration are nearly those of Tillotson, Secker, and Warburton. "A spurious notion," says the latter, "begotten by superstition in the Jewish church, and nursed up by piety in the Christian, hath passed, as it were, into a kind of article of faith, that every word and letter of the New Testament (the Bible) was dictated by the Holy Spirit in such a manner, as that the writers were but the passive organs through which his language was conveyed." Warburton proceeds, with his usual vigour, to show the objections to this opinion ; but the author prefers subjoining the lucid statement of the present eminently learned Bishop of London. "This supposition permits us to believe, what indeed we cannot deny to be probable, that Moses may have possessed many sources of information, from which he would be enabled to draw the most material circumstances of the early history of mankind, without being indebted for his knowledge of them to the immediate inspiration of God. Thus much we may conclude with certainty, that where he did possess the means of accurate knowledge, the Holy Spirit would not interpose to instruct him ; since God, assuredly, never makes an extraordinary exertion of his power to effect that which may be brought about by the ordinary operation of human means. . . . And, in general, we ought to be cautious of asserting a revelation, when the lower kind of spiritual interference, *i. e.* the superintendence of the Holy Spirit acting upon the materials of human knowledge, would be sufficient to produce the

* *Vide LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE*, Vol. X. page 140.

same result." A late writer, of great good sense and piety, seems to think that inspiration may safely be limited to doctrinal points, exclusive of those which are purely historical. This view, if correct, would obviate many difficulties.

We have felt it due to Mr. Milman to make this quotation. The subject is one upon which many a bulky tome may be, as many a bulky tome has already been, written; but, into the unfathomable depths of theological discussion, we have no wish, nor is it within our province, to plunge.

Further, Mr. Milman considers—

That, although the Sacred Records of the Jews have been wonderfully, he cannot suppose that they have been miraculously, preserved, so as to be exempt from those slight accidental corruptions, or interpolations, which writings, so far the oldest in the world, could not well have escaped. Much allowance must also be made for the essentially poetic spirit, and for the Oriental forms of speech, which pervade so large a portion of the Old Testament.

The last chapter of the work contains a lucid and valuable summary of the recent and existing state of the Jewish nation throughout Europe. This, independently of its intrinsic interest, must be found, at a period like the present, when the proposed emancipation of the Jews is likely to become the subject of legislative debate, to possess additional claims to notice. In a modified state, we purpose transferring to our *Mélanges of the Month* a string of important queries, with their answers, relating to the civil and political economy of the Jews.

From the truly excellent spirit in which it is conceived and expressed, we transcribe the closing paragraph of Mr. Milman's book:—

History, which is the record of the past, has now discharged its office: it presumes not to raise the mysterious veil which the Almighty has spread over the future. The destinies of this wonderful people, as of all mankind, are in the hands of the all-wise Ruler of the Universe; his decrees will be accomplished; his truth, his goodness, and his wisdom vindicated. This, however, we may venture to assert—that true religion will advance with the dissemination of knowledge; the more enlightened the Jew becomes, the less credible will it appear that the Universal Father intended an exclusive religion, confined to one family among the race

of man, to be permanent; the more evident that the faith which embraces the whole human race within the sphere of its benevolence, is alone adapted to a more advanced and civilized age. On the other hand, Christianity, to work any change on the hereditary religious pride of the Jew, on his inflexible confidence in his inalienable privileges, must put off the hostile and repulsive aspect which it has too long worn; it must show itself as the faith of reason, of universal peace and good will to man, and thus unanswerably prove its descent from the all-wise and all-merciful Father.

The fourth volume of the Cabinet Cyclopædia, comprising the second and concluding volume of the "*History of Scotland, by Sir Walter Scott, Bart.,*" is now before the public. It embraces the period from the death of James IV. to the union of the sovereignty of England and Scotland in the person of James VI. on the death of Elizabeth. We must confess that our feeling on closing the book was that of disappointment, or at least of dissatisfaction. The rise and progress of the reformed religion is we conceive disposed of in too summary a manner, and of the guilt or innocence of the unfortunate Mary, a subject on which we have on numerous occasions expressed our conviction, the author's opinions are apparently vague and vacillating. We have only to add that it is written in the same nervous and spirited style which characterized the first volume, and that a table of the Kings of Scotland, and an extensive index, successfully complete this portion of the Cabinet Cyclopædia.

By its title page, we describe an able, useful, and elegant volume, of much research and perspicuity—" *Memoirs of the Tower of London, comprising Historical and Descriptive Accounts of that National Fortress and Palace: Anecdotes of State Prisoners—of the Armouries—Jewels—Regalia—Records—Menagerie, &c. by John Britton and E. Brayley, Fellows of the Society of Antiquaries, &c. Embellished with a Series of Engravings on Wood, by Branston and Wright.*" This work, precisely such as was wanted, is in every respect worthy of the high and distinguished personage—His Grace, the Duke of Wellington—to whom it is dedicated. Its details are distinct and lucid; and, from the extraordinary and most praiseworthy attention

which has been paid to the citation of its multitudinous authorities, it constitutes, independently of its own intrinsic merit, an invaluable key to all that has been written and published, respecting that ancient and far-famed fortress, the Tower of London. It is illustrated by no fewer than twenty wood cuts, several of which are extremely curious and beautiful.

In the perusal of a volume, entitled, "*The Creation, a Poem, by William Ball,*" nothing has amused us more than the admirable complacency with which the author anticipates for himself the fate of Milton, with which he sets at nought all contemporary criticism, provided that his

Deathless note

Caught by some echo in a listening cave,
Again may o'er the hill or valley float—

the resignation with which he contemplates the possibility of his remaining

Fameless, until some later, kinder age
shall do homage to the genius of

the unforgotten son of song—

the consciousness of superiority with which he regards his brother poets—and the composed modesty with which he "pause" [s]

To catch the accents of the world's great voice, ere he favour it with the further effusions of his muse. We lament that we are unable, for the edification of our readers, to devote that space to the consideration of this poem, to which its *assumed* merits entitle it. Of the creation of the universe out of chaos, according to our author's conception, we can convey no idea to the reader, his system both of physics and metaphysics being peculiar to himself, the sublimities of which he has not succeeded in rendering perfectly intelligible to our obtuse faculties. With a passage from Holy Writ, as a motto, Mr. William Ball has not suffered his genius to be trammelled by the Mosaic account of the Creation. Having formed the earth, clothed it with verdure, and filled it with animal life, he proceeds to people the elements with Spirits, Fays, Elves, Genii, till

—Man appears; last labour of the whole,
Formed when the *dying glory* smote the earth
With evanescent brightness.

No wonder, then, that man was an "imperfect work," when all the virtue of the life-bestowing power, *alias* plastic glory, *alias* young airs of life, had been expended on the vivification of reptiles and sprites; the detailed description of the shapes, offices, &c. of some of the latter, and of the combats of animals, and minutiae of savage life, are often offensively revolting. Indeed a coarseness of idea, if not of expression, pervades the work. We must now turn to the tale of the Hunters, the incidents of which occurred "when the world was in its prime." The heroine is a savage maid, who lives with her blind father. Two hunters, bosom friends, fall in love with her. Friendship prevents their acting as rivals, and the lady is equally at fault, having divided her heart equally between them. Desirous, however, of coming to some conclusion, the lady invites them to accompany her on a boating excursion; and when arrived at a convenient distance from land, delivers a lecture on suicide, and proposes that they shall all leap into the "entrails of the sea." One of the hunters declares his resolution of sacrificing himself for the general good, and jumps overboard accordingly. The hapless pair, left behind for some incomprehensible cause, refuse to avail themselves of the absence of the *un de trop*, stave in the boat, swim

—Perchance an hour, in silence, and then sink.

The lady is drowned, the youth is saved; and so ends the story.

We are sorry that we cannot offer a specimen of a poem which its author assures us shall, from its theme, make his name imperishable, long as the tongue he speaks shall live

Among earth's many nations.

Nothing that proceeds from the pen of the author of "*The Subaltern,*" and "*The Chelsea Pensioners*"—the Rev. Mr. Gleig—can be undeserving of notice; and therefore we saw with pleasure the announcement of "*The Country Curate,*" in two volumes, by that gentleman. The plan of this work, which is a very pleasing one, was devised several years ago. The Introduction, with three of the tales, has appeared in Blackwood's Magazine; and the substance of a fourth tale was given in Friendship's Offering for 1827. The

story of the Curate—the humble, contented, pious, Curate—the man who, unable, from poverty, to marry the woman of his heart, meekly submits to the will of Heaven, and yields to every privation for the sake of his widowed mother—is a truly affecting sketch. His first and only love, a tender fragile flower of the earth, sinks into an early and premature grave; and the survivor (by whom these volumes are supposed to be written) devotes himself, in mournful resignation, to the sacred duties of his high calling, in a little obscure village of Kent. The succeeding nine tales are assumed to be so many relations of circumstances which fell under the personal cognizance of the Curate; and, though this is not literally the truth, it will heighten the charm of the work, in the estimation of many of its readers, to know that there is not one of the tales “which cannot lay claim to be founded upon fact—whilst there are several which deserve to be received as little more than plain narratives of real occurrences.” Thus, for example, the Miser will be recognised by many persons now living in the Weald of Kent. This tale, the longest of the series, is of a higher order than its companions; but, unfortunately, the catastrophe is painful, and disappointing to our expectations. It contains a fine delineation of devoted, clan-like attachment, in an old Welch female domestic. The original of the Parish Apprentice, a most revolting display of penury and murder, of blasphemy and insanity, is to be found in an old volume of the Scotch Magazine; only that the scene of his crimes is there laid in Yorkshire, instead of Kent. The Smuggler, a powerfully written, but very melancholy story, relates to one who “ran his risks within the memory of the last generation.” The Poacher flourished not long ago in a village near Ashford, in Kent. In our view, the history of that man and of his family—of their sufferings, their crimes, their misery, and their death—is the most true to nature, the most awfully and instructively impressive of the whole collection.

Many of the descriptive portions of Mr. Gleig's work are distinguished by fidelity, clearness, and beauty. The fault that we find with this writer—and many will be disposed to regard our censure as a com-

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pliment—is, that his pictures of human nature too much resemble those of Crabbe, “the poet of the poor;” and we never rise from a perusal of his pages without feeling pained, mortified, humiliated, and disgusted by the crimes, the frailties, the weakness, the physical sufferings, decay, and destruction of man. The lessons thus held out may be useful; but, after all, there is a far greater portion of virtue than there is of vice, of happiness than there is of misery, in the world; and dearly do we love to gaze upon the soft, the green, the sunny landscapes of our earth.

Amongst the infinite variety of tastes for whom the bookseller must cater, it is not impossible that admirers may be found of “*Carwell, or Crime and Sorrow*,” a volume to which the only fault, if fault it be, that we can assign, is, that it is not suited to our taste. It consists of the relation of a tissue of crimes perpetrated by one Parkhurst, who combines in his person capabilities and opportunities of ill-doing never before met with, even in the veriest monster that the world e'er saw. He could scarcely have enjoyed breathing-time between his murders, thefts, forgeries, treacheries, smugglings, to say nothing of his inveigling the affections of poor innocent women. Such is the real hero of the volume; Carwell, the ostensible one, with his wife, being merely the dupe and victim of his arts. Carwell is the natural son of a gentleman of large fortune, from whom he has great expectations, which are blasted by the sudden death of his father, and Carwell and his young wife, Charlotte, are left involved in difficulties. Parkhurst, his pretended friend, leads him to the gaming-table. Many suspicious circumstances excite the terrors of Charlotte, which are suddenly verified by the apprehension of her husband for forgery. He is tried, and sentenced to transportation for life. The hope of following him sickens and dies, and Charlotte forms the desperate plan of offering a forged note which remained in her possession, in the expectation that her punishment will be similar. In this she is disappointed; sentence of death is passed, and she closes with an ignominious death a life of sorrow. Meanwhile Carwell, by his good conduct and talents,

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had been enabled to arrange plans for her joining him; but the ship, so anxiously expected, and which he hoped would have brought Charlotte, brings only, in the public prints, the intelligence of her melancholy fate. Of all this Parkhurst is the prime agent. We have not touched upon two other equally *sorrowful* narratives, in which his crimes effect the ruin of two other individuals. The volume is written in a plain, forcible, and unaffected style, and an air of reality is thrown over the whole, which heightens its gloom. The work evinces talent and feeling in the writer, but we cannot contemplate with satisfaction such a picture of "crime and sorrow," unrelieved by a single redeeming trait.

Void of all offence against morality or virtue, not always to be found in works of higher pretence, "*Forrester, in three volumes*," may enjoy its turn of perusal with the other occupants of the shelves of the circulating library. Light in matter, light in manner—its characters being the temporary visitors at Harrowgate, and the main incidents arising from the manœuvrings of a dowager peeress, a baronet's lady, and the wealthy wife of a retired tradesman, to obtain advantageous establishments for their daughters—its object is to afford amusement, an object which, with the less fastidious reader, it will doubtless fail not in attaining. Forrester, the hero, is the lover of a Miss Manners, whom he meets at Harrowgate, but a mystery attaching itself to his birth forbids his declaring his passion. Countless difficulties arise, and the plot thickens to the last chapter of the third volume, when all is satisfactorily explained. Forrester is proved to be the heir of an Earldom, which satisfies the ambition even of Lady de Vere, the aunt of the heroine, and the most indefatigable of settlement-hunting dowagers. All this is of a somewhat by-gone school, but it is at least harmless, and may not be found without interest.

We have read with interest and pleasure the animated and spirited productions of Mr. Griffin, and regret that he should for a season have abandoned the more flowery paths of literature to wander amidst the thorny labyrinths of science, philosophy, religion and morality. "*The Christian*

Physiologist; Tales illustrative of the Five Senses, their Mechanism, Uses and Government, with Moral and Explanatory Introductions, addressed to a Young Friend, Edited by the author of The Collegians," fulfils neither the expectations excited by the title page, nor by the known abilities of the author. The execution does not equal the conception of the work. Setting out with the implied maxim that

"The proper study of mankind is man,"

Mr. Griffin states, in his preface, that in producing this volume, illustrative of External Sensation, he has sought to add to that knowledge of his moral nature which his religious education supplies to the young Christian, such a knowledge of his physiological existence, of the wonders of his own frame, as might assist him in the observance of his heavenly duties;—"that it was intended at first to arrange in a popular form, and illustrate by amusing fables, the whole science of physiology," but that as such a design would have extended to too great a length, and demanded too great a sacrifice of time, the undertaking has been confined to the external senses; and that should the present effort prove successful, it will be followed by a second volume on Internal Sensation, and probably by a third in illustration of motion. Having thus explained the author's views, we proceed to add a few words on the book itself. A chapter—in some cases more—is devoted to a popular explanation, divested as much as possible of all scientific technicalities, of the mechanism of the organs of each sense, the uses to which the sense is applied, how it may be made most subservient to the happiness of man, and how its unlimited indulgence may lead to his misery and ruin. Five tales, illustrative of the latter points, are deficient in force of character and example, and are not sufficiently elevated to sustain the interest of the mature, or excite the attention of the youthful reader. The essays, if we may so term them, contain nothing new either in matter or manner, and the tales are puerile and frequently pointless. Knowing from experience that the author is capable of better things, we hope soon to meet him on a field more suitable for a display of his genius and talents. Pos-

sibly, however, the book may not be the actual production of Mr. Griffin's pen, as we remark in the title-page that the work is *edited* by the author of 'The Collegians.'

Arranged on a plan precisely similar to the admirable one adopted by Mr. Pinnock in his edition of Goldsmith's Abridgment of the History of England, we have before us an ably executed "*History of France and Normandy, from the Accession of Clovis to the Battle of Waterloo*, by W. C. Taylor, A.B., Author of the *Historical Miscellany*." As the writer justly observes, "a claim to originality in a compilation like the present would be a condemnation of the work;" and we have therefore only to observe, that he has shewn great skill in his appropriation, condensation, and arrangement of the labours of more voluminous historians, and has made a useful addition to our elementary literature.

Unexceptionable in moral, written in an easy yet spirited style, and bearing evidence of being the production of a person of sense and feeling, "*The Young Wanderer's Cave, and other Tales, by the Author of 'The Children's Fireside,'*" in a somewhat thick and handsomely got up volume, stands a fair chance of popularity with the juvenile class of readers, for whose amusement it is offered. The adventures of a youth, who, unjustly suspected of murder, escapes from prison, and secretes himself in a cave on the sea shore, till his innocence is proved, forms the first tale, one of the principal incidents of which, the boy's miraculous escape, if we mistake not, actually occurred a few years since in one of our county gaols. "Prince Bastian" has also, we are told, its foundation in fact; and "Fagging," a story based on that system of tyranny and oppression which is practised in our public schools, and "True Courage," complete the volume. We have our doubts as to the judicious tendency of "Fagging," and fear that the fascination thrown over the character of the generous runaway will nullify the grave representations of his father on the impropriety of such a step. We would, also, enter our protest against the use, howsoever characteristic they may prove, of provincialisms and vulgarisms, in works intended for the perusal of youth.

"*Sketches from Nature, by John M'Diarmid,*" will be found an amusing volume, the interest of which will not be impaired by its being laid aside and resumed at uncertain intervals. The First Part consists of descriptions, with anecdotes, &c., of many of the native denizens of Scotland's woods and mountains, &c. The Second Part is of a more miscellaneous character, and has less claim to a share in the title of the book; its contents, many of them, owing their existence to art: as, for instance, a description of the mechanical processes of sculpture, and an essay on the Inutility of Aërostation. Some of the biographical sketches are curious and interesting, but in general they lack importance as well in subject as in matter; indeed, throughout the volume, there is a manifest tendency on the part of the author to view every object through the medium of a magnifying glass of high power.

When we say that the compiler of "*Excitement, or a Book to induce Boys to Read, containing Remarkable Appearances in Nature, Signal Preservations, and such Incidents as are particularly fitted to arrest the Youthful Mind,*" has succeeded in his object of collecting a variety of most exciting passages, chiefly from the works of modern writers, we have said nearly all that is necessary to say upon the subject. Lion hunts and lion fights, accounts of boa constrictors and elephants, shipwrecks, preservations of human life amidst the most imminent peril, &c., designedly without arrangement, are here in sufficient number and variety to rouse the attention of the dullest intellect.

"*The Children's Introductory Book to the French Language, in a Series of Nineteen Easy and Progressive Lessons, comprising the Principal Rules of the French Language, with a Colloquial Essay in English, to be construed into French, annexed to each Lesson, and followed by a reading Lesson, of which the most difficult words are given in English at the bottom of the Page;* by J. V. Douville, A.M., author of '*The Speaking French Grammar,*' &c., and Professor of the French Language," so fully expresses in the title-page the plan of its author, that little is required of us but to express our opinion, which is very favourable, of its execution. The rules are laid down

with much clearness and precision, particularly those for the pronunciation of the French alphabet, and the book appears to contain not a sentence the utility of which is unavailable to the juvenile class of students, for whom it is compiled. We would, however, hint to the author, that although he has not, in his "Essays and Lessons," introduced expressions which are not commonly used by children, he has, in some of the latter, introduced subjects which children are seldom inclined to discuss.

"Easy Rhymes for Children from Five to Ten Years of Age, by a Lady, the Author of 'Cato, or the Adventures of a Dog,'" &c.—This little volume is got up in Mr. Harris's usual style of neatness, and contains eight Engravings. The poetry is better than in children's books in general. The Tales are natural, and well conceived to benefit and please children—in short, the stories of the "Impatient Boy," and "Little Emma," are sufficient of themselves to render the work desirable in all nurseries, and we particularly recommend it to the attention of mothers.

polis. The ball was given in the *Salle de M'nus Plaisirs*, which was filled almost to suffocation, there being at least a thousand persons present, and among them a considerable number of French people of the highest distinction.

The dresses were the most elegant that have been seen this season. It was in fact a contest between the French and English *belles* for the palm of taste, as well as of beauty; and in most instances the latter gained it.

The greater number of the gowns were without trimming at the bottom; but the *corsages* and sleeves were in general superbly trimmed with blond lace. That which covered the sleeves *en l'éret*, was so deep that it fell below the elbow: the *agraffes* which fastened these sleeves were some of them of

a novel description, being single flowers composed of precious stones. The *coiffeures* were mostly ornamented with feathers and *aigrettes* of precious stones. A very elegant *coiffure* was composed of a wreath of gold laurel, brought low on the forehead, and surmounted by a second wreath of the heads of white feathers, which surrounded the bows of hair. Another much admired *coiffure* was composed of blue feathers mingled with silver flowers, which had all the *éclat* of diamonds. Three *aigrettes*, composed of topazes, which formed a half wreath, were placed very far back on the head, and were the only ornaments of Lady ———'s *coiffure*. Fashionable colours are lilac, *rose du Parnassé*, *vert-Saxe*, *vert-éméraude*, *vapeur* of various shades, and *oiseau de Paradis*.

Monthly View

OF

NEW PUBLICATIONS, MUSIC, THE ENGLISH AND FOREIGN
 DRAMA, THE FINE ARTS, LITERARY AND
 SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE, &c.

Two volumes of "*Records of Captain Clapperton's Last Expedition to Africa, by Richard Lander, his faithful Attendant, and the only surviving Member of the Expedition, with the subsequent Adventures of the Author,*" constitute an agreeable, and, in some respects, a valuable amplification of Lander's Journal, subjoined to that of the lamented Captain Clapperton; a publication of great interest, which we noticed nearly a twelvemonth since*. The length to which our observations and extracts were then extended, must be received as our excuse for not entering more at large upon the work now before us. Lander, if we may judge from his portrait, prefixed to these volumes, is, though a "little Christian†," a very smart, active, handsome fellow. He was a Cornish youth, born, as it were, with an intense love of the marvellous, and an unconquerable propensity for

rambling. At the early age of eleven, he accompanied a mercantile gentleman to the West Indies; returned after an absence of three years: from that period, till the attainment of his nineteenth year, he lived in the service of various noblemen and gentlemen, one of whom he accompanied to France, and other parts of the Continent; afterwards he proceeded, in 1823, to the Cape of Good Hope, with Major Colebrook: arriving in England in 1824, he went into the service of a relation of the Duke of Northumberland; and, after the return of Captain Clapperton and Major Denham from the interior of Africa, in the following year, his thirst for travel remaining unslaked, he applied to Captain Clapperton, who engaged him as his confidential servant, to proceed with him on his new expedition, for the purpose of exploring the yet undiscovered parts of Central Africa. The result of the expedition is known: with the exception of Lander, Clapperton and all his companions speedily perished from the unhealthfulness of the climate. Lander also suffered much; but his constitution ultimately triumphed, he escaped every peril, and at length reached

* Vide LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE, Vol. IX. page 295.

† From the disproportion of stature between Captain Clapperton and his servant, the Africans were accustomed to speak of the former as the "big," and of the latter as the "little," Christian.

England in safety. In giving his narrative the dress in which it now appears, he has been assisted, as he informs us, only by his younger brother. Had we not his own word for it, we should have thought otherwise; for, although the style betrays occasional inaccuracies and loosenesses of expression, it, in other parts, not only exhibits attempts at fine writing, but seems to bear evidence of a practised hand.

It may be as well to remark, in this place, that since the preparation of his narrative, Mr. Lander has been engaged by his Majesty's government to proceed to Fundah, and to trace the Niger thence to Benin. He is, in consequence (accompanied by his brother), again on his way to the western coast of Africa.

For all the details of Lander's personal adventures, &c. we must refer the reader to the work itself. His history of the fat, fair, and bulky widow, Zuma, who was, in the first instance, desperately in love with Lander, then with Clapperton, and afterwards with Lander again, is amusing in an extraordinary degree. On Lander's departure, Mohammed, the king, would not suffer this formidable woman to see him. She contrived, however, to send him a message, expressing her desire that, since fate had so ordered it, that she could never be united to him, he would, on his return to his own country, "let the Christians understand her extreme tenderness for white men in general; and that if any one had courage and enterprise enough to undertake a journey to Wow Wow, she would immediately make him her husband, depose old Mohammed, and proclaim her spouse king in his stead."

Nor was this the only opportunity which Lander missed, or evaded, of making his fortune, becoming a great man, perhaps even a king, in Africa. Mansolah, the king of the Yaribeans, introduced him to his daughters, four of the most beautiful of whom he desired him to select as wives. He also offered him the situations of prime minister, and generalissimo of his forces: with a present of slaves, horses, and every thing needful to maintain an establishment correspondent to the splendour of his rank, and the dignity of his appearance. Lander left the ladies and their royal father in the full expectation of his speedy return, to avail himself of their kindness.

Lander's description of the far-famed fetish-tree of the Badagrians, with its enormous branches, literally covered with fragments of human bodies, and "its majestic trunk surrounded by irregular heaps of hideous skulls," with thousands of vultures "hovering round and over their disgusting food, and now and then pouncing fearlessly upon a half-devoured arm or leg," is very striking; but it is also very horrible; and, as we are pressed for room, we must pass it over, and confine ourselves to a single brief extract, much more to our own taste—a tribute to the character of woman. Lander says:—

I take this opportunity of expressing my high admiration of the amiable conduct of the African females towards me, in sickness and in health, in prosperity and in adversity—their kindness and affection were ever the same. They have danced and sung with me in health, grieved with me in sorrow, and shed tears of compassion at the recital of my misfortunes. When quite a boy, and suffering from fever in the West Indies, women of the same race used to take me in their arms, or on their knees, sing and weep over me, and tell me not to die, for that my mother would break her heart to hear the news; and pointing to the ocean, they cheered my spirits, by saying that it laved the shores of England, and would shortly bear me on its bosom to my distant home. In fine, through whatever region I have wandered, whether slave or free, I have invariably found a chord of tenderness and trembling pity to vibrate in the breast of an African woman; a spirit ever alive to soothe my sorrows and compassionate my afflictions;—and I never in my life knew one of them to bestow on me a single unpleasant look or angry word.

Than Paul Jones, the rebel and reputed pirate, few men have in their day excited a greater share of public notice and conversation; but that day is gone by. Jones has been repeatedly dragged forward as the hero of romance; Allan Cunningham, especially, has made very free with him on that ground. A few years since a meagre life of him—authentic, though, as far as it went—compiled by Mr. Sherburne, register of the navy of the United States, was published in America; and at length we have before us, in two volumes, "*Memoirs of Rear-Admiral Paul Jones, Chevalier of the Military Order of Merit, and of the Russian Order of St. Anne, &c. &c., now first compiled from his Original Journals and Correspondence; including an Account of his Services under*

Prince Potemkin; prepared for publication by Himself." On the death of Paul Jones at Paris, in 1792, his voluminous papers were sealed up—have ever since remained in the custody of his family—and are now, by inheritance, the property of his niece, Miss Taylor, of Dumfries. They consist of several bound folio volumes of letters and documents. The Journal of the Campaign of 1788 against the Turks, forms, of itself, a thick MS. bound volume; and we are told that—

Besides the above papers and documents, the editor has been furnished with the letters written by Paul Jones, to his relations in Scotland, from the time that he was a ship boy, at Whitehaven, till he died an Admiral in the Russian service, and the wearer of several Orders. From these materials an attempt has been made to exhibit, for the first time, the real character of this remarkable and distinguished individual, fairly, but liberally; keeping clear of Transatlantic hyperbole and exaggeration, on the one hand, and of English prejudice and misrepresentation on the other. Of each of these, the reputation and true character of Paul Jones have long been the alternate sport or victim.

These volumes are worth consulting by the historian. As for Paul Jones, judging of his character from his own showing, he was, though brave, insolent and shallow, vain-glorious and discontented. He talks much of his fine feeling, of his "delicacy," &c.; but, in point of fact, he was a coarse-minded, vulgar man. His verses, notwithstanding the panegyric of Baron Grimm, are such as would not now be admitted even in our third-rate periodicals; and, as for his love-letters, we doubt whether he ever had an idea of what the passion meant.

Nearly two years since, we announced to the readers of "LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE" the publication of "*The Life and Voyages of Christopher Columbus, by Washington Irving,*" in four octavo volumes. Abridged by Mr. Irving himself, this noble tribute to the memory, the genius, and the perseverance of the man who discovered for us a new world now constitutes one delightfully attractive volume of "The Family Library." In preserving all the striking features of his original, Mr. Irving has been very successful. More we need not say.

A reprint of "*The Life of Nelson, by*

Robert Southey, Esq. LL.D. Poet Laureate, &c. &c." constitutes one of the last published volumes of "The Family Library." From a long and patient investigation of the moral and professional character of Lord Nelson, and from peculiar sources of information which we ourselves possessed respecting that first of England's heroes, we never considered Southey's life of his lordship, agreeably written as it unquestionably is, to be all that the public were entitled to expect. Rich as it was in material, Clarke and M'Arthur's Life of Nelson was far too voluminous for general perusal; even that was ill-arranged and crude in its details; and, without an exception, all the other lives are far below mediocrity. Southey ought not to have satisfied himself with the production of a pretty book: combined with the indispensable charm of simplicity, he ought also to have made it a philosophical study. Had he grappled more vigorously with his subject, he would have rendered more ample justice to the memory of the departed great, and have conferred a prouder, nobler obligation on his country. As it is, however,—as we are not likely to obtain a superior biography of Nelson—we are glad to obtain the work in its present compact and improved form, illustrated as it is with a variety of clever and spirited woodcuts.

Volumes fifty and fifty-one of that valuable and successful publication, "Constable's Miscellany," consist of a well digested, well arranged "*History of Chivalry and the Crusades; by the Rev. Henry Stebbing, M. A., M. R. S. L.*" The object of this work, to use the author's words in his preface, is "to give a general idea of the nature of chivalry, and of the events which attended the chivalrous armies of Europe, in their invasion of Palestine;" and to present just views of institutions which, by the dazzling splendour ascribed to them, have blinded the mind of the reader to their actual worth, and induced him to consider "the advantages at present possessed by society, as of less value than they really are." Mr. Stebbing has not, however, under-rated the beneficial effects produced by the order of knighthood, which derived its existence from the union of warlike virtue with religious devotion, upon society; its influence in softening and refining the manners of a semi-barbarous age; or the advantages which it offered as a school, for the

sons of the nobility and gentry. But in the progress of time the original purity of the institution was lost, and it speedily became corrupted by the introduction of unworthy members. By "a slight relaxation of the refined laws of gallantry or of truth, the life of a knight-errant became one of the most lawless and worthless that could be led;" and "nothing could have endangered the security of property, or the sanctity of domestic life, more than the increase of an order like that of chivalry, when its ranks might be filled with men unworthy of the power which it conferred." These evils became speedily apparent; it was found necessary to restrict the privilege of bestowing knighthood to sovereign princes; the increasing luxury of the times accelerated its decline; its rude and stern qualities were gradually lost; and, "literally nursed to death by its princely foster-fathers," chivalry was reduced to the character of a court pageantry. The author's remarks on the uses and abuses of knighthood, its moral influence, &c. are exceedingly interesting, and often of a philosophic nature.

Equally interesting are the chapters on the Origin of the Crusades, Pilgrimages, and the History of Peter the Hermit, and the extraordinary success attending his preaching and exhortations; exhibiting in their progress animated pictures of society, of the state of the public mind, and of the religious feelings of the time; when the latter, "in one wide and impetuous burst of devotion," blended their thousand currents together, "and rolled onward, a great and mighty stream, every where destroying the old landmarks of private and even national feeling, and increased till the fountains of the moral universe were all broken up to supply its resistless force." In the present day it is scarcely possible to conceive "a loose and undisciplined rabble of three hundred thousand persons," of all nations, following an obscure individual on such a mission; traversing gloomy forests, crossing rivers, and enduring every species of hardship in their determined enterprise. This first crusade, in which three hundred thousand men perished, was succeeded by others, whose armies were formed of disciplined soldiers, in which the most distinguished heroes were engaged, and which were led by the greatest monarchs of Europe. The History of these Crusades, occupying the half of the first and

the second of these volumes, is necessarily much condensed; yet the narrative is spirited, the descriptions are animated, and the details clear and distinct. One of the most extraordinary statements given is that of a crusade consisting entirely of children, to the number of fifty thousand, nearly the whole of whom perished miserably. What could the state of society have been, to have rendered such an event possible? The work closes with the siege of Ptolemais, on the 18th of May, 1291, and the establishment of the power of the Moslem over Palestine.

Like pencil sketches from the portfolio of a traveller, "*The Pilgrim of the Hebrides; a Lay of the North Country, by the Author of Three Days at Killarney*," will, to those who have visited the scenes he describes, excite the most delightful reminiscences. This volume, inscribed "To the Poet of Nature, the Painter of Manners and the Passions," is in two parts, of three cantos each; the first embracing the voyage to Staffa, thence to Fort William, and from Fort William to Edinburgh; in the second, the author revisiting Scotland three years afterwards, proceeds from Liverpool to Inverary, thence to Skye and Inverness, and from Inverness to Edinburgh. We are thus placed in possession of much descriptive poetry of a high order. Two or three short extracts, however, will convey to the reader a much clearer idea of the nature of this very pleasing work than any remark that we could offer from our own pen. Almost at random, we shall first submit an apostrophe, elicited by the remembrance of the massacre of Glencoe.

Shades of the dead! forgive me, that uncall'd
I wander near the valley of your rest,
Which none of woman born may, unappall'd,
Explore; such malediction hath impress'd
A branding here, like that which mark'd for doom
The primal fratricide, to roam unblest,
In hopeless search for death. And must the gloom,
That desolates the desolation, lour
For ever unremoved, and leave no room
For mercy, and the soft oblivious hour
To give a glimpse of day? Rash pleader, know
That neither man nor angel hath the power
To cancel murder; here, at least, below,
Earth covers not the blood, nor Heav'n remits
the woe.

In a succeeding canto we find, amongst several other stanzas relating to the same subject, the following:—

Chaos on chaos piled, those hills of gloom
Imprison the disastrous den of shame,
The slaughter'd clansmen's dwelling place and
tomb,

Where mem'ry sighs, and shudders at the name
So mark'd, so branded by eternal doom.

Even light, that crimson with ethereal flame
All else, reluctant shines where Cona's flood
Beheld the fiendly deed, and foam'd with infant
blood.

In the closing lines of Part I., the Departure
from Scotland, this fine burst of feeling can-
not fail to reach the heart:—

Haunt of the bard and painter! hardy child
Of nature, cradled in the giant arms
Of winter, and the lonely mountains wild;
I leave thee, Caledonia! but thy charms
Are pictured on my heart. May never tread
Of foemen, nor the trumpet of alarms
Approach thee more; but Peace and Plenty spread
Their mantle o'er thee, and the laurel'd crown
Of science grace thy castellated head.

For me, till health and reason's self be flown,
The thought shall kindle, and the tongue shall tell
Thy lakes and rocks, thy patriots and renown.
Land of the Frith, the cataract, and the dell,
Land of the Wallace and the Bruce, farewell.

In the Second Part, the Legend of Bera
is very beautifully related. A soothing
strain of piety pervades the poem; and, it
may be added, some of the notes are curious
and highly interesting.

"*The Reproof of Brutus*" is a moral and
political satire, in dialogue; by, if we mis-
take not, the author of "*The Revolt of the
Bees*." Absenteeism is the great and os-
tensible object of assault; but the poem
contains, also, some very sharp raps o' the
knuckles for the [Duke of Wellington,
Peel, Hume, Huskisson, Scarlett, Malthus,
M'Culloch, and the whole host of that be-
wildered and bewildering bane of society,
the modern economists. As far as respects
the general good, the views of the writer are
distinguished by philanthropy and bene-
volence: the style of his satire—we have
nothing to do with the writer's political
opinions—may be conceived from the fol-
lowing lines:—

O Scarlett, 'tis thine error's deepest dye,
(The charter stain'd of sacred liberty)
When to the press you chains despotic brought,
Where Freedom's sons their last best refuge sought;
Taught them too soon the fatal truth to know,
A Whig in office as their bitt' rest foe.
Scarcely begun their boast of proudest glory,
To gain an ultra Oriental Tory,

When your submissive zeal their hopes destroys,
And turns to sorrow their exulting joys;
The noblest triumph of that hero blights,
Who strove for Freedom, yet withholds her rights!

"*Eldred of Erin*; by Charles Doyne Sil-
lery, Author of '*Vallery, or the Citadel of
the Lakes*,'" is a poem in one slight volume,
purporting to be "*Reflections on the Works
of Nature and the Book of God*." Eldred,
the hero, a worshipper at the shrine of
nature and the muses, is introduced, as we
are informed, merely as a vehicle for the
author's sentiments. The poem is written
in the Spenserian stanza; a measure over
which he has by no means obtained a mas-
tery, either in construction or in polish.
An ardent and genuine love of nature, and
warmly pious feelings, are the charac-
teristics of this, in many respects, pleasing
volume. In preference, however, to select-
ing any portion from the body of the poem,
we offer, as specimens of the author's ta-
lent, two incidental lyrical effusions, dis-
tinguished by graceful beauty and tender-
ness of sentiment:—

Where are the flowers of the wild wood?—
Faded and wither'd away!

Where are the friends of my childhood?—
Gone to their sleep in the clay!

Ah! well may the sweet tear of sorrow
Flow forth from the depths of my heart:
I shall meet them no more on the morrow;

We lived and we loved, but to part
For ever!—oh, Heaven!—for ever!
The pale moon may silver the fountain;
The birds may come back to the lea;
The sun still rise over the mountain;
But they shall return to me—
Never!—oh, never!

She died in beauty!—like a rose

Blown from its parent stem:

She died in beauty!—like a pearl

Dropp'd from some dial'em.

She died in beauty!—like a lay

Along a moonlit lake:

She died in beauty!—like the song

Of birds amid the brake.

She died in beauty!—like the snow

On flowers dissolved away:

She died in beauty!—like a star

Lost on the brow of day.

She lives in glory!—like night's gems

Set round the silver moon:

She lives in glory!—like the sun

Amid the blue of June!

From a very pretty, modest, and unpre-
tending little volume, entitled "*Portical*

Aspirations, by William Anderson, Esq., we select the following lines as a specimen of the playful fancy and poetic feeling by which it is distinguished. They are from a piece entitled, "To a Bee."

Away! away! for ever thus
Your airy flight has past from us;
And thou art gone where flowers invite,
A pilgrimage of rich delight.
But come not near the holly hock,
Let not its blooms thy fancy mock;
Shun its nectaries so fair,
Death is ever lurking there;
On its petals if you light,
You are lost in endless night;—
Shun it as you onward fly:
Drink its poison and you die!
But hie thee to the lavender,
Pretty little pilferer;
Or the lime-tree, in whose breast
You oft sip yourself to rest.
Go, wanderer, to the healthful wild,
Where the enamoured sunshine mild
Flings its fond light o'er wood and wold,
More brilliant because uncontrolled;—
There, in the calyx of the flower,
Thou lovest best at noontide hour,
Prepare the mead, whose luscious draught
The best of former nations quaff'd.
Little rambler, do you know,
Why it is we love you so?
It is for the ceaseless hymn,
Which you warble as you swim
Through the odoriferous air,
Light as fairy gossamer;
And 'tis, that you are always gay,
Making life a holiday;
Flying leisurely o'er earth,
A winged miniature of mirth.

Intended, we presume, for private circulation merely, we have before us "*The Destruction of Sisera, a Dramatic Poem.*" The subject, a very impressive one, and one affording ample scope for the display of both poetic and dramatic talent, is here judiciously treated. The author has departed as little as possible from the text, of which the poem, in blank verse, may be considered as an amplification. This little brochure, extending only to thirty pages, will prove acceptable amongst the writer's circle of friends and acquaintance.

The admirers of Mr. Galt—and few amongst the novel reading public are not his admirers—will find a new treat awaiting them in "*Laurie Todd, or the Settlers in the Woods.*" It is the narrative of the life
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of a Scotch emigrant, written by himself; and it details, with minute exactness, every progressive step from his arrival at New York—a dwarf in stature, weak in person, his worldly riches and those of his brother consisting of three shillings and sixpence—through a lengthened career of toil and hardship, ultimately crowned with the fulness of prosperity. It is hardly possible, while perusing this amusing and instructive piece of autobiography, to imagine it to be a work of fiction, so completely has its author identified himself with his characters. It is a perfect illusion; and to those who follow the writer through his simple and touching descriptions, his success and failure in New York as nail-maker, store-keeper, and seed merchant, his removal with his infant family to the Bush, the progress of the settlement from the first clearing of the ground to the erection of its six churches, its theatre, bank, salt-works, the establishment of rival newspapers, &c., we are convinced that the settlement of Judiville will remain upon the mind, as much an object of reality as any colony in actual existence on the shores of the Atlantic. The book is divided into nine parts: the first part embraces Lawrie Todd's life previously to his quitting Scotland, his voyage, his arrival at New York, the story of his first love, very touchingly told, and concludes with the death of his wife. Affirming that if a man marry once for love he is a fool to expect he may do so twice, he soon afterwards marries a thrifty housewife, the niece of a Mr. Zerobabel L. Hoskins, a genuine speculating Yankee, one of the most original characters in the book. For some time all goes on prosperously; but, trusting too much to his own judgment, Lawrie embarks in some ruinous speculations, and the close of the second part finds him leaving New York for Babelmandel, a "new located town," in the Genesee country. Part three is taken up with clearing, building, and the endurance of the hardships attending a life in the woods, to which his second wife, Judith, falls a victim. Her death finishes the third part. The remaining portions are occupied with the "splorification," as Mr. Hoskins terms it, of new land; the building of a new town, named Judiville, in honour of his deceased wife; the erection of a church; choice of minister; bickerings between rival parties in religion.

and politics, to which the increasing prosperity of the settlement gives its inhabitants leisure to attend;—the establishment of a bank, schools, mills, &c., a visit by Lawrie Todd to the place of his birth, whence he returns with a third wife; the marriage of his children; and, finally, weary of the honours showered upon him, and desirous of enjoying the *otium cum dignitate*, his return to his mother country, with the intent of closing his days in the land of his fathers.

The characters are admirably drawn and sustained: the kind-hearted, yet shrewd and cautious Scotchman, Lawrie Todd; the indescribable Yankee, Zerobabel L. Hoskins, with his ludicrous phrasology; the cunning John Waft, one of the most irresistibly comic characters we ever met, so strange it must be true, meddling and prying, haunting poor Lawrie like his evil genius, and, with an air of folly and idiotcy, overreaching him on every possible occasion. It would be impracticable, without numerous extracts, to convey to the reader an idea of the quaint simplicity of the style, or the touches of pathos and deep feeling which it occasionally reveals, and the sly and almost unconscious humour which runs through the whole work. We give the following excerpt as a specimen of the style, and of the *naïveté* with which the presumed autobiographer is made to regard the American war as a consequence of the failure of one of Mr. Hoskins's "*specs*:"

"I guess," said Mr. Hoskins, one evening, when he came to drink tea with us; "I guess the squire ha'n't a got 'livered of 'at ere fire fright."

In the way of jocularly I did not object to being called squire by him, for it was his way; but the fire was connected in my mind with so many awful things, that I could not endure to hear it lightly spoken of, so I replied:—

"You know, Mr. Hoskins, that I have no right to be called squire, and, therefore, it would oblige me if ye would not use to me such a decoration."

"Well, if that ben't Solomon, I a'nt nobody; for to speak the truth right away to Mr. Todd, I have myself obstinacious objections—a considerable some—against 'em ere parley voos; for though I be a major of militia, and a judge in our county, state of Vermont, I a'nt special 'bout pedigrees; but my wife, she's, as the gentleman knows, an almighty ambitious woman, and will have her kitchen as clean as her parlour—she won't have

nobody call me but squire; for myself, Zerobabel L. Hoskins, I ain't so audacious, and yet, when I judgefies at sessions, there isn't such a Beelzebub to knaves in all the Union. They sha'n't speak to me then but as I lets 'em. But giving such gabbing the go by, squire—marlinspikes and cucumbers! I have a compulsion to call you squire—are you screwed up not to make a shipment?"

"As dourly as a door-nail, Mr. Hoskins," was my answer; and then I expatiated on my reasons for declining the advantages which he promised himself from the spec; adding, among other things that may be before the ship could reach Lisbon, Wellington might be obliged to take his knapsack on his back and go home."

"And if so be, I calculate, that ain't nothing to make nobody afeared, for we have got double papers for the ship."

Poor man! but he was strong in worldly wisdom, little thinking that where he thought himself so well-fenced, would be found his weakest part. The ship soon after sailed, and was not well clear of Sandy Hook, when a British frigate laid hold of her by the cuff of the neck, and hauled her, by the lug and the horn, away to Bermuda, where she was detained, on account of the two sets of papers, so long, that the codfish began to spoil and quicken to such a degree, that they spoilt the flour, and the whole cargo became a dead loss. Was it not a capital escape my having nothing to do with it? though in the end, I, with others, came in for a share of the consequences, by the embargo and the war with England that soon after followed. For you see, when Mr. Hoskins heard of what had happened to the ship, he fell into a terrible passion, and went about kindling the people to revenge his cause, until there was not a patriotic heart in the Union but thought the island of Great Britain ought to be tarred and feathered.

One night, as Mr. Hoskins was enlarging on this text, and saying it would be a devil blessed thing if the king were skinned alive and crammed up to the neck in a cask with a salt and vitriol pickle, I tried to counsel him to moderation, but the more I reasoned, he grew the madder; and when I but hinted, in a far-off way, that his misfortune might be altogether owing to the dissimulation of the ship's papers, he was touched to the quick, asserting that the ship of every free country had a right to carry what goods or papers her owners choose to send by her. This sort of unsound doctrine, as I at the time maintained it was, infected the heads of every body that heard Mr. Hoskins and his unlucky and unsavory venture, till at last government saw no other way of pacifying the people but by declaring war against England.

As a christian, I deplored this violent step; and as a Scotchman, I was distressed to think of

the detriment that might be done to my native land, though I never went the length of those who thought the United States would scuttle the island.

Mr. Ritchie's forte we conceive to lie rather in romance than in novel. We have not forgotten—hall not easily forget—the wild, the powerful, the appalling sketches which, in his "Tales and Confessions," harrowed up our very souls. Scenes of nature, rude, and vast, and untouched by art—man, in a semi-barbarous state, not the polished artificial creature of modern cities and of modern times—seem to be the objects amongst which his genius loves to luxuriate, which he loves to describe and to paint. We have heard of a romance upon which he has been some time engaged; and, from a knowledge of his powers, of the grand, the terrific, the imposing scenes of the story, of its time and characters, we are justified in entertaining the most sanguine anticipations of its success, whenever it may appear. In the interim, he has just presented the public with a clever, sprightly novel, under the title of "*The Game of Life*," in two volumes. The idea is rather amusingly founded upon the game of backgammon. Of the plot, it is unnecessary to say more than that it embraces the adventures and temptations, the privations, dangers, and sufferings of a very young man, who comes up to the metropolis with ten pounds in his pocket, and two or three useless letters of recommendation. Fortunately, he is in some degree watched over by a benevolent old man who has suddenly taken a lively interest in his affairs, and in those of his gentle and beloved Helen, a lone and unprotected orphan; and, after passing, though not unscathed, through many a fiery ordeal, he is ultimately restored to his mother, and blessed with friends, fortune, and the wife of his heart. There is an exhilarating freshness about these volumes, and considerable dramatic effect. The characters, however, are not always sustained—consistent—in harmony with themselves. Wilkins, or Watson, is a heterogeneous compound of knave, duffer, and gentleman, petty dealer and philosopher; Helen talks occasionally more like an arrant *blue* at a *conversazione* than a sweet unsophisticated girl of seventeen; and Wigwam, an accident hunter and reporter, a three-half-pence a line gentleman of the newspaper press, is a coarse and

overwrought caricature. Still, with all its faults, the book is worth a hundred of the nick-named *fashionable* novels of the day.

The most striking, the most imposing novel of the season is before us, in "*The King's Own*, by the Author of '*The Naval Officer*.'" In Captain Marryat's former work, clever and vivid as were its delineations, there was much objectionable matter: here, all praise is due, and no severity of censure is called for. Unluckily, these three goodly volumes—goodly in quantity as well as in quality—have fallen under our notice at so late a period of the month that we have neither room nor time to pay them the attention they demand. Contrary to our usual practice—a deviation for which their extraordinary merit must form our excuse—we shall resume their consideration hereafter. In the interim, we can only remark that, although its title might induce a contrary expectation, this is another nautical story, the opening scene of which—and a most stirring and impressive scene it is—embraces the mutiny at the Nore, in the year 1797. Captain Marryat's sketches—not mere fancy created shadows, but faithful portraits from known and remarkable originals—are bold, vigorous, and graphic in a surpassing degree. As a whole, and in its parts, this work constitutes a rich accession to the stores of the novel-reading world;—of all, indeed, who love to study human character in different aspects and situations.

We have three volumes, IX., X., and XI., of the new edition of the Waverley Novels before us; comprising "*The Black Dwarf*," "*Old Mortality*," and the commencement of "*The Heart of Mid Lothian*." The frontispiece of the ninth volume, by Wilkie, represents the entrance of Bothwell and his dragoons into the apartment of the Laird of Milnwood; who is seated at dinner with his nephew, Harry Morton, Cuddie Headrigg, (a humorous portrait of the artist, by-the-by) and the rest of his establishment. Departing from his old conversational style, Wilkie has here stepped into the more elevated department of history. In fact the composition of this piece, chaste in all its parts, is remarkable for its historic character, and proves the painter to be capable of much more than even yet he has displayed. The plate appears to be well engraved; but, from some defect in the copper, we presume, the impression in our copy is very bad. It is

from the burin of Graves. The vignette is prettily engraved by Fox, from a design by Burnet.—“The child set down its water pitcher, hardly understanding what was said to her, put her fair flaxen hair apart on her brows, and opened her round blue eyes with the wondering ‘what’s yere wull?’”

The embellishments of the tenth volume are a capital whole length portrait of Old Mortality, standing near one of his tombstones, by Wilkie, finely engraved by Engleheart; and, for the frontispiece, Cooper’s very spirited scene of the engagement between Burley and Bothwell. The painter here has displayed his customary inimitable skill in horses: they seem absolutely alive and in motion. The engraving, too, by Charles Rolls, is executed with great force and fidelity. There is a noble simplicity and breadth of manner in the frontispiece to *The Heart of Mid-Lothian*, vigorously and effectively engraved by Watt, from a design by Burnet. It is from the passage in which Deans finds his daughter Jeannie gazing on a slip of paper which contained a citation to her to appear as a witness upon her sister’s trial. The vignette is equally clever, though of a totally different character. It is by W. Finden, after Fraser; Dumbiedykes on his pony kindly offering a purse of five-and-twenty guineas to Jeannie to support her on her journey. The heroine of the vignette is, in character as well as in beauty, more to our taste than that of the frontispiece.

The additional information furnished by Sir Walter Scott, respecting David Ritchie, The historical prototype of the Black Dwarf—Robert Paterson, the original of Old Mortality—and Helen Walker, from whom the author painted his exquisite portrait of Jeannie Deans, will be found greatly to enhance the interest of these volumes.

Two volumes, teeming with excitement, anecdote, and considerable information on subjects of natural history, geography, &c. are presented in “*Field Sports of the North of Europe; comprised in a Personal Narrative of a Residence in Sweden and Norway, in the years 1827-28; by L. Lloyd, Esq.*” It is impossible for a person of talent to describe events in which he has been actively engaged—to write on subjects with which he is well acquainted, more especially when he writes *con amore*—without producing a work of interest, even should it be

on a matter of scarcely general interest. With all these advantages, therefore, Mr. Lloyd, although addressing himself chiefly to sportsmen, will find few readers who, having commenced his book, will not be carried on irresistibly, as it were, to its close. The author has resided in the north of Europe from the year 1824 till very recently, but has confined his narrative to a limited period of two years, during which he was unceasingly occupied in the arduous duties and pleasures of the chace. His introductory chapters convey much information on the present state of Sweden; the aspect of the country, government, manners and customs of its inhabitants, and other usual topics of voyagers and travellers, together with a summary of the game-laws of Sweden. The bear, which forms a prominent feature in the work, has a very interesting chapter devoted to his natural history, from which we select the following passage, as elucidating one of his habits:—

“The story of the bear’s sucking his paws for the sake of nourishment, has, I believe, been long since exploded; and it is therefore unnecessary for me to give any further contradiction to it. I am the less surprised, however, at its having had existence, since I have directed my attention to the habits of the tame bears now in my possession. These animals, when I last saw them, were constantly sucking, or *mumbling*, as the Swedes term it, their own legs and paws; the operation, which was often continued for hours together, was attended with a murmuring kind of noise which might be heard at some distance. In consequence of this, their legs or feet were generally covered with saliva, or rather foam; which by ignorant people might not improbably be taken for the milk which it was at one time said the bear was in the habit of extracting from his paws. . . . The bear, I have reason to believe, obtains a new skin on the balls of his feet during the winter months. Leaving out of the question, therefore, the circumstance of which I have just made mention, if that animal is in the habit of licking his paws whilst in his den, as has been stated, may not that be done for the purpose of facilitating this operation of nature?”

We were not previously aware, or it had escaped our memory, that the bear had existed in such numbers in Sweden, or that he had been so destructive and voracious an animal, attacking and devouring indiscriminately, cattle, horses, pigs, sheep, goats, and ripe corn. To enjoy the last, he seats himself on his haunches in the field, and

collects with his outstretched arms nearly a sheaf at a time. It is a curious fact, that the bear, in attacking cattle or horses, universally attempts, in the first instance, to bring them to the ground with a single blow of his paw, but that when he comes in contact with man, though he may grasp him with his paws, he only wounds him with his teeth. The greater part of the work is occupied with animated descriptions of bear hunts, in which Mr. Lloyd took an adventurous share; the different modes of attacking the animal, and narratives of the hair-breadth escapes of the author, and other hunters, in its pursuit. The most usual method of destroying bears is by "skalling" and "ringing." In the former, the inhabitants of a whole, or of several districts, assemble to the amount of several hundreds, or even thousands, enclose the animals in an area, and gradually contracting it, drive them to a given point, where they are shot without difficulty. These "skalls" are under the superintendence of an experienced huntsman. In ringing a bear, which can only be done when the snow is on the ground, his footsteps are traced till they leave crooked and irregular marks, when it is known he is about to lie down. From this point a ring is commenced, which, if completed without again meeting the track, it is certain that the animal is within it. The bear becomes the property of the man who rings it; and to attack or disturb an animal thus ringed is a punishable offence.

The shooting of the capercali, black cock, and other birds; wolf, fox, elk, lynx, and glutton hunting are also spiritedly described, and enlivened with interesting, amusing, and apparently well-authenticated anecdotes. Every page almost furnishes matter for extract, but our limits restrain us; and having already devoted so much space to the book, we must content ourselves with recommending it as an interesting and, in many respects, a valuable work, and with referring the reader to our *mélanges* of the present and preceding months for some exciting excerpts. Numerous lithographic prints illustrate the more striking scenic descriptions and remarkable events.

At the eleventh hour, a book has reached us, to the merits of which it is as impossible for us here to render justice as it is to pass it over altogether without notice till the ensuing month. This is "*The Picture of India,*

Geographical, Historical, and Descriptive, in two volumes;" by, if we mistake not—but this is only conjecture—the very clever author of that very cleverly constructed work, the "*Picture of Australia.*" Such a performance as this has been a *desideratum* these twenty years; yet it could not possibly have made its appearance at a more favourable moment, or at any other moment when it was so much wanted, not by one class of readers only, but by every class. "The first volume contains the geography and natural history; and the second the historical and descriptive account of the people" of India. Thus: Vol. I. in twelve chapters, embraces—A General View—Geographical Position—Shores and Rivers—Provinces—Mineralogy and Soil—Climate and Seasons—Scenery and Vegetation—Zoology—and the Out-Settlements; and Vol. II. in ten chapters, is devoted to Early History—European Powers in India—British Territorial Progress—Native Population—and Towns. Including an excellent quarto map, these elegant and portable volumes are illustrated by no fewer than twenty-four capital wood and steel engravings. The plan, arrangement, and general execution are admirable. Returning to the subject next month, we must enter somewhat into detail. We have five hundred works upon India, but not one amongst them so practically, extensively, and generally useful as the present. Its possession is absolutely indispensable to every person connected with, or interested in, the affairs of India.

NEW MUSIC.

"*My Harp of Sighs*" and "*My Harp of Smiles.*" Two Ballads. By Thomas Haynes Bayly, Esq. Arranged, with an accompaniment for the piano-forte, by T. Cooke.

"*A Feather.*" Ballad. Poetry by Bayly. Music, Willis.

"*Wake thee, Rosalie.*" Written and composed by Berry King, Esq.

Mr. Bayly's two ballads are elegant, and tolerably expressive, without any great intensity of feeling. As the two airs are intended as companions, should there not have been some coincidence in the music, some link to connect the ideas? Mr. Cooke's portion has been ably executed, particularly in the first song, which is sweetly harmonized.

"The Feather" is an apt title for Mr. Willis's

Monthly View
OF
NEW PUBLICATIONS, MUSIC, THE ENGLISH AND FOREIGN
DRAMA, THE FINE ARTS, LITERARY AND
SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE, &c.

FROM the more than usually extended space which we have been under the necessity of allotting to our notices of the Fine Arts, exhibitions, and publications, this month, we are compelled not only to omit our proposed observations on many volumes, but to curtail the accounts which we actually give of several others. This we the more regret, as new works have, within the few last weeks, poured in upon us at an unprecedented rate. Several publications are, indeed, referred to in our supplementary pages—our “Sketch of the Progress and State of Literature for the last Six Months”—which, under less pressing circumstances, would probably have re-

ceived their meed of praise, or of censure, in our general Monthly View.

We turn, as we promised, once more, to “*The Picture of India, Geographical, Historical, and Descriptive, in two volumes*” ; but, even now, our circumscribed limits preclude the possibility of enlarging upon it to the extent that we could wish, to the extent which its merits claim. In this, therefore, as in many other instances, the will *must* be taken for the deed. We have already borne testimony to the plan, arrangements, and general execution of the work ; to its practical utility, not only as a

• Wide page 219.

temporary but as a standard production; to the neatness and beauty of its typography, and of its illustrative embellishments. All the geographical information in the first volume is clear, distinct, and valuable. With the natural history—zoology, the account of the elephant in particular—we have been greatly interested and pleased; the author justly observing, that “the most wild and wretched romance in the circulating library is not a more wide caricature of human nature, than the majority of written accounts are of the elephant.”

In the second volume, the historical and descriptive account of the people of India evinces great and attentive research; and, at this time especially, the views which the author takes of their manners, customs, trade, revenue, agriculture, &c. are important. The author's views, or rather the inferences which he draws from facts and observation, are ably enforced by an agreeable view of unobtrusive political and philosophical reasoning. The only passage, however, that we can make room for, by way of extract, is the subjoined, which will be found at once amusing and instructive:—

The dress of the females is very elegant, and upon a fine form it is far more classical than the fashionable bundles of knots, tatters, and ends of riband, with two-bushel sleeves, and head-dresses broad as the umbrella over a palanquin, which, in the present year, 1830, give the belles of England an outline, which, if it should please nature to fill up with flesh and blood, would certainly render them of all created beings the most shapeless, or at any rate, the most unmeaning in shape, either for use or ornament. The close part of the Hindû female dress is a jacket with half sleeves, which fits tight to the shape, and covers, but does not conceal the bust, and this in females of rank is made of rich silk. The remainder of the dress is the shalice, a large piece of silk or cotton, which is wrapped round the middle, and contrived to fall in graceful folds, till it be below the ankle on one leg, while it shows a part of the other. It is gathered into a bunch in front, and the upper end crosses the breast, and is thrown forward again over the shoulder, or over the head like a veil. The belles prolong their dark eye-lashes by lines of black drawn from the corners of the eyes; and the palms of their hands, their nails, the soles of their feet, and sometimes also the roots of their hair, are tinted red. The women of the lower castes seldom wear any thing but the shalice of pure white cotton, but even then, upon a graceful

figure, the method of arranging it looks very handsome. The hands and feet are always adorned with rings and other ornaments, and sometimes a jewel is worn from the nose. Even the working-girls have their anklets and armlets of glass, tin, brass, or tutenag, and sometimes of silver. The higher classes wear a kind of slippers, or sandals, which are long, turned up, and sometimes ornamented at the points; but the poorer classes go barefooted. The ornaments that are worn upon the person are the only costly articles in the establishment of a Hindû, but they are of a nature not soon to wear out, and they never become unfashionable.

We repeat that the possession of these volumes is absolutely indispensable to every one connected with, or interested in, the affairs of India.

Dedicated “to his Grace the Archbishop of York, the munificent patron of music,” we have before us, forming one of the volumes of Constable's Miscellany, “*A History of Music, by William Cooke Stafford.*” Mr. Stafford's preface is extremely modest. “From its nature,” he observes, “this volume can aspire to very little merit beyond what is due to a well-digested compilation: but, from the number of works, both ancient and modern, which have been consulted, a mass of information has been collected and condensed, greater, it is presumed, than will be found in any one work on the subject, however high its pretensions.” This is literally true. We had not proceeded half a dozen pages in the work, however, before we discovered that Mr. Stafford was cramped in his plan. To have rendered the subject full justice, at least two volumes of the Miscellany, if not three, ought to have been appropriated; and this should be borne in mind by the reader during perusal. We have no doubt, too, that Mr. Stafford found his matter expand in its progress beyond the extent of his first calculation. This seems to account for the somewhat disproportionate space which is allotted to the earlier, compared with the later periods of the history.

In the first chapter, the origin of music is traced to natural causes; and then we find notices of the music of savage nations—antediluvian, Oriental, African, American, Grecian, Roman music—the introduction of music into the church—music ecclesiastical and secular, in Italy, to the present time—music in Flanders, Germany,

the more northern nations of Europe, Switzerland, Spain and Portugal, France—music in England, from the earliest period to the death of Purcell—establishment and progress of the Italian opera in England, to the close of the season of 1829; the work terminating with a general view of music in England, from the death of Purcell to 1830.

We are thankful to Mr. Stafford for the *coup d'œil* of the science which he has thus presented—for the information which he has so industriously collected; but we must repeat the observation, that, for a satisfactory accomplishment of his plan, he ought to have been allowed two or three volumes. However, he has given us reason to expect that, at a future period, he will be enabled to devote his labours to a more extensive elucidation of the history of the science of music in England subsequently to the year 1789, the period to which Dr. Burney brought down his admirable work. In the interim, we cordially recommend this little volume to the notice of the general reader.

Forming the sixth volume of the Cabinet Cyclopædia, we have a series of "*Lives of Eminent British Lawyers, by Henry Roscoe, Esq., Barrister-at-Law.*" Prefixed is a useful biographical table, showing at a glance the date and place of birth, the office filled, the year of death, and the page at which each memoir commences, of the following distinguished individuals:—Sir Edward Coke, John Selden, Sir Matthew Hale, Lord Guilford, Lord Jeffreys, Lord Somers, Lord Mansfield, Sir J. E. Wilmot, Sir W. Blackstone, Lord Ashburton, Lord Thurlow, Sir William Jones, Lord Erskine, and Sir Samuel Romilly. These lives evince considerable research; they are neatly rather than elegantly written; and, altogether, they seem calculated to sustain the character of the work of which they form a part.

To those whom it may concern, we have the pleasure of announcing the publication of "*The Royal Book of Dreams, from an ancient and curious Manuscript, which was buried in the Earth during several Centuries, containing One Thousand and Twenty-four Oracles, or Answers to Dreams; by a curious, yet perfectly facile and easy Method, void of all abstruse or difficult Calculations; whereby any Person of ordi-*

nary Capacity may discover those Secrets of Fate, which the universal Fiat of all Nations, in every Age and Clime, has acknowledged to be portended by Dreams and nocturnal Visions: By Raphael" Had we the honour of Mr. Varley's acquaintance, we should certainly take leave to consult him upon this most erudite performance; respecting which, as we are not dreamers of dreams or seers of visions, we can only observe, that it is by far the most curious production of its class that ever fell in our way. First, we have "a brief account of the singular manner in which the MS. was discovered;" next, "a short essay on dreaming, with a succinct account of several famous dreams of the ancients and moderns;" then "the method of working the signs in the book of dreams;" afterwards, "the thirty-two rolls of oracles;" next, "Lord Byron and the World of Spirits, a vision;" and various other matter, sufficiently interesting, no doubt, to the initiated.

The second and enlarged edition of "*The Influence of Climate in the Prevention and Cure of Chronic Diseases, more particularly of the Chest and Digestive Organs, by James Clark, M.D., Member of the Royal College of Physicians of London, &c.*," may be consulted with peculiar advantage at this season of the year, while visits to watering-places are yet only in contemplation. The work comprises "an account of the principal places resorted to by invalids in England, the south of Europe, &c.; a comprehensive estimate of their respective merits in particular diseases, and general directions for invalids while travelling and residing abroad; with an appendix, containing a series of tables on climate." The first edition of this work, published scarcely more than a twelvemonth since, was so generally successful, that the addition of our suffrages can prove of but little value; but we feel it to be a duty to point it out to the notice of our readers. In his preface to the second edition, Dr. Clarke observes:—

It has been extremely satisfactory to me to receive from numerous medical friends, resident in many of the places noticed in my book, strong testimonials of the accuracy of my account of their respective climates, and of their influence on diseases; and it is still more gratifying to me to indulge the belief that the rules which I have laid

down respecting the adaptation of climate to disease, have been already productive of benefit to many of my countrymen who have gone abroad since the publication of my first edition.

For all works of reference in which it is admissible, the alphabetical form of arrangement is so incomparably superior to any and to every other, that we are surprised it should not be universally adopted. Burke's "Peerage and Baronetage" is a striking exemplification in point; and now, as a companion to that clever and useful work, we have, by the same author, instead of the vulgar old Red Book, "*The Official Kalendar for 1830: an Alphabetical Register of the Public Institutions and Public Functionaries, Ecclesiastical, Civil, and Military, of the British Empire, including its Colonial and Foreign Dependencies, with Circumstantial Details of the Sovereign Houses of Europe, particularising the present Members of each Family, &c. &c.*" It is a handsome, well, and clearly-printed volume in small octavo. "As an humble tribute to his public conduct, this work is inscribed to the Right Honourable Sir Robert Peel, Bart., His Majesty's Principal Secretary of State for the Home Department." Two features in this new Kalendar are very important: the fulness of genealogical detail respecting the sovereigns of Europe; and the historical and descriptive accounts of the respective boroughs, their patronage, number of electors, right of election, &c. We would willingly offer some specimens of the work; but, reaching us only at the very moment when the present sheet was going to press, it is impossible. Altogether, it is most industriously and ably executed. The quantity, variety, clearness, and distinctness of information, on all points, is unprecedented in any publication of the kind.

We should be disappointed were we to know that, in consequence of our brief notice last month of "*The King's Own*," many of our readers had not shared our gratification in the perusal of that clever and spirited work; but we feel assured that they have done so, and it is therefore, for the sake of those few, whom accidental circumstances may have rendered strangers to our hero, that we return to our pleasing task. As we have already intimated, the opening, and as they may be termed intro-

ductory scenes, embrace the mutiny at the Nore in the year 1797. Of these scenes, Peters—partially an embodiment, with much poetic license, if we mistake not, of the character of Parker, also specifically introduced—is the hero. The character of this man is finely drawn and sustained, and that of Captain A., a coward and tyrant, by whose oppression Peters is urged to rebellion, bears the stamp and marked peculiarity of truth. The real hero, the son of Peters, appears first, a child of six years old, on the deck of the mutinous ship, standing in unconscious innocence between the contending parties. Peters is sentenced to death; and before his execution, in a spirit of remorse and penitence, he devotes the child to the service of the king, and confides him to the care of Adams, an old quarter-master. It is not till after the death of Peters that we become acquainted with the romance of his history. He is the younger son of Admiral de Courcy, whose domestic tyranny had broken the heart of his wife, and driven to India his elder son, where he died. The younger son married the curate's daughter, and was banished his home with bitter maledictions; and, under the assumed name of Peters, he closed his career as above stated. Peters writes to his father, commending his orphan to his protection; but the old man refuses to read the letter, which remains in possession of the vicar of the parish. Adams brands the child with a broad-headed arrow, thus devoting him to the king, and conferring on him the name of "*The King's Own*." It was scarcely possible to sustain the interest thus powerfully excited in his behalf; and, though nominally the hero, the King's Own is by no means so distinguished a personage as might be wished in the remaining portion of the work. He is a brave, well-disciplined young midshipman, in no ways elevated above his companions. The story is briefly thus:—Captain A. is succeeded in command by Captain M., who enters him as a midshipman, and after some active service sends him home in a prize, to be equipped as such. The prize is wrecked, and our hero, the sole survivor, is picked up by a smuggling vessel, with whose captain, M'Elvina, he remains several years. Adams is dead, and the boy is ignorant of his name and parentage. Meanwhile, Admiral de Courcy dies in

agonies of remorse, but not without leaving a will in favour of his grandson. The estate is, however, claimed by Mr. Rainscourt, a distant relation; and, after a temporary disappointment, he is, in consequence of the presumed death of the heir, in possession. M'Elvina's vessel is captured by the frigate commanded by Captain M., and "The King's Own" returns to his original protectors. M'Elvina quits the sea, and purchases an estate adjoining that of Mr. Rainscourt, and an intimacy is thus commenced between the families. Mr. Rainscourt has an only daughter, and the road is thus rendered smooth before us. Our hero, on a leave of absence, visits his old friend M'Elvina, and, ignorant of his own pretensions, falls in love with the presumed heiress, but forbears to disclose his passion on account of his inferior rank and fortune. In the latter respect, however, the scale soon turns in his favour, and the lovers plight their faith. Rainscourt is so exasperated at his change of fortune, and behaves so violently towards the vicar and M'Elvina, who communicate the intelligence, that they will not inform him of the mutual affection of De Courcy, as we must now call him, and his daughter. We should have premised, however, that at this time De. Courcy is lying seriously ill at the house of Rainscourt, having been wrecked on the coast of Ireland, close to his estate, and wounded in a desperate affray between the sailors and a party of Irish wreckers. The consequence of the unfortunate delay alluded to is that Rainscourt, tempted by the illness of De Courcy, prevails, with threats and entreaties, on Norah, an old nurse, to administer poison with his medicine; and Emily, on visiting her lover in the morning, finds him in the agonies of death. Emily's heart is broken, and Rainscourt shoots himself. With the story, we could find much fault, were it not that the charm and interest of the work are quite independent of it. The latter part of the history of Rainscourt, who first separates himself from his wife, then falls in love with her, and, on her refusal to live with him again, in a revengeful fit becomes accessory to her death, is—to say nothing of the subsequent farcical enshrinement of her heart—overwrought, and verging towards caricature. The commencement and close of our hero's life are of too

elevated a character for his mid-career. The last scene is finely wrought, but, in despite of its excitement, it fails to satisfy the reader. It is too sudden, too unexpected in its nature; and the character of De Courcy has not sufficient interest or prominence to warrant a demand so violent upon our feelings. Moreover, it is somewhat annoying to expect a wedding, and, on turning a page, to find a funeral in its stead. But, as we have said, the merit of "The King's Own" rests not on its story, but on the truth and vigour of its sketches from life, the knowledge which it displays of human nature both on sea and land, the bustle, activity, and vitality of the scenes which it represents, and the opinions and reflections of its author. M'Elvina, the smuggler, is a remarkable character; and the midshipman, Jerry, with his eternal jokes and never-tiring tongue, a no less amusing and original one. Of the most admirable scenes, those on shipboard, and where the author is "in his element," it is impossible by any comment to convey an idea to the reader; and we find no extract which will come within our limits. We consider this as an incomparably superior production to Captain Marryat's former work, "The Naval Officer."

For sterling fun and humour, literary and pictorial, it is long since we have seen any thing that may be compared with a beautiful volume just published under the title of "*Three Courses and a Dessert; the Decorations by George Cruikshank.*" Vain, however, would be all attempts to convey to the reader an idea of this work, of its drollery, the richness of its numerous designs, the exquisite beauty of their execution in wood. The letter-press consists of between four and five hundred very large and closely yet delicately printed pages; and the vignettes and other cuts—really we cannot venture upon the task of counting them. The "Three Courses" consist of three distinct sets of tales: West Country Chronicles; Neighbours of an Old Irish Boy; and My Cousin's Clients; followed by a "Dessert" of several shorter and slighter sketches. The title-page vignette exhibits a pudding, armed with a knife and fork, inviting to "sit down and feed." Then we have a crocodile, preaching and shedding tears in a pulpit;—a clown gazing on a

road-post pointing to "Reading and Devizes;"—a poacher's dog pointing a constable;—a jug of foaming ale, forming a portrait of its owner;—grinning through a horse-collar;—a dog killing his own mutton;—the same dog between two battering rams;—two fighting dogs and their masters;—interior of an Irish cabin;—a pig with a yoke and a clog; a little man in an oyster-shell;—a man between two fires—mastiffs on one side, and a mad bull on the other;—me and my ghost-ship;—a cockneyfied dandy drawing on a tight boot, and exclaiming, "All eels are not slippery;"—a dentist, whose only instrument was the prong of a pitchfork;—an Irish procession;—fox and geese;—a duck with an umbrella;—Gretna Green;—toping lemons;—seesaw;—the *dos-à-dos tête-à-tête*;—a toad in a hole;—a pair of pumps;—"Why should you crow over me, I'd like to know? is it bekase you've a cock in your eye?"—handsome hands;—a fox running away with a tailor's goose;—the last man; and a multitude of others, the humour of which must be seen to be imagined. This is the handsomest book of the season.

We are under the necessity of abridging the very "lengthy" title of a very useful book—one copy at least of which ought to be in every gentleman's family in the kingdom,—"*The Servants' Guide and Family Manual: arranged and adapted to the Duties of all Classes of Servants; forming a complete System of Domestic Management; with an Appendix of Rates, Tables, &c.*" In this well-arranged volume, the duties of each servant,—housekeeper, cook, ladies' maid, nurse, housemaid, laundry maid, dairy maid, butler, valet, coachman, groom, footman, and gardener—are specified, and each is supplied with a variety of useful receipts in his or her particular department. Even the most experienced servant may derive information and advantage from this book; and, to the novice, it must be invaluable.

To the admirers of the deceased—to be found chiefly, we apprehend, north of the Tweed—an acceptable offering is made in a volume of "*Weeds and Wild-flowers, by the late Alexander Balfour, author of 'Campbell, or the Scottish Probationer;' 'Contemplation, with other Poems;' 'Characters omitted in Crabbe's Parish Register,' &c., with a Memoir of the Author.*" This volume is

dedicated by the author's family to Joseph Hume, Esq. M.P. Mr. Balfour appears to have been an exceedingly amiable man: we regret that his memory has not been blessed with a more able biographer. The memoir prefixed is a very tame piece of Scotch twaddle. Mr. Balfour, it appears, "left behind him a variety of MSS. both in verse and prose, from which the present volume has been principally culled;" and in another place we are told, that several of the pieces composing it "have already appeared in 'Constable's Edinburgh Magazine,' 'The Forget-me-Not,' 'The Literary Souvenir,' 'The Edinburgh Literary Gazette,' 'The Edinburgh Literary Journal,' &c." Tales and sketches, in prose and verse, sonnets and miscellaneous poems, are the constituent portions of the work.

"*A Treatise on Mechanics, by Captain Henry Kater, V. Pres. R.S., and the Rev. Dionysius Lardner, LL.D. F.R.S. L. and E.*" constituting the fifth volume of the *Cabinet Cyclopædia*, realised all the expectations which the names of the distinguished persons by whom it is executed might have raised. The last chapter only—On Balances and Pendulums—presenting a clear and general view of the principles by which the weight of bodies is ascertained, and a description of all the different machines employed for that purpose, is written by Captain Kater; the remainder of the volume being the production of Dr. Lardner. The first six chapters contain a lucid and perspicuous treatise on the elements of physics, interesting alike to the general and scientific reader, and rendered, by its clearness of detail, and its references to innumerable diagrams, level to the capacity of the most uninformed. The mechanical powers, and their adaptation to the purposes of machinery, are treated in the same masterly style; and the volume embraces, in a condensed form, divested as far as possible of all technicalities, a complete *Vade Mecum* of the science.

WE have frequently had occasion to express our opinions respecting the applicability of the conversational form for the conveyance of elementary instruction; and our examination of "*Conversations upon Comparative Chronology and General History; from the Creation of the World to the Birth of Christ,*" has not tended to shake our conviction in its decided inferiority to the interrogatory form. In most instances, the

questions and remarks of the pupils, displaying at one moment a degree of knowledge nearly equal to that of the instructor, and the next total ignorance, can be regarded as little better than useless interruptions; while, on the other hand, it is impossible to conceive one person possessing, and capable of rendering immediately available, a mass of information on any given subject sufficient to fill a volume. This inconvenience may be partially, but never completely obviated, by the introduction of numerous characters. The Conversations now before us are sustained by Mrs. Seymour and her two daughters. One of the principal objects of the author, and one in which she has been very successful, has been to keep constantly in view the *comparison* or parallel of dates; so, she observes in her preface, "as to fix the surer regard upon the several eras of persons or events, living or occurring simultaneously in different parts of the world:" nothing, she further adds, tending more to assist the memory, "than the recalling of coincidences of times, of celebrated persons, or of great national events, in regions of the earth the most removed from each other, and amongst nations the most estranged and most dissimilar." The Conversations are twenty-four in number, appended to each of which is a series of questions upon its contents. An extended Table of the Principal Dates mentioned in the work will materially assist the student. The Conversations on the cosmogonies of the idolatrous nations, and the mythologies of different nations, are exceedingly curious and interesting. The whole work is one of great labour, and no slight research; and we have only to suggest to the compiler, on a second edition being called for, the omission of various colloquialisms in the speeches of the young people. We are led to expect a continuation of the present plan to the period of publication.

"*Derwentwater, a Tale of 1715*," in two volumes, is the production of a young and inexperienced writer—clever, but possessed of less imagination than the author of "Traits of Scottish Life." His "scrupulous adherence to historic truth" has clogged his inventive powers; yet, instead of taking nature for his model, he has set up an idol of his own in the once "great unknown" author of the Waverley novels. How strange it is that writers of respect-

able ability will not endeavour to strike out paths for themselves, instead of dully plodding on in the beaten tracks of imitation. Churchill's exclamation,

"I hate e'en Garrick thus at second hand," is not more applicable to actors than to authors. Let the young *débutant* before us take the hint: he may be successful if he will.

"Northumberland being so peculiarly the scene of operations" in this story, "it became necessary," we are told, "to make the experiment of introducing, for the first time, in such a way, the somewhat cacophonous dialect of the peasantry. Those who are acquainted with its general uncouthness, when exhibited in a lettered shape, will be best able to say how the difficulty has been disposed of." Really, as in Horace Smith's "Walter Colyton," with respect to the Somersetshire dialect (noticed in our half-yearly Sketch of the State and Progress of Literature) we think the difficulty had better not have been encountered. We have too much Scotch, even from the great Scotchman. It reminds us of Joe Miller's apple-pie made *all of quinces*.

NEW MUSIC.

"*The Lays of a Wanderer*," 1st Series. A series of Songs in English and German, with accompaniments for the Pianoforte and Guitar, composed by C. Walther.

Mr. Walther's work possesses considerable musical merit. He is evidently a master of the guitar; and though the pianoforte part does not afford such strong indications of a perfect command of the instrument, it shows a respectable musician. The melodies are elegant, though not original. One of them, "The Exile," possesses considerable power. But we consider a respectable musical publication sadly disgraced by the set of trumpery lithographic titles to each song, which, as works of art, are really despicable, and serve no other purpose than to raise a set of six ballads to the enormous price of a guinea. On the subject of the frontispiece, as Mr. Walther is not a professed artist, we will be charitably silent; but, being a professed musician, we beg to call his attention to the resolution of the discord in the last bar but one of the first page. The harmonies of the guitar and pianoforte accompaniment do not admit of their being performed at the same time; but we here think that the advantage of variety more than counterbalances the defect.

Monthly View

OF

NEW PUBLICATIONS, MUSIC, THE ENGLISH AND FOREIGN
 DRAMA, THE FINE ARTS, LITERARY AND
 SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE, &c.

WHO is there amongst the readers of *LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE* who will not experience the smile of cheerfulness and pleasure on the announcement of another volume—a “fourth series”—of “*Our Village—Sketches of Rural Character and Scenery, by Mary Russell Mitford.*” To us, the last is welcome as the first; for it comes before us with all the freshness of spring, and all the glow of summer. Most of the pieces in this delightful volume we had seen before; but, unlike most of their contemporaries, their charm has not passed away with their novelty—they may be read again and again with renewed pleasure. An “Introductory Letter,” to some “dear familiar friend,” affords to the reader an amusing insight of the present state of “*Our Village,*” which, we are told, “continues to stand pretty much where it did, and has undergone as little change in the last two years, as any hamlet of its inches in the county.” Many of the old settlers, however, have migrated, and some new ones have arrived—flirtation still continues—various births, marriages, and deaths have taken place—and, what we exceedingly, deeply regret to learn, the “beautiful grey-hound Mayflower is dead. Old age and the cold weather were too much for her. Poor pretty May! She lies under a rose-tree in a place she liked well.” Alluding, however, to a loss of a far more distressing nature—the decease of the author’s mother—Miss Mitford thus touchingly expresses herself in the commencing sentences of her letter, with the transcription of which, and with our cordial good wishes to the writer and to her works, we shall conclude:—

No, my dearest Mary, the severe domestic calamity which we have experienced will not, as you expect, and as many of our other friends seem to anticipate, drive us from our favourite village. On the contrary, the cottage-home in which she, used to such very different accommodation, closed her peaceful and blameless life, the country church in which her remains lie buried,

and the kind neighbours by whom she was so universally respected and beloved, are now doubly endeared to us by their connexion with her whom we have lost. There is no running away from a great grief. Happy are they to whom, as in our case, it comes softened and sanctified by the recollection of the highest and most amiable virtues, clothed in manners the most feminine and the most lady-like. To them memory will be the best comforter, for such memories are rare. No, dearest Mary; we certainly shall not think of removing on this account.

“*Traits of Scottish Life, and Pictures of Scenes and Character,*” in three volumes, are evidently the production of a young and inexperienced, but very promising writer. Amongst several tales and sketches, of which, with some occasional scraps of poetry, the work is composed, we have been most struck with “*The Death of the Laird of Craigwild,*” a story turning upon the ancient superstition, or whatever it may be termed, of second sight. It is conceived in the true Scottish spirit—stern, wild, powerfully imaginative, and deeply impressive in its character. In fact, this tale is altogether excellent. The faults, or rather deficiencies, of the author arise, as we before intimated, from inexperience. He possesses feeling and fancy, but does not always restrain them within due bounds. Generally, his writing requires condensation—condensation of manner as well as of matter. But, even with his defects, we like him; and we doubt not that we shall meet him again ere long in more becoming, more graceful costume.

It will interest many of our readers to know that—

The editors of *The Family Library* have determined on publishing a selection from the plays of Massinger, Beaumont, Fletcher, Ford, Shirley, Webster, Middleton, and others, omitting all such scenes and passages as are inconsistent with the delicacy and refinement of modern taste and manners. Whenever it is possible, the play will be printed entire. If there be a double plot—the one, as in the case of *The Virgin Martyr*, emi-

nently beautiful, and the other as eminently offensive—the living beauty will be separated from the dead weight of corruption, to which it is unnaturally joined, and be presented to the reader in a form which may afford an unmixed and flowing enjoyment to his imagination. When there is a radical evil in the groundwork of the play, only a single act or a few scenes may be given; but, in such cases, care will always be taken to preserve the interest of an entire and connected story.

The editors have imposed upon themselves a task of no slight difficulty; but, if we may judge by the first volume, now in our hand, of "*The Plays of Philip Massinger, adapted for Family Reading, and the Use of Young Persons, by the Omission of Objectionable Passages*," it is likely to be very ably, and consequently very beneficially executed. With short introductory critiques, and occasional explanatory notes and remarks, the volume contains four plays:—"The Virgin Martyr," "The Great Duke of Florence," "The Bondman," and "The Maid of Honour." Prefixed, is a very neatly-drawn-up original "Life of Massinger," in which, some of the opinions of Gifford, the great annotator on Massinger, are successfully combated, and in which considerable light is thrown upon the former state of the English stage. That class of the public, for which the present series of our ancient dramatists is peculiarly designed, may congratulate itself on the judicious hands into which it has fallen.

For a general view, with ample extracts, of Mr. Atherstone's first six Books of "*The Fall of Nineveh, a Poem*," the reader is referred to the eighth volume of *LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE*, where the author of "*A Midsummer Day's Dream*," "*The Last Days of Herculaneum*," &c.—unquestionably one of the first bards of the day—will be found in his seat of honour, amongst our "*Contemporary Poets and Writers of Fiction*."* The second volume of the work, comprising seven more Books, is now published; and we are given to understand, that there are two volumes yet to come—reaching, we presume, to the

classical number of Books—for the completion of the poem.

Every man is not a Homer; and, without reference to Mr. Atherstone in particular, we have been long irresistibly impressed with the opinion, that it is extremely difficult—almost impossible—to sustain the interest of *any* subject—more particularly in the present day, when there is so much to demand attention—through such an alarming number of Books. This opinion is strengthened in our minds by the perusal of the second volume of "*Nineveh*," the interest of which flags considerably, generally speaking, in comparison with that of the earlier portion of the poem, to which we have just adverted. Not that the poetry is tame, or deficient in strength; *such* is rarely the sin of Atherstone's muse; but the machinery is heavy, cumbrous, destitute of grace and variety. With but one exception—namely, in the passage where Arbaces, the Mede, goes forth alone into the midst of the hostile ranks, to confer with his enemy, Sardanapalus, which is both powerful and dramatic—the seventh, eighth, and ninth Books drag heavily. There is, indeed, no declension of *power* in Atherstone; but the *original sin* of his present subject weighs down and fetters his imagination (alas! can a chained eagle soar?) and destroys its buoyancy.

In the tenth Book, however, the poet reasserts himself, and we catch a bright gleam—MORE than a gleam—of that fire which poured such a flood of light on the page of the "*Midsummer Day's Dream*." The power and the pathos displayed at that point of the poem, where Rabsaris steals to the tent of the King of Nineveh, for the purpose of destroying the tyrant while he sleeps, and thus avenging the wrongs of one injured—the tide of softer memories that rolls back upon his heart—the alternation of feeling—of tenderness, of rage, of agony—when he hears the strains of the harp, and the voice of Azabah breathing the song "*himself had sung to lull her infancy*"—the King's recognition of his once friend but now enemy—the pleading of Azabah for the life of her father, &c.—all *this* portion of the poem is finely conceived and finely wrought, breathing the *true* spirit of poetry: it is a thread of gold that would stamp high value upon a work of far meaner fabric than the present.

* A previous paper, devoted to Mr. Atherstone and his "*Midsummer Day's Dream*," forms No. VI. of our "*Contemporary Poets and Writers of Fiction*," in the third volume of *LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE*, page 145.

Moreover, we devoutly believe, that Mr. Atherstone has done as much as—perhaps more than—any poet now living could do with the difficult subject which he had to grapple with. His characters, for example, are most ably sustained, and, throughout the work, both in word and act, are in excellent *keeping* with *themselves*. This is more particularly observable in the strongly-opposed characters of the brave, the magnanimous Arbaces, and *Him*, the tyrant of Nineveh, in whom the demons of lust and cruelty war and triumph amidst the ruins of a better nature. The Queen, also, is a grand and glorious creature; and in *her*, too, we have a *oneness* of feeling and of purpose that evinces the hand of a great master.—One brief passage—the entrance of Rabsaris into the tent of Sardanapalus—is now all that we have room to offer; but we do hope to render more ample justice to this work at a future period:—

Upon a couch,—

Purple, and gold, and gems,—the king reposed.
His eyes were shut, his countenance was pale.
Before him, but not near, Azubah sat,—
O'er the harp bending,—and her lulling song,
Like a sweet perfume, breathing. As a stone,
Fixed stout Rabsaris,—in his hard-clenched
hand

The dagger lifting: like hot coals his eyes,—
His face unearthly pale. The song was one
Himself had sung to lull her infancy,—
He could not move. At every pause, deep sighs
Heaved she,—and softly, once, his name breathed
forth;—

He could not touch her. But the hated foe
Was now within his reach: a leap—a blow—
And all would be accomplished. Calmly lay
The unsuspecting king,—upon his hand
His right cheek pillowed. What could save
him now?

A robe of purple silk sole mail he wore,—
Sole shield the diamond buckle on his breast.
Still as a sleeping infant lay he there,—
And o'er his face, by some light fancy moved,
A smile began to gather, when, his breath
Hard drawing—gnashing fiercely his bared
teeth,—

Forward Rabsaris leaped. Azubah heard,—
As swiftly sprang,—screamed,—rushed,—with
desperate grasp

His arm seized,—clung, in frantic agony,—
And the blow baffled. Starting from his couch,
Aloud the monarch cried,—and by the arm,
The assassin seizing also, a struggle fierce,
But brief, held with him,—till into the tent
Burst the alarmed guard,—and from his hand

The dagger wrenched,—and with o'ermastering
strength,

The frantic chief controlled.

An eminently neat, portable, and useful volume of its class, is thus most accurately described by its title-page:—" *The Villa and Cottage Florist's Directory; being a Familiar Treatise on Floriculture, particularly the Management of the Best Stage, Bed, and Border Flowers usually cultivated in Britain. To which are added, Directions for the Management of the Green-house, Hot-house, and Conservatory; with the different Modes of Raising and Propagating Exotic Plants: Interspersed with many New Physiological Observations and various Useful Lists. By James Main, A. L. S.*" The "experience of fifty years" has abundantly qualified the writer for his task. His intention was, and we think he has completely succeeded, "to condense the whole system of professional floriculture into a concise compendium," that should "embrace every thing essential to the subject;" and, as the work also contains "directions for the propagation of all sorts of tender exotic flowering plants," it will be particularly serviceable to those who have rare and valuable collections.

"*The Career of Woman, a Poem, by Charles Lewis*," is characterised by a quiet tone of feeling, an absence of that pretence to grasp of thought and intensity of passion, which is as essentially the vice of the "cockney school" of poetry, as a love of tinsel and wire-drawn sentimentality was that of the now long-defunct De La Cruscan school, which in the days of our youth poured forth such an overwhelming inundation of mawkish imbecility, for the edification of novel-reading misses, and unfledged inamouratas. Those who peruse this unpretending offering of the muse must pronounce its author to be an amiable man; one who, if not possessed of the poetic powers of a Byron, a Coleridge, a Campbell, or a Hemans, has a heart attuned to nature's truest harmonies, a taste for what is pure, and a love of that which is holy. She who has prompted the numbers of the poet, woman—his theme, his inspiration—ought more especially to smile on the efforts of a muse that sings her praise, that seeks to exalt her character.

As a fair specimen of the general merits of the volume, we select the following:—

Why do my feeble accents falter here ?
 Why, all unbidden, starts the silent tear ?
 Must the faint sketch, which memory's pencil
 drew,
 Probe my full heart, and wake its griefs anew ?
 Must I for ever 'mid such dreams lament
 A parent's pride, and that pride's punishment ?
 Lovely wert thou, my child, as ever blessed
 A father's heart, or mother's bosom pressed !

And as a miser hugs his treasured gold,
 So did I thee within these arms enfold,
 With more than miser's rapture ; and when
 round

My bending neck thy slender arms were wound,
 As beamed thy full dark eye, encountering mine,
 And this pale cheek felt the soft touch of thine,
 How did I gaze, and glory at each look !
 Despondence fled, and grief his prey forsook.

Oh God ! how little did my madness deem
 That hopes so fair should vanish like a dream !
 That the fair flower I took such pride to rear,
 Should bloom in heaven,—forbid to open here.
 Thy wisdom chid my fault—its cause removed,
 And glorified the child I only loved !

We select the following stanzas from a
 poem entitled "Resignation."—

Fear not to wake for me the strain
 I once so loved to hear ;
 But let those plaintive notes again
 Steal softly on mine ear :
 Though from my breast a sigh may start,
 Or tears my cheek bedew,
 It will relieve my aching heart,
 Such memory to renew.

And gather me again those flowers
 That once my window shaded,
 And I will call to mind the hours,
 Ere hopes like flowerets faded :
 Each deep'ning tint, each opening leaf,
 Shall of those feelings tell,
 Ere yet I thought to nurture grief,
 For her I loved so well.

My thoughts were her's, and her's were mine ;
 And thus we wandered on ;
 Yet not in murmurings I repine,
 To think that she is gone :
 She hath but hastened on her way ;
 Life's pains and sorrow o'er ;
 E'en now her spirit seems to say,
 " Not lost—but gone before !"

In this age of poetry, when the puerile
 conceits, the cold glitter, the sickly senti-
 ment, the feigned raptures of unreal passion,
 and the tears of imaginary sorrow, which
 satisfied readers of the last age, have given
 place to a healthier and a purer inspiration,
 No. 67.—Vol. XII.

the public taste has become so fastidious
 that poetry to be read must put forth
 claims to the praise of genius and origin-
 ality. It has, in short, become a drug ;
 the market is overstocked. Yet our library-
 table, at this moment, groans under the
 weight of poetical offering, such as would,
 in the olden days, in what is falsely called
 the Augustan age, have placed their
 authors on the summit of fame during
 life ; and, after life, have given to their
 remains a resting-place in "Poet's-corner."
 Among these volumes is the "*Island Bride*,"
in Six Cantos, by the Rev. Hobart Caunter,
B. D. That the author of this poem is
 possessed of considerable poetic talent we
 do not hesitate to assert. The work before
 us has a touching interest in its plot, and,
 generally speaking, a smoothness and sweet-
 ness of versification that entitle it to praise.
 Its faults are—too much diffuseness, too great
 an amplitude of description, too frequent
 an intrusion of weak similes and prosaic
 lines, which often mar a passage of consi-
 derable beauty ; and a vein of moralizing
 which fatigues the attention of the reader.
 Part of the fifth, and the whole of the sixth
 canto, also, present an anti-climax. The
 poem should have terminated with the
 death of the lovers. As a fair sample of
 its merits, we subjoin a description of
 woman's virgin loveliness:—

Oh ! what a heavenly sight it is to see
 Young beauty rising into loveliness ;
 When, from the giddy freaks of childhood
 free,
 She comes before our sight as if to bless
 The eye she ravishes ; and pure no less
 Than spring's precocious violet, when it blows
 In vernal sweetness o'er the wilderness :
 Virtue, her guardian angel, round her throws
 The fragrance of the skies, in which she lives
 and grows.

Also, the following picture of fond, en-
 during love—such love as is at once the
 pledge of our truth and our immortality:—

He that loves truly once must love for ever,
 At least, till death shall end his earthly race ;
 Disease may cramp the soul, the body shiver,
 But 'mid the wreck there still remains a trace
 Upon the heart, and which the hurried pace
 Of time shall ne'er wear out, while the mind's
 eye
 Can all the actions of the past embrace.
 Pure love, once fixed within, can never die,
 But where it fixes, clings—its nurse, the memory.

The east appears to be inexhaustible in its supplies of adventure and character. At every stage some new view is described—at every step some treasure is turned up—and every succeeding discovery seems more interesting than the last. Every-day incidents and common-place occurrences rise before us in a romantic garb; familiar circumstances come in new attire; and one dazzling effect succeeds another, like the scenes in a diorama, or the pageants in a poem. We could hardly have expected, considering what has been already gleaned in the fields of the east, that so much remained to gather; or that Mr. MacFarlane himself, to whom we were already indebted for a most interesting and attractive work upon oriental manners and character, could have produced a book so full of novel and agreeable matter as the "*Armenians, a Tale of Constantinople*." It is seldom that we have read a novel with more earnest pleasure, or unbroken interest, than these three volumes; and it is still more seldom that we have perused a history, with a stronger conviction that every picture and every person were faithfully and naturally represented, and that the author had passed among the scenes he describes only to copy literally what he saw, and what really existed—instead of what he had expected to see, or what preceding travellers had found or feigned. This is the charm of the "*Armenians*," and it is one of a rare and valuable character; that, without knowing much of the people described—less, comparatively, than of any other portion of the inhabitants of the eastern world—we feel at once that the picture is a likeness; floridly coloured, sometimes, it is true; but yet accurately and vividly, both in a political and a moral view. We must admit that we have some slight objections to the story—and yet we have positively no right to object to that which the author assures us is true. We should rather say, that we could have wished for a more favourable termination to the adventures of its hero; a young Greek prince, the son of a hospodar of Wallachia, who has been detained by the Porte as a hostage for the faith of his father; and who, after many attempts, both farcical and fanciful, to possess himself of a beautiful Armenian, of whom he is enamoured, succeeds in carrying her off. The very next morning, however, the lovers are separated—the lady

being immured in a convent, and the gallant prince dying of the plague in wretchedness and obscurity. Had the prevailing tone of the tale been gloomy, we should have anticipated such a catastrophe; but being, as it is, mixed up with an agreeable portion of drollery and merriment, we were as much disappointed by it, as if we had seen a comedy terminate with a murder instead of a marriage. If we could have wished that Mr. MacFarlane had had recourse to his invention in this instance, we are well pleased that he has not done so in others. His pictures throughout the work, of manners, habits, character and scenery, are, as we have observed, full of truth and animation; and if his previous productions had not evinced it, would at once stamp him as a shrewd, close, and accurate observer. In the fidelity of the historian, however, he has not lost sight of the charms of fiction; and, in adhering to nature, has not forgotten the graces of ornament. His style is glowing and varied, at times even poetical. His historical account of the Armenians, appended to the work, though some may think it heavy, or out of place, is a useful and valuable addition to these attractive volumes.

Another volume, the seventh, of "*Dr. Lardner's Cyclopædia*," has made its appearance. It is devoted to historical notices, accompanied by engravings on wood, of the "cities and principal towns of the world." The "world," however, in this volume, means only England, Scotland, and Ireland, the Netherlands, France, and Spain—the rest, we presume, is to come. Of the chief cities and towns, brief and neatly-written notices are given; but the principal recommendation of the book is its embellishments—some of which are eminently interesting, as specimens of the extraordinary progress recently made in the art of wood-engraving. Though we do not see how this volume precisely harmonizes with the idea of a "*Cyclopædia*," we have no doubt that it will prove in some respects a useful and popular work.

Leigh's Guide to the Lakes of Westmoreland and Cumberland we can most honestly recommend to the visitors of those lovely scenes. It is literally a "guide" to the lakes—and not a mere book written in celebration of their beauties. Were we to pay a visit to Westmoreland, we should hold it to

be an indispensable companion of our excursion. We are afraid that there is a vast number of tourists, lovers even of the "Lake school" among them, rambling about the continent, to whom the beauties of Cumberland and Westmoreland are a fountain closed and a book sealed. To all such, and to the admirers of English scenery generally, this guide and the maps which accompany it, will be an acceptable offering.

Another work on the east—a *Narrative of a Tour through some parts of the Turkish Empire*, by John Fuller, Esq.—is before us. This narrative it is intimated, in that rare prologue to a book, a modest preface—was not written with a view to publication; but recent political events having made the Turkish empire "an object of general attention, and given a new interest to works on the subject, the author has ventured to circulate it more extensively than at first proposed." Such an announcement as this would, under any circumstances, take off the edge of severity, and induce a reviewer to try the work by some other standard than the laws of rigid criticism. If it cannot be said of this production, that it sheds any new light upon its subject, or opens any novel and untrodden path of eastern character and circumstance, it may truly be affirmed of it that it relates a great deal that may well bear to be twice told, without risking the charge of being tedious; and that it is altogether of too general and interesting a nature to be confined to a limited and unprofitable circulation among its author's friends. There is a considerable portion of Mr. Fuller's narrative that will be new to one part of the public; and another part will thank him for the varied and agreeable way in which he has revived the recollection of what they were already acquainted with. It would be impossible, even for a dull traveller, to write nearly six hundred pages of a narrative of such a route, relating simply and circumstantially every thing that occurred to him in the course of it, without communicating something which previous tourists had omitted. But Mr. Fuller is by no means a dull traveller; neither is he a tedious narrator. Without missing, apparently, any important or even unimportant object in his way, he has hardly described one that would have been better omitted. The journey was undertaken so long ago as the year 1818; new scenes, new

events have arisen since that time; the face of things has materially altered: yet though circumstances have changed, nature remains the same; and a narrative like this can never, therefore, be said to come too late. Mr. Fuller's tour commences at Naples, whence he proceeds through all the more important cities and provinces of the eastern world—Athens, Constantinople, Cairo, Palestine, &c., closing his career at Zante. His course was an agreeable and diversified one; and the accounts here given of every scene which he passed through are as light and lively as the scenes themselves. There are many passages in this tour which we could quote with advantage; but we have space only for a brief one. Attending high mass in the conventional church at Damascus, the author says—

"The service was performed by the superior, Padre Francesco, in the Arabic language, and in a very impressive manner. Rather an odd effect was produced by the psalms being set to waltz tunes; but the only instrument the friars possessed was a barrel organ, which was not capable of playing any other. The lessons were given in Arabic by a younger priest, who seemed to suffer extreme embarrassment in reading that most difficult language, the true pronunciation of which has scarcely ever been attained by an European. In addition to the guttural sounds, which appear to be scarcely attainable by a foreigner, the number of terms which with the slightest variation of accent have totally different significations, is so great, as almost to countenance the remark which I once heard made by an ingenious traveller, that in Arabic any word may mean any thing."

"*The Life of Alexander Alexander, written by Himself, and edited by John Howell, Author of 'Journal of a Soldier,'*" &c. is a work of no common interest. The author of it is a man of strong mind and strict principles—but born, it should appear, to be unlucky. The only part of these two volumes that we object to is the preface; in which the editor enlarges somewhat tritely on the beauties of benevolence, and details the circumstances under which the manuscript of the present "Life" fell into his hands. For some time he declined having anything to do with it, on account of the extent and disarrangement of the papers; but, in the end, he observes, "*pity prevailed,*" and he accordingly consented to superintend a work which will very materially strengthen his reputation; and

which contains, by his own admission, "many interesting facts." We do not admire the condescending tone in which all this is written, and particularly the epithet "pity" applied to a person who, as we are afterwards informed, has an uncompromising "regard for truth," and who is a man after the editor's "own heart." But it is not with Mr. Howell but Mr. Alexander that we have to do. He was of Scottish birth, and was a natural son—a circumstance to which he was indebted for many disasters, particularly for a long series of hardships and insults experienced during his childhood, both from his tutor and his school-fellows. His father, however, who treats him with alternate kindness and cruelty, at length sends him to the West Indies as an overseer. This does not suit his taste for any length of time, and on his return he applies to his father for a commission in the army, which he had promised, and indeed offered him. He meets, however, with no very kind reception; reproaches are poured upon him in no very parental tone. Enlisting in the artillery, he again commences his career abroad; and, in Ceylon, experiences various adventures, and various vicissitudes, attended with some expence to his health. He again returns home to his unrelenting parent—and again sails for the West Indies. He ultimately joins the South American patriots, under Bolivar, and his account of the pleasures of a life of glory and patriotism—the gloom and misery of a cause so golden to the eye—is one of the most graphic, and will prove one of the most useful parts of the book.

After suffering a great deal of sickness he returns to Scotland, writes his narrative very voluminously, and appears to have been humanely treated by Mr. Blackwood. We trust that his volumes will be generally read; they are full of information of a certain kind, full of interest and incident, and we have no doubt strictly and honestly true.

The following piece of advice, which is given to him, on his entering upon a situation on a cotton estate at Demerara, affords a good idea of the system of conduct pursued in that colony.

Alexander, you must pay strict attention to what I recommend, if you wish to succeed in this strange colony. You will be much watched and looked after in all your movements and demeanour

as an overseer, for it is but an inferior and humble station; an overseer is not looked upon here better than a footman in England, and not so well used, yet it is the first step to better employment. The manager of one year's standing, will cause his overseer, although his equal a few months before, to stand in his presence hat in hand, to receive his orders; but this is the fashion of the place, and now you are aware of it. You must not laugh too much on any account, and beware of talking much; always speak as little as possible. Silence is a great qualification in an overseer. And though I mention this last, it is of the greatest importance—do not drink too much, even if you are pressed in the most urgent manner, for they will do so to try you. Do not drink, upon any account, early in the day, and when you do take a glass of grog, do not make it strong, as it is drunk weak here. It will not save you from the name of drunkard, your never being the worse of liquor; if you fail in any of these rules you are ruined in Demerara, if once drunkard is added to your name. But if once you are manager, you may do as you please; for your character is established, and the same circumspection is no longer necessary. Yet care is required even then. But as you are no boy, you will be able to look better to what I say, and keep a sharp look-out; you must not mention, if possible, your having come from London, or having been in the army, or a traveller, or having been in the East Indies, or they will think you are too knowing for them, and therefore they will not employ you; for implicit obedience is expected from every one, in every order given, no matter what that order may be.

This lesson might be supposed to have been superfluous to a native of Glasgow. We are tempted to select the scene which follows it, upon his introduction to his employer, Mr. Hughes, who had been looking at him through a telescope long before he arrived at the house.

Mr. Hughes shook hands, and received me very politely, glad to see me, and so on. The table was already covered: soon after the dinner was called in, it being later than usual on my account. When I explained to him the cause of my delay, he laughed very heartily. I now began upon my trials; for without joining in it, he did all in his power to extort conversation, but I was on my guard; yet without appearing rude, I could not but answer him; and a yes or no could apply only to a very few of his artful questions. He seemed much pleased to hear me speak. There was a something in his looks that said he did not like my appearance; but what it was, whether my age or not, I could not say; I rather think he thought before he saw me, I had been a young lad like the overseer he had. Much as I was on my

guard in fencing his questions, I was entrapped by his cunning; for it appeared to me quite plain that he was not satisfied with my guarded answers. While we were eating, he threw a capsicon pod to me, saying, these are the cherries of this country. Not aware of the trick, I cut it up, and eat it with my food as I had done a hundred times before, as free and easy as they did themselves, without question or inquiry; both their eyes were fixed on me all the time. "Oh! oh!" says Hughes, "you know how to eat our cherries." "Yes, sir, they grow in different latitudes." "But only in warm countries." I replied, "That is what I mean, sir." "So," says he, "you're a traveller." I immediately saw my error, for I was assailed by a world of questions which I did not choose to answer, while they both were all anxiety to know every particular of my melancholy history. I never was more awkwardly situated in my life until we rose from table. As the overseer was rising, Hughes requested him to be seated, and take a glass of wine; we obeyed him. I knew not whether to accept or refuse, for I was anxious not to err in the line of instruction I had got. Just a little after, Hughes says, "Take that gentleman and show him over the estate." I was much surprised to be hurried on business in this manner, but I afterwards discovered it was a plot laid against me by them; for instead of showing me the estate, or giving me any useful information, the overseer commenced a long string of inquiries, to sift me further. His questions were so direct I could not evade them, without exciting suspicions to my disadvantage much worse than the truth; for it was evident that he was set on by the manager to sift me. I had no alternative but either to lie under any surmise they might choose to form, or to tell a little of my former life. The latter was what I did, but it afterwards hurt me much in this gossiping tittle-tattling colony. At length the sun went down, and I was relieved from their impertinent scrutiny. Had they been officers of police, and I a suspected criminal, greater ingenuity could not have been resorted to to obtain knowledge of my history.

The following picture of the slaves on a sugar-estate, at Barbadoes, though a fearful one, does not appear highly coloured.

The gang was large and chiefly Creoles. They spoke good English and Dutch, were very knowing, insolent, refractory, and of a sanguinary turn; the old slaves were Africans, and the parents of the young ones, with all the bad African habits, speaking good English likewise. It is a just remark, that the better English the slaves speak, they are the more knowing, forward, and insolent.

The estate was just in the change from cotton to sugar, and consequently all the duties of the slaves were new to them; they therefore made a

pretext of this, and wilfully did all they could in a bungling way, in spite of the lash, showing insolence and disobedience. Indeed there was great cause of dissatisfaction on all sides, for the canes on a new estate are never so rich as on an old one; and their juice contains a greater proportion of water than the old plantation canes, though they look as well.

Paying no regard to this, the manager looked for as many hogsheads of sugar to be boiled off in a day, as on the neighbouring estates of the same extent and number of slaves. The first strike was taken when I was there. From the newness of everything, the sugar was the blackest and softest I ever saw. As we went on, the quality improved, but it was utterly impossible to reach the desired quantity. Shortly after we began to grind, the proprietor and manager rode up to me, where I was busy superintending, and demanded in a peremptory voice why we did not boil off the same quantity as the other estates. "Where does the fault lie?" said the manager, "is it in me?" I replied, "No." "Is it in the drivers?" "No." "Is it in the cultivation?" "No!" "Then the people are to blame!" They immediately rode off, and when we returned to breakfast, each slave with his load of worry-worry upon his head (an African name for the field-trash), the proprietor was on the spot, when the manager flogged the whole gang, drivers and all. I was truly sorry for them, but durst not say so; the women wept, and staggered after they arose with their loads to carry it to the stock-hole. The manager and proprietor said they hoped that it would have some good effect, and prevent future punishment; that he himself was present to sanction it, and prevent complaints; but it had no effect, as the negroes were completely hardened, and evinced a determined spirit of revolt.

To do justice to a work now before us—"*Travels in the Morea, with a map and plans; in 3 vols.; by William Martin Leake, F.R.S., &c.*"—would require a space equal in extent to that which we usually appropriate to our entire review. Where the object of a traveller is well defined, where his route is a simple one, where he relates his day's adventure in a few words, and devotes only one chapter to his descriptions of a city—we can easily follow him. But where—as in the case of the author before us—the researches of the traveller are spread over an amazing extent of country, where he considers not only the present and the positive, but the past and the probable state of every object he surveys—where he grapples with tradition and combats with history for every inch of ground,

placing before the reader not only all he saw, but all he thought, and all he has read—in such a case we despair of giving even an outline of his course. This work must have been the result of very considerable labour and research; very great care has been taken in its production; and, notwithstanding the numerous works descriptive of Greece that have appeared since the journeys here recorded were undertaken, it will be read with real interest, and become, we will venture to predict, a manual of constant reference upon all subjects connected with the antiquities of many of the Grecian cities. The descriptions of the writer are concise, cautious, and accurate; and his conjectures, where he is obliged to have resource to them, are forcible and acute. There is in these volumes much that will gratify the explorers of modern as well as ancient Greece—the scholar, the geographer, the antiquarian, the student of the arts, and the investigator of nature. After observing in his preface that at this period, February, 1805, when his first journey was undertaken, the Peloponnesus had been very little explored, the writer remarks, that,

Although the description of the ancient cities of Peloponnesus, which I have extracted in an abridged form from Pausanias, relate in some instances to places, of which not a vestige now remains to illustrate the Greek topographer, I have nevertheless introduced them all, because, by the addition of a few pages, the present work is thus rendered more complete, and because the reader is thus enabled to compare every part of Peloponnesus as Pausanias found it, with the view which it presented to the follower of his steps, after an interval of sixteen centuries. I am, moreover, much inclined to believe, that the descriptions which the ancient traveller has given of the cities of Greece—of their distribution, mode of decoration, monuments, and productions of art, would, if better known, be useful to the cultivators of the fine arts in general; that they might have a tendency to assist the public discrimination on these subjects; and that they are particularly worthy of the attention of those upon whom depends the erection of monuments and public works of every kind, in regard to which few persons will be so hardy as to assert, that the good taste of this nation has kept pace with its wealth and expenditure.

Without attempting to accompany our traveller through the dubious, though attractive paths of historical speculation, and

in his excursions among the antique beauties that abound at every step of his travels, we shall simply limit ourselves to an extract or two.

The plain of *Mantineia* is not much cultivated. The corn-fields are just beginning to look green; in other parts the labourers are ploughing the ground which is to lie fallow this year. In the vineyards they are cutting down the last year's shoots, and hoeing the ground into little hillocks; this seems to be the severest kind of labour. I saw a very young girl and a boy still younger at the plough in a field by the road-side as I passed by in the morning, and when I returned in the evening they were still at work. The only supper after a day of such fatigue in this season of fast, is probably a lump of bread made of maize. It is not surprising that the women all look old at thirty. The men bear want and hard labour better; but though strong, they have a wrinkled weather-beaten countenance before they are full grown. When sick they have no physician but nature.

Here is a picture of Arcadian comforts;

The man with whom we take shelter has his wife and children, and his sons' wives and all their children, to the number of twelve or fifteen, in the tent. Milk and misithra is their only food: "we have milk in plenty," they tell me, "but no bread." Such is the life of a modern Arcadian shepherd, who has almost reverted to the balanephagous state of his primitive ancestors. The children, however, all look healthy, and are handsome, having large black eyes and regular features, with very dark complexions.

The map and plans that accompany these volumes are calculated to illustrate and explain much that would be otherwise obscure in the plan of such a work as this. They will greatly tend to facilitate our means of information respecting the topography of the various places they refer to.

A more amusing affair than a work in two volumes, entitled the "*English Army in France, being the Personal Narrative of an Officer*," we have not for a long time perused. It is perfectly in keeping with its subject; its style is most entirely military. We do not mean magniloquent, stiff, bouncing, and blustering; but rattling, reckless, and spirited—all dash, frivolity, and fun. The author or editor, for we know not which to call him, does not treat us with the sublime of battles, but the ridiculous. He suffers the actors to go on with their tragedy, and leaves to others the task of

taking notes, while he steps behind the curtain,¹ peeps into the green-room, and tells us what the heroes are doing in an undress. He gives us the private history of the Waterloo campaign, and shows us how soldiers fare out of the field. How far he is justified in telling tales, and disclosing secrets professionally obtained, is another matter. Respecting himself—a personage, by the way, who is seldom out of his thoughts, and about whom he says a great deal in the course of his work—he mystifies very satisfactorily in a flippant, fun-affecting preface. We know, however, that he is a Doctor G.; that he has a rather acute eye for the ludicrous, and has seen some interesting adventures; that he tells some very droll stories of battles and death, and makes some very bad puns upon very serious occasions. Many of his scenes are perfectly absurd, many spoiled by their egotism, and many that are highly effective for the free, lively, characteristic portraits that they contain. We select a passage or two quite at random—it is not of the slightest consequence where we dip:—

Among the privates of our own regiment who suffered severely, was a strong large man, who had not only had his horse killed, but was himself wounded. He recovered afterwards sufficiently to rejoin; but he never became effective again, and he was ultimately invalided. One day he stated to some of his comrades, that while he was on the ground, just after the charge, he had a pole in his hand, with a bird at the end of it, made of metal that he thought would be worth something, if he could keep it, and carry it with him, for he had taken it from a French officer; but that, in this helpless state, a heavy dragoon coming past, snatched it from him, and rode off with it. He was a lout of a fellow, who might have made a mistake, and he certainly did not know the importance of an EAGLE. There were two taken upon the same occasion, and the reputed captors were lauded to the skies—but does not this look as if one of them had been obtained at second hand, supposing the man's account to be true? He was making no boast at the time of his narrative, but relating the affair as an immaterial circumstance. At all events, it was too late to raise any claim; and it would appear that he was not at the time in a condition to preserve his prize.

There is, we fear, some truth in the following observations:—

Finding it impracticable to keep the road, we got into the field, and there discovered the bodies

of two women lying among those of the French soldiers. In all probability they had paid the forfeit of their lives for hawking brandy in this dangerous situation—a custom which (I have heard) is permitted in the French army, but which would by no means do in ours. I shall not say that Englishmen would not be refreshed by a small supply of this nature; but the vice of my countrymen is want of self-command, whenever exposed to this sort of temptation. The French have more forbearance, and may, to a certain extent, be trusted. As to women, I do not recollect seeing one of our nation till *after* the battle, when they came in numbers to the field in search of their husbands; and sorry am I to record, that not a few, who fell under my observation, seemed well pleased with the discovery that they were widows.

Although we find nothing new in these volumes, touching the broad historical events of which they treat—nor do we desire it—yet they tend to throw very considerable light upon the minor movements of the campaign, and to give us, on a small scale, a faithful representation of the machinery that directed the whole. It is a Waterloo in miniature.

THEATRICALS.

THE KING'S THEATRE.

THE opera of *Semiramide* has been produced for the purpose of introducing Lablache and Lalande as *Assur*, and the Assyrian queen—Malibran performing *Arsace*. On this occasion the instrumental music was executed in a very negligent and ineffective manner—a circumstance which, of course, by no means contributed to the effect of the vocal department. The opera, indeed, had little but the novelty of its cast to recommend it. Lablache was unequal in his performance; but he executed some parts with great power and precision; and Lalande, particularly in the pathetic passages, sang with feeling and with taste. Her performance, on the whole, however, wanted dignity—a quality for which even grace is a poor and inefficient substitute. Malibran, always enchanting, always inspired, charmed us both by her acting and her singing. Yet it was sometimes at the expense of our taste: the introduction of too much ornament—a profusion of exuberant beauties—frequently detracted from the effect which this accomplished artist never fails to throw into whatever she attempts.

But a large proportion of the space we have allotted to our notice belongs of right to the new dancer, Taglioni—a creature endowed with such extraordinary powers, that we, like the rest of the critics, must at once confess our inability to

discover the genius which it displays ; its worth is apprehended as we advance in years, and we perceive its merits feelingly in declining age.

Now, with respect to the embellishments. First, we have a portrait of Bunyan, the authenticity of the likeness of which to the original is vouched for in Dallaway's edition of Walpole's Anecdotes of Painting. It is finely engraved in line, by W. H. Watt, and, altogether, it strikes us as fully entitled to the character ascribed to it in some lines by Bernard Barton.

And this is Bunyan ! How unlike the dull,
Unmeaning visage which was wont to stand
His Pilgrim's frontispiece,—its pond'rous skull
Propp'd gracelessly on an enormous hand ;—
A countenance one vainly might have scann'd
For one bright ray of genius or of sense ;
Much less the mental power of him who
plann'd
This fabric quaint of rare intelligence,
And, having rear'd its pile, became immortal
thence.

But here we trace, indelibly defined,
All his admirers' fondest hopes could crave,
Shrewdness of intellect, and strength of mind,
Devout, yet lively, and acute, though grave ;
Worthy of Him whose rare invention gave
To serious Truth the charm of Fiction's dress,
&c.

As a frontispiece to the first part of the work, we have a view of the Valley of the Shadow of Death, engraved by W. R. Smith from a design by Martin. The designer has, we conceive, been eminently successful ; and, what is not frequently the case, in transferring the bold, the vigorous conceptions of Martin to copper, the engraver has done him full justice. There is a chasteness, a severe and noble simplicity in this design which we were hardly prepared to expect from the great painter of Belshazzar's Feast. From his fondness for myriads of figures, we should have anticipated a suitable illustration of certain portions of Sir John Mandeville's Travels ; instead of which, we perceive the solitary pilgrim pursuing his dark and perilous journey, anxious to avoid the danger by which he is on all sides beset, his eye fixed upon the small bright light, apparently the mouth of hell, at the middle distance of the dreary vale. The scene is altogether highly effective.

The frontispiece to the second part—a view of the Celestial City—is also by Martin, and engraved by Smith. With the former it constitutes a striking contrast : there, all was darkness, gloom, and horror ; here, all is light and life, brilliancy and beauty. With these, softness, tenderness, and grace are exquisitely combined.

Of wood engravings, from original designs by W. Harvey, the volume contains about thirty ; various, of course, in their degrees of merit ; many of them extremely chaste, expressive, and beautiful ; and perhaps it would be only from an invidious feeling that any one of them could be pointed out as altogether unworthy of its situation. This edition of the Pilgrim's Progress cannot fail of becoming highly popular.

Another very handsome volume, very handsomely embellished with twelve copper-plate engravings, is presented as a second edition of "*The History and Antiquities of the Tower of London, with Memoirs of Royal and Distinguished Persons, deduced from Records, State Papers, and Manuscripts, and from other Original and Authentic Sources, by John Bayley, F.R.S., F.S.A., M.R.I.A., &c. &c.*" "The flattering manner," observes Mr. Bayley, "in which the first edition of this work has been received, induces me to venture on reprinting it, in a form more suited to the general reader, without detracting from the value of the original publication."

* * * This volume will be found to contain, with little variation, the text of the large and original edition, the plates of which are destroyed ; but, in order to bring it into a single octavo, it has been necessary to omit or shorten the notes and appendix." This, in fact, for the "general reader," is rather an advantage than otherwise. The work, in upwards of six hundred large and closely, yet clearly and elegantly printed pages, may be said to contain *all* that is requisite to be known respecting the Tower of London, of which it is by far the most elaborate and correct history ever written.

The third volume of Allan Cunningham's excellent series of "*The Lives of the Most Eminent British Painters, Sculptors, and Architects*," constituting the thirteenth of the Family Library, is devoted

solely to sculptors, and is, therefore, with much propriety, inscribed to the author's friend, Francis Chantrey, Esq., R.A., unquestionably one of the most distinguished members of his profession in the present day. The lives given, forming, by the chronological order in which they are arranged, and by the connecting skill of the narrative, a complete and vivid history of the art of sculpture in England, are those of Grinling Gibbons, Caius Gabriel Cibber, Louis Francis Roubiliac, Joseph Wilton, Thomas Banks, Joseph Nollekens, John Bacon, Anne Damer, and John Flaxman. Although we consider this to be decidedly the best written, and altogether the most able and the most valuable volume of the series, it contains, perhaps, less extractable matter, suited to narrow limits, than either of the former. In happiness of illustration, clearness and soundness of criticism, and mild, generous liberality of sentiment, it will be found to reflect great credit upon the writer. The first memoir, that of Grinling Gibbons, though brief, is exceedingly curious, from the light which it throws upon the now neglected art of carving, both in wood and stone. It appears that, in 1714, Gibbons "was appointed master carver in wood to George the First, with a salary of eighteen pence per day; that he enjoyed that moderate bounty for seven years—and died at his own house in Bow Street, Covent Garden, on the 3d of August, 1721."

The materials for Cibber's memoir seem to have been very scanty and deficient; but the professional character of the sculptor to whom we are indebted for the poetic statues of Madness and Melancholy, which formerly graced the entrance of Bedlam, which are said to have been cut at once from the block without the aid of models, and which, after a hazardous reparation from the chisel of the younger Bacon, are now secured from further assaults of the weather, is very ably vindicated.

The sketch of Roubiliac is full of spirit, genius, and characteristic anecdote.

Of Banks, we cannot help thinking that too much has been said; and still more so with respect to Bacon. These men, as their works abundantly testify, were not the sculptors to raise the name of

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Britain to a level with that of Greece or even of Rome, in that divine art which can impart to stone all but the breath of life.

Poor Joseph Nollekens, who was so roughly, so harshly, so unkindly handled by his disappointed executor, Mr. Smith, is here brought forward in a far more agreeable light. Without education, and with much of what may perhaps be termed native narrow-mindedness, Nollekens had many excellent points. In numerous instances, he is shewn to have been at once liberal, generous, and benevolent. His wife, the Mary Welch whose beauty, charms, and accomplishments, are reported to have made no slight impression upon Dr. Johnson, was a perfect skin-flint; and it requires no wide stretch of the imagination to perceive that her penurious character and principles must have had a deep and lasting influence—at least during her life—over those of her husband. It was only by effort, by determination, and at the risk of conjugal squabbles, that, whilst Mary lived, Nollekens was enabled to act as he pleased; and it was not until after she had been "hearsed in death" that his real character seems to have been at all effectively displayed.

A man, who usually shaved and dressed him, apologized for coming in an old hat, saying, "I had a new one sent home this morning, and some thievish person stole it out of my shop." Nollekens put his hand into his pocket and gave him a guinea, saying, "there, that will buy you another." The same person afterwards, in an accidental conversation, stated, that he had but two shirts. "Have four, then," said the sculptor, giving him a pound note.

But, says Cunningham—

To match those acts of kindness or generosity, it would be easy to find a corresponding number of mean and selfish deeds. It must, however, be borne in mind, that Nollekens was really and truly a coarse, unassuming, uneducated man, unpolished by his profession—of simple manners—without ostentation in his person or his household, whose mind was a stranger to every thing elegant save sculpture, and who preferred a joke with his assistants, and a cup of tea with one of his living models, to the society of the titled and the learned. Such a person as this could not fail to gather money; and though one cannot help lamenting that his heart failed to expand with his fortune, I am not sure that we

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are entitled to stigmatize it as a crime. He considered himself as nothing superior to his handmaids and his assistants—he lived in their company, spending his money freely according to his own limited notions of his station; he was unable to act the part of a gentleman, and could not imagine the rank which genius entitled him to hold—and so he lived, and so he died.

It must have been, we presume, from a feeling of gallantry that Mrs. Damer has been admitted into the list.

Heroes and heroism were ever in her mouth; she fancied herself capable of any undertaking; dreamed her way through the world, planning much and executing little, and, like the poet in the Castle of Indolence, was—

“Fond to begin—but for to finish loth.”

She lived and died in the vain belief that she was an artist in the spirit of the illustrious sculptors of Greece. Her idea of civilizing Hindostan with works from her own feeble hand, was another “devout imagination,” at which mankind will continue to smile: yet, considering the whole history, I cannot refuse to look upon her works, her character, and her life, with a feeling little short of admiration.

Excepting as regards her enthusiasm, we confess that we do not participate in Mr. Cunningham’s feeling of admiration.

Of all the worthies pourtrayed in this volume, Flaxman is the idol of our worship. And then his gentle, intelligent, and amiable wife—the partner of all his toils, the sharer of all his joys—a pair so truly interesting is rarely to be met with even in the imagination of the poet. Flaxman’s genius was of a bright and sterling character; such as reflects lasting honour upon himself, upon his age, and nation. And the kind, and pure, and gentle feelings of his heart are at least upon a par with his genius. This is by far the most striking, by far the most valuable memoir in the volume: our regret is that we cannot pursue it in detail. One brief passage, however—a perfect picture—we must transcribe:—

Flaxman was small in stature, slim in form; he walked with something of a sidling gait; and his hair, dark and long, was combed down carelessly on either side of his head.

It was a favourite theory of his, that the noblest spirit is ever magnificently lodged; yet when I think of his own little body and large soul, I incline more to the words of the poet whom he loved—

“That auld wanchancie carline Nature,
To make amends for scrimpit stature,
Has turned thee off a human creature
On her first plan.”

But whenever he talked, all this disappeared; his forehead was fine; his large eye seemed to emit light while he spoke; and the uncommon sweetness of his smile softened a certain proud expression of mouth and some coarseness of physiognomy. His dress was plain but not mean—a single-breasted brown coat; a waist-coat of black and white stripes, over the cape of which his shirt collar was laid neatly down; dark cloth breeches, and ribbed mixed stockings, with shoes and buckles, suited well with the simplicity of the wearer. He aspired after no finery—kept neither coach nor servant in livery—considered himself more the companion than the master of his men—treated them to a jaunt in the country, and a dinner twice a year, presiding among them with great good humour; and on times of more than common state—the Academy dinners for instance—he caused John Burge, his marble polisher, to stand behind his chair. To his men, of whom he employed some twelve or fifteen, he was ever kind and indulgent. He made himself acquainted with their families and with their wants, and aided them in an agreeable and delicate way; when they were sick he gave them their wages and paid their doctors’ bills; and if any of them happened to be unavoidably absent, he said, “Providence has made six days for work in the week—take your full wages.” So generally was he beloved, and so widely was he known, that had you stopped a tipsy mason in the street, and asked him what he thought of John Flaxman, he would have answered, “The best master God ever made.” Such was the answer once given to that question in my hearing. Nothing of the alloy of meanness mingled with his nature. When he approached a hackney-coach stand near his own house, down went the steps of a dozen doors, and off went the hats of as many coachmen—all were desirous of a customer who never higgled. When he purchased marble, he satisfied himself of the quality of the block, asked the price, and paid down the money—no abatement was demanded; and he has been known to return part of the money for a monument when he thought the price too high. “Flaxman, Sir,” said an artist of eminence whom I need not name, “is inaccessible to either censure or praise—he is proud but not shy—diffident but not retiring—as plain as a peasant in his dress, and as humble as the rudest clown, yet even all that unites in making up this remarkable mixture of simplicity and genius; and were you to try *any other* ingredients, may I be hanged if you would form so

glorious a creature." He paused a little, and added, "I wish he would not bow so low to the lowly—his civility oppresses."*

We have only to add that the portraits with which this volume is illustrated are the best that have yet appeared in the Family Library.

Among the most useful volumes of the *Family Library* we must class the fourteenth, containing the *Lives of British Physicians*, that is to say of eighteen of the most distinguished and successful practitioners, commencing with Linacre and terminating with the late Dr. Gooch. The life of Linacre, the institutor of the Royal College of Physicians, a man singularly fortunate in his patrons and his practice, is an interesting sketch; for to any thing more than the character of sketches these "lives" cannot of course pretend. His successor was Dr. Caius, a most learned and liberal professor, although his name is coupled with all the ludicrous associations connected with the "Merry Wives of Windsor." Harvey and Sir Thomas Browne follow—the illustrious discoverer of the circulation of the blood, and the immortal author of the "Religio Medici" and the "Urn Burial." These are succeeded by Sydenham, who effected some important results in medicine, and in whose day the dreadful plague of 1665 raged in London. He is succeeded by Dr. Radcliffe—magnificent in large matters and almost miserably in little ones; and Dr. Mead, a man of eminent endowments, amiable manners, refined and cultivated taste, and liberal disposition—"the Mæcenas of his day, whose mansion was a grand museum." The lives of Pringle, Fothergill, and Cullen, succeed Dr. Mead's; and that

* During the composition of these sheets, I requested of a distinguished sculptor some information respecting his mode of study and his talents in company. "I cannot tell you," was the answer. "Flaxman, Sir, lived as if he did not belong to the world—his ways were not our ways. He had odd passions; he dressed—you know how he dressed; he dined at one; wrought after dinner, which no other artist does; drank tea at six; and then, Sir, no one ever found him in the evening parties of the rich or the noble; he was happy at home, and so he kept himself: of all the members of the Academy, the man whom I know least of is Flaxman."

of Dr. Wm. Hunter, brother of the renowned John Hunter, and the founder of the magnificent museum in Windmill Street—a man who rendered the most important services to medical science. From Hunter we descend to Warren and Baillie; to the personal and professional character of the latter Sir Henry Hallford has done ample justice. We now come to a name which must be remembered with gratitude as long as the world shall endure—to the life of the illustrious Dr. Jenner. We agree with the writer of this volume in thinking that "it would be difficult, perhaps impossible, to select from the catalogue of benefactors to human nature, an individual who has contributed so largely to the preservation of life and to the alleviation of sufferings." The sketch here presented of the life and character of this great man is, though brief, well written. The concluding memoirs in this volume are those of Dr. Parry (the father of the present Captain Sir Edward Parry) and Dr. Gooch, who died in February last. He appears to have been a man of great attainments, and knowledge in his profession; of unaffected, quiet, and impressive manners, and of real kindness of heart.—We repeat that this little volume will be found eminently useful. It is illustrated by portraits of the more distinguished professors, whose talents and virtues are thus recorded.

Here is a neat, compact, portable little volume, fully answering, in contents and style of execution, its descriptive title-page:—"A Guide, or Pocket Companion through Italy; containing a Concise Account of the Antiquities and Curiosities of that Classical and Interesting Country, with a Particular Description of the Principal Cities; also a Correct List of the Posts, Distances, Rates of Posting, Monies, Inns, Modes and Expenses of Living, Manners and Customs, Directions to Travellers, with Medical Advice to Invalids, Prescriptions, &c., by William Cathcart Boyd, M.D." Beyond all comparison, this is the best and most practically useful Guide through Italy that has ever appeared in this country. In former works, as the writer justly observes, "page after page is generally thrown away in voluminous and inaccurate descriptions of paintings, sta-

tuary, and other antiquities, correct catalogues of which are always to be had for a mere trifle at the different towns, such long and incorrect descriptions only adding to the size, the expense, and inconvenience of those former works; while most of that useful information which is valuable, and even necessary for every traveller to know, is left out." The utility of this volume, on the contrary, is materially enhanced by its very conciseness. Not one of its least important features presents itself in Dr. Boyd's medical advice to invalids, his prescriptions, &c. All this is simple, clear, and full; so as, in three instances out of four, to preclude the necessity of calling in the aid of a physician. The general directions to travellers are equally excellent; and the last chapter of the book, devoted to "passports, coaches, steam-packets, vetturini, monies, general view of the posts, rates of postage, list of posts, distances, &c." very ably supplies what has long (considering general inaccuracy) been a *desideratum* in works of this class. We should add, that a map of Italy is prefixed. The frontispiece to Vol. XII. of the *Waverley Novels* is a strongly characteristic and perfectly successful effort on the part of both designer and engraver—Kidd and Sangster. It represents poor Jeanie Deans, when, at the moment she is shrinking from the rude vociferation of Mrs. Balchristie, Dumbiedikes, in his father's gold-laced hat, suddenly thrusts his head out of the casement, and exclaims—"Hark ye! ye auld limb of Satan—wha the deil gies you commission to guide an honest man's daughter that gate?" The expression is perfect in all the characters; the design is, in every point, correct from the author; the engraving is finely executed; and, throughout the series of these illustrations, we recollect not one plate so fully entitled to unqualified praise. In the vignette title-page to this volume of "*The Heart of Mid-Lothian*," J. Stephanoff has very charmingly sketched Madge Wildfire in the act of escorting Jeanie Deans on her journey to the capital. "She winced, she ambled, she smiled, she simpered, and wooed Jeanie Deans forward with the condescension of a noble *chaperone*," &c. —Rolls has done the drawing justice.

In the frontispiece to the XIIIth volume, in which "*The Bride of Lammermoor*" is commenced, we have also praise to bestow upon P. P. Stephanoff and J. Goodyear, as designer and engraver. Perhaps Lady Ashton, who is represented as in the act of cutting the ribbon, which held the piece of gold that her daughter had worn concealed in her bosom, is rather too young; but the truth of character and expression is finely preserved in the fierce demeanour of Ravenswood, and in the heart-sinking, appalled glance of Lucy.—Farrier, in his vignette delineation of the visit of Sir William Ashton and his daughter to old Alice, is more chaste, simple, and true to nature, than we have been accustomed to find him; though, were we hypercritical, we should say that, in Sir William Ashton, his age and feebleness are not adequately portrayed.—We are glad to observe, in the greatly-improved style of these embellishments, a proper deference paid to public opinion, and to public patronage.

The traditional particulars, introduced by Sir Walter Scott in his brief Introduction to "*The Bride of Lammermoor*," are rather curious than essentially interesting.

We have experienced great gratification in the perusal of "*The Templars, an Historical Novel, in three volumes*;" a work which, though essentially unlike in many particulars, and claiming for itself a distinct pretension to originality both in its conception and execution, reminds us more than any book we ever read of that admirable novel "*The Spy*." Though designated "an historical novel," it is something more than a mere paraphrase of a select portion of history, peopled with incongruous and unnatural characters, where fiction is cramped and confined, and facts are disguised and perverted, in order to accommodate them to the design. It is a work of invention, instead of research and imitation. The *Templars* consist of three young men who are articted to an attorney. One of these, Dudley Ayrton, inherits considerable property on the death of his father, and attains to high rank in the army; he is a youth of a spirited and generous disposition, warm passions, and impetuous temper. The second is Gerald Moore—a

man of a mean, vulgar, revengeful mind, and of most dissipated habits, who succeeds in practising upon the better nature of Ayrton until he brings him into fearful involvements at the gaming-table, and almost ensnares him into a disgraceful and dangerous marriage. From these perils he is saved by the third student—Dermot Wharton—a character with which the author has taken great pains, and in the development of which he has completely succeeded. It is a bold, fresh, and original conception—finely modelled and wrought out. Deformed and disagreeable in person, unprepossessing, and sometimes sullen in manner, studious and retiring in habits, he is gifted with a strong intellect, a high and independent spirit, and amiable and sensitive feelings. Mystery and misery, however, hang over him. His ancestors possessed distinction and property in Ireland; and Dermot's sense of dependence, and the wrongs which he, and, as he conceives, his country, has sustained, ultimately breaks out; and he is discovered to be but too deeply implicated in the Irish rebellion, is captured, and sentenced to death. Ayrton, though an officer in the English army, actuated by the most noble friendship, secures his reprieve and a promise of pardon. This he entrusts to the care of his servant—who withholds it; and the generous, devoted, and unhappy Dermot perishes on a scaffold. The servant turns out to be Gerald Moore—their old fellow-student—who is thus prompted to revenge an insult which he had sustained some years before, and which his villany had provoked. The beautiful and gentle-minded sister of Dermot becomes the wife of Ayrton. This is but a meagre outline of the story, which is rapidly and skillfully told. We have also omitted to mention one or two other characters which evince the possession of very considerable talents—that of the Rev. Mr. Hawkins, a hypocrite of the first water, especially. The scene between this person and Dermot, when the latter effects the release of Ayrton from a "debt of honour" for five hundred pounds, is strikingly effective. The analysis that immediately follows of the feelings of friendship thus awakened between Ayrton and his benefactor, is also very beautifully

written. We can safely recommend these volumes to general perusal.

Of a character strikingly opposite to this production, is "*First Love, a novel, in three volumes.*" The subject is at once indicated by the title; and the narrative, faithful to the promise held out, continues to the last page to treat of the struggles, fears, hopes, and misunderstandings of two very amiable persons under the influence of this sweetest and holiest of all passions—in this, its most delightful of all aspects. This "first love" is, indeed, a very infantile attachment; for it commences when the lady was but one hour old, the hero being then in his fifth year. He was stolen from his parents in his infancy, and benevolently brought up by the noble family who had rescued him from the mendicants into whose hands he had fallen. Edmund thus reared up with the Lady Julia, a deeply-rooted, though unconscious attachment grows with their growth. When at length they become sensible of the existence of a different kind of passion from that which usually influences the intercourse of brother and sister, they mutually judge it prudent to conceal it not only from their friends but from each other, and even from themselves—a union being a thing not to be contemplated, although Edmund has become a hero and a captain in the navy. Meanwhile a rival makes his appearance in the person of Mr. St. Aubin, a cousin of the lady's, and a man to whom nothing seems too bad for the accomplishment of an object. By threatening Julia with a disclosure of her passion for Edmund, by intercepting letters, &c. he first creates jealousy between these votaries of "first love," and ultimately carries off the lady—leaving forged letters, intimating that her elopement is voluntary. The vessel in which she is conveyed is captured by that commanded by Edmund, who is shortly afterwards discovered to be Lord Fitz-Ullin, and who is eventually rewarded for his truth and bravery by the hand of his beautiful captive—St. Aubin meeting a most merited death at the hands of one who is discovered to be his father. The fault of this novel perhaps consists in the too frequent introduction of metaphysical discussions upon the passion of which it

treats. The interest is too often broken by elaborate attempts to explain what we would much rather take for granted. But even this portion of the book is very ably and vigorously written, and evinces a deep and perfect acquaintance with all the mysteries of the heart—of the female heart especially. In other parts there is very powerful interest; the incidents, though not numerous, are striking and natural; and many of the scenes depicted are characterized by a sprightliness and elegance that discover an intimate knowledge of polished and elevated society—and, above all, it is free in a great measure from that most popular vice, affectation. The skill with which the interest is kept up when it appears to hang but on a thread—when a single word would be sufficient to dissolve the charm, is not among the least striking of its merits. The characters of the two sisters (for Julia, like “happiness,” “was born a twin”) are exquisitely drawn, and as admirably contrasted; and Edmund is at once distinguished from those whining, weeping heroes, with whom the world has been so long acquainted, but who are now, we hope, going fast out of fashion. Considering the myriad of volumes hourly issuing from the press, we pay a high compliment to the author (a lady, we presume) of “First Love,” when we say that it is worth reading.

The principle of “*Pinnock's Catechisms*,” so nobly and so justly eulogized by Lord Eldon, is too well known to require, in this place, a word upon the subject; but it will interest many of our readers—especially parents, and others who may be engaged in the arduous task of tuition—to be informed, that some important additions have recently been made to the series.—First, we shall mention the “*Catechism of Natural Theology*,” the contents of which are, very properly, of a more elementary character than the popular works of Ray, Durham, Paley, &c., to which, however, they will be found to form a valuable introduction. The little volume is very ably and judiciously executed.

Next, we have a “*Catechism of the Evidences of Christianity, External and Internal*,” in which it has been the object of the compiler to present to the stu-

dent a brief abstract of the several powerful lines of argument by which the truth of our holy religion is proved. This will form an introduction no less suitable to the study of the larger treatises of Paley, Sumner, Erskine, Sheppard, &c. on the subject.

Dr. Lardner's “*Treatise on Mechanics*,” noticed towards the close of our preceding volume (page 267) is a very able performance; but the youthful student would acquire more practical knowledge from Pinnock's little “*Catechism of Natural Philosophy*” in a day than he could from that in a week. The elements of the science are laid down with remarkable simplicity, and all the details are as remarkably luminous. Besides two well engraved copper-plates, this *Catechism* is illustrated by a great variety of diagrams, wood-cuts, &c.

The “*Catechism of Horticulture*,” intended rather to excite the desire of knowledge than to gratify it,—to excite such as wish to be informed about plants, flowers, and fruits, as shall make the ramble with the teacher, or the parent, a most useful lesson—will be eminently acceptable in many quarters.

A great improvement has been effected in the “*Catechism of the Geography of the British Empire*.” Originally it was in only two Parts; Part I. embracing England and Wales, and Part II. Scotland, Ireland, and the Foreign Possessions of Britain. The work is now extended to five Parts: Part I. is devoted to England and Wales; Scotland and Ireland occupy, respectively, Parts II. and III.; Part IV. embraces the Colonies in Europe and America; and Part V. the Colonies in Asia, Africa, and Australia. Each of these parts has a well-engraved map, and a vignette title-page on steel. Thus the work has been rendered systematic and complete.

It is due to the spirited publishers of these *Catechisms* to say, that, without any advance of price, these additions to the series are greatly superior in paper, print, and embellishments, to the former portions.

A remarkably pretty miniature volume of devotional poetry, selected with much taste and judgment, claims attention under the title of “*The Sacred Harp*.”

Monthly View

OF

NEW PUBLICATIONS, MUSIC, THE ENGLISH AND FOREIGN
DRAMA, THE FINE ARTS, LITERARY AND
SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE, &c.

NOTWITHSTANDING the complaints of some of our contemporaries, our table still groans beneath the weight of new and uncut publications. One richly-embellished volume specially claims our earliest notice. This is "*The Pilgrim's Progress, with a Life of John Bunyan, by Robert Southey, Esq., LL.D., Poet Laureate, &c. &c. &c. Illustrated with Engravings.*" It is too late in the day for us to hazard a critique upon the performance which Johnson pronounced to be the finest allegory ever written; but the manner in which the present edition is brought forward entitles it to no slight degree of consideration. It is invested with new attractions from the pen of Southey, and from the pencils of some of our most popular artists. They who recollect the *Life of John Wesley*, by the Laureate, will readily form an estimate of what they may expect from the life of a more extraordinary man than Wesley, from the same industrious, elegant, and powerful writer. With this curious and singularly interesting piece of biography we shall not meddle; for, to convey to the reader any just idea of its character, would demand an extent of space which is not ours; and, further, we are quite certain that every

lover and admirer of the *Pilgrim's Progress* will very shortly have a copy of the volume now before us in his library. Transcribing the first paragraph of the memoir, we shall leave to the reader the perusal of the whole. It is eminently distinguished by truth and justice.

When Cowper composed his satires, he hid the name of Whitefield "beneath well-sounding Greek;" and abstained from mentioning Bunyan while he panegyricized him, "lest so despised a name should move a sneer." In Bunyan's case this could hardly have been needful forty years ago; for though a just appreciation of our elder and better writers was at that time far less general than it appears to be at present, the author of the *Pilgrim's Progress* was even then in high repute. His fame may literally be said to have risen; beginning among the people, it had made its way up to those who are called the public. In most instances, the many receive gradually and slowly the opinions of the few respecting literary merit; and sometimes in assentation to such authority, profess with their lips an admiration of they know not what, they know not why. But here the opinion of the multitude had been ratified by the judicious. The people knew what they admired. It is a book which makes its way through the fancy to the understanding and the heart; the child peruses it with wonder and delight; in youth we

The book is, as a picture-dealer might say, just four inches by two-and-a-half; and, with its bright green cover and gilt-edged leaves, it looks a little gem in a lady's reticule. For its intrinsic merit, however, its perfect purity of character, it is chiefly entitled to praise. Within the range of British poetry, during the last century or more—especially that of the most popular existing writers—we are not aware of a single name of note that has not yielded one or more contributions to the gathering—a work that has our unqualified praise.

Monthly View

OF

NEW PUBLICATIONS, MUSIC, THE ENGLISH AND FOREIGN
DRAMA, THE FINE ARTS, LITERARY AND
SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE, &c.

In noticing "*The Deliverance of Switzerland, a Dramatic Poem*, by H. C. Deakin, Author of '*Portraits of the Dead*,'" we shall first offer a few remarks on the general merits of the work, and then, with a brief running commentary, present a few lines of extract.

As we learn from Mr. Deakin's preface, that he never read Schiller's *William Tell*, nor any other poem of note relating to the history of that time-honoured patriot, we shall take our author upon his own ground, and, according to the old proverb, regarding comparisons as odious, we shall view his production with reference to itself alone. He tells us that in his perusal of Naylor's *Helvetia*, he was so deeply interested—nay, agitated by the contents of his fifth chapter, that his brain became, as it were, a haunted mansion. The visioned forms of the Helvetic heroes were incessantly sweeping through it;—his very dreams were caparisoned with the glories of those majestic patriots. Here, then, was the exciting cause which led to the production of *The Deliverance of Switzerland*. Unquestionably the poem betrays innumerable marks of haste and inadvertence. We have heard, indeed, that it was commenced and finished—a volume of 270 pages—in the course of six weeks. To the rapidity of production we do not object; for what is performed in haste, is generally performed with spirit. Had we, however, been at Mr. Deakin's elbow, we should have said—regard this merely as a rough draft, re-write the poem, correct its errors, polish its diction, give it the requisite finishing touches, and it will live. We should have said this from a firm conviction that its stamina are excellent. But we must view it as it is. From the haste alluded to, it contains numerous loosenesses and inaccuracies of expression, many defects of rhythm; to counterbalance which, the reader will find many vivid images, many striking sentiments, much beautiful poetry. Though confessedly ignorant of dramatic mechanism, Mr. Deakin possesses strong dramatic, as well as poetic feeling. For instance, the storm scene, in which, at the end of the third act, Tell preserves the ship in

which the tyrant Gesler and himself are embarked from destruction, could not by possibility be enacted; yet it is full of spirit, full of picture, and, to the eye of imagination, powerfully dramatic. In the succeeding act, on the other hand, Arnold's relation of events, with which the reader is previously well acquainted, is a useless repetition, and consequently altogether undramatic.

Of the characters, most of them, from their accuracy of drawing and the consistency—the keeping—with which they are sustained, we think highly. Adhering to the generally-received historic and traditional impressions of Tell, it would not have been easy for a man of genius to fail in a poetic delineation of his portrait. In the management of the Counts Gesler and Landenburgh, the tyrannic tools of Austria, the difficulty was far greater. These we conceive to be exaggerations, approaching, occasionally, to caricature; or, to speak more correctly, they stand forward as personifications—the former of pride, pomp, and ambition—the latter, of grasping avarice, and heartless, cold-blooded ferocity; "both," as Naylor observes, "endowed by nature with those apparently discordant qualities which so frequently flourish in the soil of despotism, and fit the same person for the opposite character of tyrant and slave." Regarding them in this light the sketches are forcible. In his female characters, Mr. Deakin is very successful. In Ulrica, wife of Staufacher, the qualities of wife, mother, and patriot, are ably combined; still more prominently, more vividly, are they displayed in her sister Merta, the wife of Tell; and, as a daughter, and a beloved mistress, the gentle Margaret is all that may be deemed lovely and affectionate.

The scenery of this drama is highly picturesque, and extremely well conceived; but on that we cannot dwell.

There is originality in these lines. Rudolph, the minion of Landenburgh, and the unprincipled persecutor of Margaret (betrothed to Arnold, a young Swiss hunter) who is indignantly and contemptuously repulsed in his addresses, is maddened with a determination of vengeance on both—

"Is there a joy one half so sweet as hate?
Music, they say, is sweet; and so is hate!
Beauty enchants; and so enchanteth hate!
The stars are beautiful; and so is hate!
Wine's a delicious poison; so is hate!
Hope is most fascinating; so is hate!
But wine, stars, music, beauty, hope, and all
Mingled together in one cup of joy,
Can never match revenge or quick-pulsed hate!"

In a sweet and tranquil cottage scene,
Margaret, endeavouring to persuade Arnold
to remain at home, and not encounter the
dangers of the chase, exclaims—

"Come with me
When the great sun has set behind the hills,
Flinging his mantle, studded with bright stars,
Over the slumbering Heavens! Come with me,
And let us gaze upon the huntress Queen,
Kissing the clouds with her illumined lip,
And making them all golden!—Then I'll sing
A song to thee; how that Orion sat
Gazing, enamoured, on her sunny beauties,
Looking upon her jewelled brow like one
Who felt what true love was. Oh! thou shalt be
Orion, Arnold—I thy huntress Queen!"

To this her lover replies—
"So will I be, beloved Margaret!
I'll be thy very shadow, warm thy lips
When they grow cold. I'll be thy garment, dear,
And cloak thee with affection!"

Margaret, on parting from her betrothed
in the hour of danger, kisses him, and
weeps—

"My plighted troth is thine, and I do give
This sinless kiss to thee!
The final impress of my true heart's love;
And if we never meet again on earth,
We may remember this in Heaven."

In fact, we are in love with Margaret
ourselves, and we hardly know how to part
from her. But here is another lady—Merta,
the wife of Tell—

"What eye's so watchful as a fond wife's eye?
What ear so listeneth as a fond wife's ear?
The eye—the tearful eye is but Love's focus,
Where his most ardent rays are all concentrated.
And the ear's like the wind-enamoured cloud,
Catching each sound that falls from Love's light
lip.

They say the shell doth whisper of the Ocean;
So doth my ear but whisper of my Husband!
Hour after hour, I've looked into thy heart,
When thou didst little deem that I was looking.
'Twas but last night thy thoughts were clad in
dreams,

And did betray thee.—Thou didst start quick up,
And with gesticulations menacing,
And clenched hand, didst vow to free thy
country!

Then thou didst pray—and then thou didst
curse Gesler!

Then, as if in the battle, thou didst wave
Thy hand with hurried motion—thus! and
cried,

'On—on for Switzerland!' and then again
Didst mutter curses; and then, dearest Tell!
Like storms impelled by the raging winds,
Bringing the sunshine upon earth again,
Thy frown relaxed to a gentle smile,
And thou didst bless me and thy children, Tell!
I wept for very joy to think, dear husband,
My image should prove victor o'er thy dreams,
And tranquillize thy spirit!"

In the market-place of Altorf, the spirit
of Tell, when he hurls the pole, surmounted
by the hat of Gesler, to the earth, thus
bursts forth:—

"Now, by my father's resting-place I swear,
And by my mother's quiet tomb I vow,
And by the sacred Heaven that looks upon us,
And by the stars that sanctify the night
With their celestial glories, I will hurl
Yon hooded bully to the earth!—I bend!
No! were ten thousand Geslers in my path,
And thrice ten thousand Austrians at their back,
I'd trample it on earth, or perish!"

Tell's prophecy of the deliverance of his
country we should transfer to our pages, but
space will not permit. On the same ground
we refrain from quoting many of the beauti-
ful speeches of Merta. The scene in which
Tell splits the apple on his son's head is
finely wrought. Merta's oath, on present-
ing the banner to her son, Werner, and
making him swear to avenge his father's
death, should he be sacrificed by the tyrant,
is, we regret to say, all that we can further
venture to transcribe. Having kissed the
banner and embraced her boy, she kneels:—

"And now, as thou hast vowed, my boy! hear
me—

Hear me, thy mother, swear!
O by yon sacred light that gems the sky!
By the blue clouds of morn—of crimson eve!
By the free winds, whose temples are on Jura,
On the white giant's peaks, and mighty Jung-
fraus,

And by my hopes of Heaven, and fears of Hell!
And by my hatred unto hated things,
Gesler and Landenburgh! And by this banner!
Which I do dedicate to Switzerland,
And by thy purity, which shall uphold it;
I swear! should Tell fall by the tyrant's hands,
I, a poor timid and heart-broken mother!
Will, as the serpent doth disrobe itself,
Disrobe myself of all my woman's fears,
Gird up my spirit, nerve my widow'd arm,
And sheathe the dagger of a widow's wrath—
Her righteous vengeance—in the tyrant's bosom!

Thus, as thou kissed, kiss I the banner, Boy!
(She rises.)
 Now, son of Tell! follow me."
(Exeunt.)

Could we have commanded space, we should have been more diffuse in observation as well as more copious in extract. The specimens we have given, however, are more than sufficient to justify the opinions we have ventured to express. We can only add, that Mr. Deakin's Drama is enlivened by several lyrical effusions of great characteristic merit.

It is a sad pity that the "Lake poets"—of which Charles Lamb, a man of sterling genius, is one—never seem capable of distinguishing between simplicity and babyism. Notwithstanding the admirable burlesque imitation of Wordsworth, in the "Rejected Addresses," they still persist in confounding the sweetest touches of pathos with strokes of the most ludicrously absurd character. Thus, in a recently-published little volume of "*Album Verses, with a few others, by Charles Lamb*," we find some very beautiful passages, and some so extremely silly as scarcely to be tolerated, even in an Album, that privileged shrine for nonsense of every class. That any man of talent, in the present day, should murder his time in the writing of such things as acrostics, is strange; that he should afterwards condescend to publish them, for the delectation of amatory footmen and romantic housemaids—for no higher class of readers can be expected to peruse them—is "passing strange." This, indeed, in Mr. Lamb, is the more surprising, as he has shewn himself fully conscious of what an Album *ought* to be, but what it seldom is:—

"An Album is a Garden, not for show
 Planted, but use; where wholesome herbs should
 grow.

A Cabinet of curious porcelain, where
 No fancy enters, but what's rich or rare.
 A Chapel, where mere ornamental things
 Are pure as crowns of saints or angels' wings.
 A List of living friends; a holier Room
 For names of some since mouldering in the
 tomb,

Whose blooming memories life's cold laws
 survive;

And, dead elsewhere, they here, yet speak, and
 live.

Such, and so tender, should an Album be;
 And, Lady, such I wish this book to thee."

After this, who could expect the writer to address such lines as the following to a lady:—

"Lady Unknown, who crav'st from me, unknown,
 The trifle of a verse these leaves to grace,
 How shall I find fit matter? With what face
 Address a *face* that ne'er to me was shown?
 Thy looks, tones, gesture, manners, and *what*
not,
 Conjecturing, I wander in the dark.
I know thee only sister to Charles Clarke.
 But at that name *my cold Muse waxes hot*," &c.

But, on the very next page, the poet is himself. These lines are from his "own Album"—

"Fresh clad from heaven in robes of white,
 A young probationer of light,
 Thou wert, my soul, an album bright,

A spotless leaf: but thought, and care,
 And friend and foe, in foul or fair,
 Have 'written strange defeatures' there;

And Time, with heaviest hand of all,
 Like that fierce writing on the wall,
 Hath stamp'd sad dates—he can't recall;

And error gilding worst designs—
 Like speckled snake that strays and shines—
 Betrays his path by crooked lines;

And Vice hath left his ugly blot;
 And good resolves, a moment hot,
 Fairly began—but finish'd not;

And fruitless, late remorse doth trace—
 Like Hebrew lore, a backward pace—
 Her irrecoverable race.

Disjointed numbers; sense unknit;
 Huge reams of folly, shreds of wit;
 Compose the mingled mass of it.

My scalded eyes no longer brook
 Upon this ink-blurr'd thing to look—
 Go, shut the leaves, and clasp the book."

Mr. Lamb thus commences an address to Bernard Barton, the quaker poet, who is himself in some respects very near a-kin to the lakers:—

"When last you left your Woodbridge pretty,
 To stare at sights, and see the City," &c.

This "Woodbridge pretty" happens to be one of the *ugliest* little towns in existence. So much for locality—for graphic fidelity! The poem is something about "a coloured print," from the venerable and ancient manufactory of "Carrington Bowles"—

"A sober Piece, not gay or wanton,
 For winter firesides to descant on;
 The theme so scrupulously handled,
 A Quaker might look on unscandal'd;
 Such as might satisfy Ann Knight,
 And classic Mitford just not fright."

The subject, it appears, is a Mother—

"A Mother teaching to her chit
Some good book, and explaining 't.
He, silly urchin, tired of lesson,
His learning lays no mighty stress on,
But seems to hear what not he hears,
Thrusting his fingers in his ears,
Like Obsolete, that perverse funny one,
In honest parable of Bunyan." [Bunny-one.]

Really Mr. Lamb ought not to have written—at all events not to have published—such stuff—not even at the request of his friend, the bookseller, who expressed himself "desirous of exhibiting a specimen of the manner in which publications entrusted to "his future care, would appear." To the credit of the young publisher it must be said, that, as far as he and the printers are concerned, the "specimen" is perfectly satisfactory. The volume is extremely neat and pretty.

With reference to *graphic fidelity*, here is a new portrait of a certain celebrated personage, who, though he is daily brought before the public, probably never sat for his likeness. The poet asks, "who first invented work:"—

"Who but the Being unblest, alien from good,
Sabbathless Satan! he who his unglad
Task ever plies 'mid *oblatory burnings*,
That round and round *inexorably reel*—
For wrath divine hath made him like a wheel—
In that red *zeal* from which are no returnings;
Where toiling and tumbling, *over and o'er*,
He, and his thoughts, keep pensive working-day."

Here, however—and with this extract we close—is a redeeming effort. The lines, entitled "Angel Help," are described as having been "suggested by a drawing in the possession of Charles Aders, Esq., in which is represented the legend of a poor female saint, who, having spun past midnight, to maintain a bed-ridden mother, has fallen asleep from fatigue, and angels are finishing her work. In another part of the chamber, an angel is tending a lily, the emblem of purity."—

"This rare tablet doth include
Poverty with Sanctitude.

Past midnight, this poor maid hath spun,
And yet the work is not half done,
Which must supply from earnings scant
A feeble bed-ridden parent's want.
Her sleep-charged eyes exemption ask,
And holy hands take up the task;
Unseen the rock and spindle ply,
And do her earthly drudgery.

Sleep, saintly poor one, sleep, sleep on,
And, waking, find thy labours done.
Perchance she knows it by her dreams;
Her eye hath caught the golden gleams,
Angelic presence testifying,
That round her every where are flying;
Ostents from which she may presume,
That much of Heaven is in the room.
Skirting her own bright hair they run,
And to the sunny add more sun.
Now on that aged face they fix,
Streaming from the crucifix;
The flesh-clogg'd spirit disabusing,
Death-disarming sleeps infusing,
Prelibations, foretastes high,
And equal thoughts to live or die.
Gardener bright from Eden's bower,
Tend with care that lily flower;
To its leaves and root infuse
Heaven's sunshine, Heaven's dew.
'Tis a type and 'tis a pledge
Of a crowning privilege.
Careful as that lily flower,
This maid must keep her precious dower;
Live a sainted maid, or die
Martyr to virginity."

In "The Wife's Trial, or the Intruding Widow, a Dramatic Poem, founded on Mr. Crabbe's Tale of 'The Confidant,'" Mr. Lamb has introduced some clever scenes, and some beautiful passages; but, as a whole, the piece is ineffective; and the *dénouement*—in which, by-the-by, poetic justice is grossly violated—is deplorably tame and flat. Why did Mr. Lamb meddle with Mr. Crabbe? The genius of the one has nothing in common with that of the other. Far from being insensible to the merits—the quaint humour—the mild philosophy—the gentle feeling of our author, who with all the defects of his school, is a true poet, we cannot but repeat our regret that he should have given the present volume to the world.

He must be a bold adventurer who, in the present day, should determine on writing a historic romance, amongst the principal characters of which should be found St. Athanasius and St. George of Cappadocia—"St. George that swing'd the dragon, and e'er since sits on his horseback!" Yet such an adventurer has been found in the author of "*The Alexandrians, an Egyptian Tale of the Fourth Century.*" Not only has he introduced the above-named worthies, and with good effect too; but the Emperors Constantius and Julian, St. Antony, St. Gregory Nazianzen, and several of their contemporaries, principals or accessories in the tumults and persecutions which

arose out of the Arian heresy. The ostensible hero of the tale, however, is Menodorus, a young, highly-educated, and highly-accomplished Athenian, who, on his travels, pays a visit to Demetrius Cythras, an old friend of his father's, at Alexandria. His arrival in that city is just before a violent and tumultuous irruption, in which the pious Athanasius is driven from his church, and compelled to flee for his life. In the pursuit, Theodotian, a man of family and fortune, is assassinated by a monk. The dead man falls into the arms of Menodorus, by whom the monk's countenance had not escaped unnoticed. At the palace, or villa of the deceased, whither the corpse was borne, Menodorus beheld a singularly interesting and beautiful female, Hermione, the daughter of the murdered Theodotian. It was the vision of a moment, but that vision haunted his memory for ever. During his stay at Alexandria, he meets with many extraordinary adventures. On his journey to the Thebais, he encounters Athanasius, though without recognising him, in the disguise of an Ethiopian collector of medals, &c. At the convent of St. Helena, he again meets him as a monk. A friendship ensues between them. Menodorus, deeply imbued with the more refined philosophy of the Greeks, spurns the worship of fabulous deities, but regards the Christian religion as a mere superstition. Associated with Athanasius, he is subjected to much peril and danger. Once he is wounded and left for dead. On his return to Alexandria, he discovers St. George, the Arian successor of St. Athanasius, in the archiepiscopal chair, to be the assassin of Theodotian, and publicly denounces him as such. His life is consequently endangered, but his interest with the emperor saves him. He loves, and is beloved by Hermione, the wealthy heiress of Theodotian, and the devoted friend of Athanasius; but during his absence, in aid of the latter, Hermione is forcibly carried off to Constantinople, by his rival Syrianus, Duke of Egypt. However, as may be anticipated, the damsel is rescued by Menodorus, now a Christian—the lovers are made happy—St. George is finally disposed of—and St. Athanasius is reinstated in his see.

This is the faintest outline imaginable of the story, which abounds in incident, and is replete with the most animating interest. Superadded to these merits—merits essential to the success of a romance—the author displays much historic reading, and an extensive acquaintance with the religious and philosophical tenets of the period in which his work is laid. He appears to be somewhat unprac-

tised in the art of literary composition: this is probably his first essay; yet it contains many sweet and charming touches.

"*Remarks on Nervous and Mental Disorders; in especial Reference to Recent Investigations on the Subject of Insanity, by David Uwins, M.D.*," display considerable acuteness and ingenuity. Averse from the principle and practice of separating insanity, strictly so called, from other maladies which are allied to it in nature, and differ from it only in degree, Dr. Uwins stigmatizes the phrase, "unsound mind," as "abominably illogical phraseology," which "has proved pregnant with the greatest evils, in reference to the doctrine and theory of mental disorder." If we correctly understand the writer (who is in favour of lunatic asylums under proper superintendence) the main object for which he contends is, that all *mental* disorders originate in *bodily* ills, and require to be treated accordingly.

NEW MUSIC.

Peninsular Melodies, No. 2., selected and compiled by G. Lloyd Hodges.

THE opinion we formerly expressed on reviewing the first number of this work, that it was the most genuine, and one of the most interesting national collections which have appeared before the public, still remains unaltered. The defect we had occasion to notice in some of the former specimens, of a disagreement between the poetical and musical accent, is much abated, though not completely cured; but there is still an occasional discrepancy between the subject and style, which we regret, as affording a solitary blemish in a publication so generally beautiful. The present volume consists of sixteen melodies, of which a greater majority appear to be of the Modinha class (Music more vocal, but less strictly national) than in the preceding number. The *catalogue raisonnée* as follows:—"There are sounds in the dark Roncevalles," patriotica, in the martial style, for three voices; the melody bold and powerfully harmonized. There is a flaw in the fourth bar of the melody, where the vocal and instrumental harmonies clash in a very uneuphonious manner, and a very awkward progression of the first soprano in bar 20th. "That chime of Convent Bells," boleros, for one voice, extremely original and elegant, the poetry quite german to the subject, and, considering the difficulty of the style, well adapted to the music. "Flow Rio Verde," a Modinha, pretty; but without any marked character. "Maidens, ah trust not Cupid," seguidillas, curiously whimsical and original;

even for female patriotism to support, for any length of time; accordingly, *peu à peu*, simplicity gave place to magnificence, and sameness to variety, in evening dress. Coloured crape, and *gaze de soie*, are the materials most seen. The *corsage* is out very low, and the sleeves are in general short; mostly white, and partially covered with blond lace, which goes round the shoulders, and the back of the bust. Another style of trimming, and one equally fashionable, consists of a row of ornaments resembling foliage: they fall over the bust at some distance from each other, and are corded with satin. The trimming of the skirt generally corresponds with that of the *corsage*.

Dress hats are composed either of crape, or gauze, of which there are a great variety of new kinds. Some are trimmed with flowers, others ornamented with *bouquets* of plumes or *aigrettes*. Some are adorned with two feathers only; one placed upright, the other drooping over the brim, which, in some instances, is a little turned up.

Knots of ribbon intermingled with bows of hair are still in great favour for social parties. The *coiffure* which I am about to describe, is the most novel, and certainly one of the prettiest of that description. The hair is disposed *à la Madonna*, on the forehead; the hind hair arranged in a large knot, which forms a kind of coronet immediately over the forehead; a *coque* of ribbon passes under the knot, and falls towards the ear; and on the opposite side two *coques* are so placed as to surmount the bow.

Coiffures à la Ninon are very numerous in full dress. The hair is divided in the centre of the forehead, and turned back in a band on each side, which terminates in a profusion of ringlets falling into the neck and almost on the shoulders. A row of pearls, with an *agrafe* of diamonds, forms a V in the centre of the forehead. Four *coques* of satin gauze ribbon *à mille raies*, extend almost horizontally in *ailes de demoiselle*. The hind hair is disposed in a plaited band, which is brought twice round the head. A tortoise-shell comb, with a very high gallery wrought in open-work, is placed immediately under the braid, and a diamond pin fastens the pearl *bandeau* immediately above each ear.

The most fashionable bracelets are in the form of a carcanet. They are of wrought gold bordered in enamel; a gold plate forms a clasp in the centre, or a cameo, or hieroglyphics of gold surrounded with different coloured gems, and enamel equally varied. We see also some bracelets of this description composed entirely of gold.

Enamelled pins are much worn in full dress; their form resembling the *séviagnés* which have been so long in fashion.

During some time past half-dress gloves have been either those of Sweden, or of a colour a little darker than the dress. White gloves are always preferred in evening dress; I have recently seen some in full dress lightly embroidered in gold.

The colours most in request are salmon colour, *abricot-pêche*, various shades of green, brown, and *vapeur*; and the national colours rose, white, and blue.

Monthly View

OF

NEW PUBLICATIONS, MUSIC, THE ENGLISH AND FOREIGN

DRAMA, THE FINE ARTS, LITERARY AND

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE, &c.

The extraordinary, and not more extraordinary than deserved success of Murray's Family Library, may be considered as constituting an epoch in the history and progress of modern literature. It has operated as a powerful stimulus amongst the booksellers; and that the public are greatly gainers, by the spirit of emulation thus ex-

cited, is a truth too palpable to require illustration; as, instead of paying an enormous price for a new and original work, they now obtain such at a cost far below that of publications unsaddled by the heavy expense of copyright. "Good and Cheap" might be taken as a standing motto for several productions which have of late assumed a pe-

riodical form. Of this class, the newest of the new, and one that is likely to become a formidable rival—or, in other words, a valuable companion—to the *Family Library*, is Mr. Colburn's "*National Library, conducted by the Rev. G. R. Gleig, M.A., M.R., S.L., &c. assisted by various Eminent Writers.*" Its first volume, more imposing in form and aspect than its precursor, is before us, in the "*Life of Lord Byron, by John Galt, Esq.*" Its embellishments, consisting of a vignette of Newstead Abbey, and portraits of Lord Byron and the Countess Guiccioli, from the paintings of W. E. West, are executed in a superior style.

In his preface, Mr. Galt observes, that "the letters and journals of Lord Byron, with the interwoven notes of Mr. Moore, should have superseded the utility of writing any other account of that extraordinary man:" that the *compilation*, however, has "not proved satisfactory"—(we should indeed wonder if it had); and that "the consequence, almost of necessity, is, that many other biographical portraits of the noble poet may be expected." True. But, inquires Mr. Galt, "will they materially alter the general effect of Mr. Moore's work? I think not," he replies; "and have accordingly confined myself, as much as was practicable, consistent with the end in view, to an outline of his Lordship's intellectual features—a substratum only of the general mass of his character." Yes, confessedly, Mr. Galt's book furnishes little that is new, in point of fact, respecting Lord Byron: it will be read for its critical and metaphysical rather than for its biographical views. It is, however, too metaphysical, too speculative—running into all the minute detail of Teniers, without any of the graphic spirit of that great painter. Mr. Galt tells us, "that the metaphysical fact which it is the *main object* of his work to illustrate, is, that Byron was only original and truly great when he wrote from the dictates of his own breast, and described from the suggestions of things he had seen." Why, this is invariably—at least we think so—the case with every man of talent; and as it will be presently seen, from Mr. Galt's own shewing, Byron *always* so wrote; ergo, he was *always* "original and truly great." Taking this remark, however, without any qualification, it is only a denial that Byron possessed the highest powers of invention—a negation that is equally applicable to Sir Walter Scott, and to many of the greatest men that ever lived. But, even on this point, Mr. Galt distinctly contradicts himself; as, speaking of the pas-

sage relating to the dogs in the *Siege of Corinth*, he pronounces it to be "an amazing display of poetical power and *high imagination.*" Again—"In intellectual power, and in *CREATIVE originality*, Byron is entitled to stand in the highest peak of the mountain." More fully—and, for its truth and justness, we quote this passage with great pleasure—

"Combined with vast power, Lord Byron possessed, beyond all question, the greatest degree of originality of any poet of this age. In this rare quality he has no parallel in any age. All other poets and inventive authors are measured in their excellence by the accuracy with which they fit sentiments appropriate not only to the characters they create, but to the situations in which they place them: the works of Lord Byron display the opposite to this, and with the most extraordinary splendour. He endows his creations with his own qualities; he finds in the situations in which he places them only opportunities to express what he has himself felt or suffered; and yet he mixes so much probability in the circumstances, that they are always eloquently proper. He does every thing, as it were, the reverse of other poets; in the air and sea, which have been in all times the emblems of change and the similitudes of inconstancy, he has discovered the very principles of permanency. The ocean, in his view, not by its vastness, its unfathomable depths, and its limitless extent, becomes an image of Deity, but by its unchangeable character!"

With all the praise—praise repeatedly awarded—to Manfred, we most cheerfully accord. "It has more than the fatal mysticism of Macbeth, with the *satanic grandeur* of the *Paradise Lost*, and the hero is placed in circumstances, and amidst scenes, which accord with the stupendous features of his preternatural character." No; without there being a shadow of resemblance between the two writers, no poet rises to dispute the palm between Shakspeare and Byron—between Manfred and the sublimest conceptions of the bard of Avon.

We regret exceedingly that we have not five or six pages at command, for the purpose of devoting them to an examination of this remarkable performance; for, with reference to his criticism and his metaphysics—almost another term for nonsense—we are, in a thousand instances, at war with Mr. Galt. "It is singular," he observes—*singular*, indeed! "and I am not aware it has been before noticed, that with all his tender and impassioned apostrophes to beauty and love, Byron has in no instance, not even in the freest passages of Don Juan, associated

either the one or the other with sensual images." And this opinion is reiterated throughout the book. Really, it is "too bad." In the estimation of plain, sensible persons—not metaphysicians, perhaps—the first and second cantos of *Don Juan* abound in sensuality—their very essence is sensuality—beyond any work in the language. They beat the *Little man's* poems hollow.

Mr. Galt, however, is entitled to great praise for his moral estimates of Lord Byron's character—they consist not of *unqualified* panegyric. He has done *justice* to the disreputable connection between Lord Byron and the conceited cockney whom he fostered—who afterwards turned round to sting him, or rather to blast the fame of his benefactor. On that tender subject, the separation between the poet and his wife, Mr. Galt has said little; wisely so, as, at present, there can be little new to say.

We must dismiss this too brief, and very inadequate notice of Mr. Galt's book, with recommending it, independently of the mass of criticism which it contains, as a fair compendium of all that is publicly known respecting Lord Byron, with certain additional facts resulting from the writer's personal intercourse with his Lordship.

Another work—a full-sized octavo—we must dispose of yet more cursorily;—"*Conversations on Religion, with Lord Byron and others, held in Cephalonia, a short time previous to his Lordship's Death; by the late James Kennedy, M.D., of H. M. Medical Staff.*" Dr. Kennedy we believe to have been a good man, a sincere and truly pious Christian; but he was not the person to make a convert to his opinions of such a character as Lord Byron. Deeply convinced of the great truths of our divine religion himself, his knowledge, talent, power, were not sufficient to convince a sceptic. A weak advocate must inevitably injure the best of causes; and, although Lord Byron met the efforts of his

* "This gentleman was originally destined for the Scottish bar, but afterwards became a student in medicine, and entering the medical department of the army, happened to be stationed at Cephalonia when Lord Byron arrived. He appears to have been a man of kind dispositions, possessed of a better heart than judgment; in all places wherever his duty bore him, he took a lively interest in the condition of the inhabitants, and was active, both in his official and private capacity, to improve it. He had a taste for circulating pious tracts, and zealously co-operated in distributing copies of the Scriptures."—*Galt's Byron.*

friend with all due politeness and external attention, it does not appear to us, from the evidence of the work referred to, that his mind was ever very seriously engaged on the subject. The worthy preacher seems scarcely to have been aware of that spirit of mystification in which Lord Byron so much delighted. The respective "*Conversations,*" into the detail of which we cannot enter, were of an exceedingly desultory nature. Lord Byron's notions of religion may probably be summed up in these lines, given by Dr. Kennedy:—

"I have no wish to reject Christianity without investigation; on the contrary, I am very desirous of believing. But I do not see very much the need of a Saviour, nor the utility of prayer. Devotion is the affection of the heart, and this I feel. When I view the wonders of creation, I bow to the majesty of Heaven; and when I feel the enjoyments of life, I feel grateful to God for having bestowed them upon me."

In fact, Dr. Kennedy admits he had "no reason to believe that Byron was in the least degree converted;" and, according to Mr. Millingen, the surgeon, he died "like a man without religion."

Without offering our own opinion, we shall here transcribe Dr. Kennedy's, on the poetic character of Byron, especially with reference to love:—

"He is not the poet of virtue. No character ennobled by virtue, or by piety, is sung by him. Beauty is a plaything, an object of desire; and though his descriptions of female beauty of face and figure are in the highest degree poetical, yet they are drawn without any other virtue than that which education, or the opinion of society, gives them; and they are drawn in order to display that devotedness of love—whether lawful or unlawful, it matters not with the poet—that sacrifice of every worldly interest, that encountering of every misery and woe, and death itself, in pursuit of its gratification, or in its devotedness to the object beloved. With him, love must reign paramount to all laws and principles, moral and divine; and death and damnation must be encountered, rather than restrain its impetuous and uncontrollable force. In short, it is a species of insanity, that takes possession of the mind, which absorbs every other feeling and interest."

The proprietors of the Cabinet Cyclopædia have rendered an important service to the literary student, to scholars and readers in general, by the publication of "*Outlines of History*"—a closely-printed volume of more than 450 pages. The editor justly, and very happily observes, that, "as a portion of a Cyclopædia, it is to the historical volumes

what in an atlas the map of the world is to those which follow it, representing in connection what they exhibit isolated, and displaying the relative proportions and importance of the several parts." The work is one of incalculable labour—we hope it is better paid for than some we have mentioned, although not from the pen of a "Great Unknown;" and, as a volume for reference, it is invaluable. Its object is, to give a correct and comprehensive epitome of the history of the world, with an especial view to chronological accuracy. Thus, commencing with the origin of man, it terminates with the invasion of Russia and the fall of Napoleon. In three grand divisions—Ancient History—the Middle Ages—and Modern History—it is subdivided into twenty-five chapters, embracing in the aggregate, 455 heads, including tabular views, lists, &c. Whatever relates to different countries and states is viewed contemporaneously; and yet, such is the ingenious and useful arrangement of the work, "the history of any country or people may be read consecutively by consulting the index, where, under its name, will be found a reference to the pages where it is mentioned." In every sense, this is by far the best compendium of universal history we have ever seen.

Prefixed to this volume of the Cabinet Cyclopædia is the exquisitely-laughable correspondence—one of the "curiosities of literature"—which lately took place between its learned editor, Dr. Lardner, and his principal colleagues, Sir Walter Scott, Sir James Mackintosh, Southey, Moore, and Campbell, on the silly and anonymous charge that the persons named as authors of the historical portions of the work were not the *real writers*! Had "*we*" been the author of the History of Scotland, for which a most enormous sum is alleged to have been paid, we would have allowed *anybody*, with impunity, to rob *us* of the fame of having written it. But, *chacun à son goût*!

We are not altogether so well convinced of the advantage likely to accrue to the world of letters, or to the general reader, from the publication of "*Sir James Mackintosh's History of England*," as a portion of the Cabinet Cyclopædia. Not that we have any serious objections to the History itself, which, judging from the first volume, is ably enough executed, but we cannot perceive that such a work is wanted. Glad shall we be to get rid of the fallacies and romance of Hume, which have so long usurped the station of general history; but we consider Hume to have been already superseded by Turner, whose admi-

nable History of the Anglo-Saxons, with its continuation, is entitled to universal regard. That Sir James Mackintosh was engaged upon a History of England, or a given period of the History of England, upon a large scale, has been matter of notoriety for the last five-and-twenty years. It was therefore with no slight surprise that we saw Sir James announced as the author of a History of England, in three volumes, for the Cabinet Cyclopædia. Of course, we presumed it would be an abridgment—a skimming of the cream—of his larger work; but this idea has been dispelled by the new announcement that the performance, instead of three, is to be extended to eight volumes; a space unquestionably much better calculated to render justice to the subject.

This first volume comes down to the year 1451, and closes with the expulsion of the English from France, under the reign of Henry VI.

Sir James Mackintosh, if more correct in style than Turner—and he is not without occasional Scottish idioms—is less lucid and less brilliant. He often states facts too nakedly, without the requisite detail; while, on the other hand, he, like most of his countrymen, is too fond of dissertating and philosophizing. To enter fully into the spirit of his comments, the reader ought to possess a pre-knowledge of circumstances. Why Sir James should have been at so much pains to whitewash the character of St. Dunstan, we cannot imagine.

The accidental publication, for such it must have been, of "*The History of the Netherlands, by Thomas Colley Grattan*,"—forming another volume of The Cabinet Cyclopædia—at the present moment, cannot fail of proving a lucky hit. Such a performance had long been a desideratum in our library; and the recent insurrectionary movements in the Netherlands, simultaneously with which it came before the public, will cause it to be referred to with additional and eager interest. After a succinct general view of the country, geographically and physiologically, the history opens with the invasion of the Netherlands, by the Romans, under Julius Cæsar, half a century before the commencement of the Christian era; and, tracing the current of events downwards, it terminates with the battle of Waterloo, and the subsequent inauguration of the now reigning sovereign, William I. It is but justice to Mr. Grattan, to say, that he has executed his laborious task with much industry and proportionate effect. Undisfigured by pompous nothingness, and with-

out any of the affectation of philosophical profundity, his style is simple, light, and fresh—perspicuous, smooth, and harmonious.

The next and last historic work that we have to notice for the present month is, the first volume of *The History of the British Empire in India*, by the Rev. G. R. Gleig, M.A., M.R.S.L., &c. It is to be completed in three volumes; the one before us constituting the XVth of The Family Library. Mr. Gleig states, that when the subject was first proposed to him, and he undertook to discuss it, it was his intention to produce nothing more than a connected narrative of the rise and progress of the British empire in Asia; but, finding that any attempt to separate the earlier from the later portions of Indian history would involve his details in a degree of obscurity, such as neither digressions nor explanations would suffice effectually to remove, he was therefore induced to alter his plan, so as to embrace the annals of India from the earliest times. Unquestionably this will render the plan far more complete, far more satisfactory to the general reader. Accordingly, the volume commences with the early civilization of the Hindoos—their arrival in India—treatment of the aborigines—their forms of government and civil institutions, &c.; and concludes with the massacre of Amboyna—the erection of Bombay, Madras, and Calcutta into presidencies—and a view of the system of local government and trade. Mr. Gleig's work is remarkable for its easiness and perspicuity of style; and we cannot but congratulate the subscribers to The Family Library upon the increasing beauty and elegance of its embellishments. The present number has seven plates, all upon steel: a portrait of Lord Clive, the Cave of Ellora, the Cave of Elephanta, the Banyan Tree of Nerbudda, the Temple of Bhoda, the Jumma Musjid at Delhi, built by Shah Jehan, and a Map of India; with the exception of the map, all of them engraved by E. Finden.

Who that has taste to appreciate, and a heart to feel the power of genius—that mysterious power, which can, as with the fabled wand of the magician, call up the spirits of the departed—of those, whose names were once the watch-word of valour, and the pledge of freedom—who, we repeat, that ever bent with true worship at the shrine of genius, can see the announcement of a new work—*The Barony*—with the name of Porter annexed to it, without feeling a strong assurance that whatever flows from the pen of the gifted authors of "Thaddeus of Warsaw," "Don Sebastian," "The Scottish

Chiefs," "The Pastor's Fireside," "The Recluse of Norway," "Duke Christian of Luneberg," "The Hungarian Brothers," "The Knight of St. John," "The Fast of St. Magdalen," and other works that have elevated the character of our national literature, as much as they have gratified our national pride—augmented our love of the grand and the beautiful in human character—and, like the refreshing gale of summer that stirs the waters of the sluggish lake, gives life and briskness to our fancy,—ay, who can fail to entertain the assurance that whatever emanates from such a source, promises a mental feast of no common order?

Need we say, that in "The Barony," by Anna Maria Porter, is to be traced the same vivid and skilful delineation of character—the same intensity of interest—the same high-toned almost chivalrous feeling, which invariably characterises the productions of each of these richly-endowed sisters?—To enter into a detail of the plot of the Barony, is not our purpose; for, to do so, would be forestalling the interest of a work which every one will read. We shall therefore, content ourselves with a few brief remarks on the leading points of character, situations, &c., of the work, for our limits will not allow of our indulging in diffuseness, even on the subject of works, respecting which, as in the present instance, our critical duties and our inclination go hand in hand. To be brief—the characters, more especially those of Sir Fulk Trevannion, Dunbar Trevannion, and Eveleen Hungerford, are boldly sketched, and richly coloured. In the first named, we are presented with a true picture of that unbending pride of ancestry, which is, when duly regulated, an incentive to virtue, and the foe of baseness; but which, on the other hand, if conjoined with weakness of intellect, and irascibility of temper, is the parent of folly, prejudice, and injustice. His character, and that of the pliable and time-serving courtier, Lord Carrington, are happily opposed to each other; and, throughout the book, well sustained. But the character wherein the fair author has put forth all her strength, is that of the consummate villain and arch-hypocrite, Dunbar. There is an intensity of purpose—a keen and cold calculation—a remorseless daring about him, that present altogether as highly-finished a picture of startling crime, as ever emanated from the pen of any writer that we are acquainted with. The character of Lord Villiers also, is, with all its dark shades, its world-stains of libertinism, deeply interesting—although a fallen spirit, he is a bright

one. And Eveleen—sweet Eveleen—she is the very *beau idéal* of what woman *should* be, playful, gentle, mirthful, and bright as her own sunny smile, in hours of sunshine; but, in darker, and stormier seasons—in the hour of peril, when the heroic spirit is called upon to fight the good fight, *then* is she strong *indeed*; ever great in courage, as she is lovely in woman's tenderness. Aura Trevannion is not so much to our taste—there is a want of moral courage, of decision, about her, that sadly disappoints our expectations. We would also suggest, that the character of Arundel Trevannion is not brought sufficiently forward. We lose sight of him early in the work, and see no more of him until nearly the termination of the third volume. Were we to dilate upon the many finely dramatic situations, the graphic and highly-wrought descriptions of scenery, &c., that abound in these volumes, we should far exceed our present limits. We must therefore conclude this hasty notice of a work which has afforded us much gratification, by expressing our sincere hope that its amiable author will still pursue her bright career of fame, to delight the world of taste, and shed lustre over the hemisphere of literature.

Admirers of novels of the old school—of the “good old times” of thirty years ago—will find infinite amusement in perusing “*The Sailor Boy, or the Admiral and his Protégé, in four volumes, by Rosalia St. Clair, author of ‘The Banker’s Daughter of Bristol,’ &c.*” The work is lively and spirited, abounding with incident—with striking situation—and, in fact, possessing *matériel* sufficient for half-a-dozen novels.

“*The Suttee, or the Hindoo Converts, by Mrs. General Mainwaring, Author of ‘Moscow, or the Grandsire, an Historical Tale,’ &c.*” is a far more interesting performance than, from the tone of its Preface, we were prepared to expect. We were apprehensive of missionary cant; but, in this respect, with the exception of a miserable piece of saintly fudge, by way of “Conclusion,” we have been agreeably disappointed. Mrs. Mainwaring is somewhat deficient in experience, as a writer; her style, far from powerful, is too flowery, and affectedly poetic; she runs too much into detail; yet, deriving her notions of the Hindoo character from the writings of Sir William Jones and the Abbé Raynal, she has succeeded in the construction of a picturesque and agreeable story, illustrative of eastern scenery, character, manners, and superstitions. Her invention is superior to her imagination. Many of her incidents are striking, and well con-

ceived; in particular, the suttee of Temora, the wife of Nuradda, Rajah of Eloramoni, and the heroine of the tale, is ably wrought. The descriptions of scenery are, in various instances, such as even a painter might be charmed with.

The XIVth volume of the Waverley Novels completes “*The Bride of Lammermoor.*” The vignette, engraved by Sangster, from a drawing by Duncan, represents the interview between Ravenswood and the sexton, in the burial ground, when the latter is assured of his mistake in regarding the “Master” as a wedding customer. “Am I?” said the old man, looking keenly at him, “troth, and it may be; since, for as brent as your brow is, there is something sitting upon it this day, that is as near akin to death as to wedlock.” The design is spirited and characteristic. So also is the frontispiece, in which, after the death of the wild bull, Lucy Ashton is lying on the ground, her father gazing on the animal in mute astonishment, and Ravenswood with his gun appearing in the thicket. In this plate, the talents of E. Landseer and W. Finden are happily united.

The embellishments of the XVth volume—“*A Legend of Montrose*”—are amongst the least successful that we have seen. The design of the frontispiece, by Lander, is bold and spirited; but the execution is black, hard, and stiff. In the vignette, drawn by Boxall, and engraved by Bacon, the figure of Annot Lyle is deficient in childish simplicity; the whole design is commonplace—pocket-book like; and the engraving is coarse.

In the XVIth volume, we have the commencement of “*Ivanhoe*,” and, from its very amusing “Introduction,” we venture to transcribe the following passage:—

“The name of Ivanhoe was suggested by an old rhyme. All novelists have had occasion, at some time or other, to wish, with Falstaff, that they knew where a commodity of good names was to be had. On such an occasion the author chanced to call to memory a rhyme recording three names of the manors forfeited by the ancestor of the celebrated Hampden, for striking the Black Prince a blow with his racket, when they quarrelled at tennis:—

‘Tring, Wing, and Ivanhoe,
For striking of a blow,
Hampden did forego,
And glad he could escape so.’

The word suited the author’s purpose in two material respects—for, first, it had an ancient English sound; and, secondly, it conveyed no in-

dication, whatever of the nature of the story. He presumes to hold this last quality to be of no small importance. What is called a taking title, serves the direct interest of the bookseller or publisher, who by this means sometimes sells an edition while it is yet passing the press. But if the author permits an over degree of attention to be drawn to his work ere it has appeared, he places himself in the embarrassing condition of having excited a degree of expectation which, if he proves unable to satisfy, is an error fatal to his literary reputation. Besides, when we meet such a title as *The Gunpowder Plot*, or any other connected with general history, each reader, before he has seen the book, has formed to himself some particular idea of the sort of manner in which the story is to be conducted, and the nature of the amusement which he is to derive from it. In this he is probably disappointed, and in that case may be naturally disposed to visit upon the author of the work the unpleasant feelings thus excited. In such a case, the literary adventurer is censured, not for having missed the mark at which he himself aimed, but for not having shot off his shaft in a direction he never thought of."

How seldom is Martin successful in his engravings—how rarely is an engraver found competent to enter into the bold conceptions of that great master! The frontispiece to *Ivanhoe*, with the perspective of which we are by no means satisfied, is by Martin; and we are constrained to add, it is flatly, feebly engraved by Portbury. On the platform of the castle's turret are seen Rebecca and Boisguilbert; the former, at a distance, close to one of the embrasures, exclaiming—"Here I take my stand. Remain where thou art; and if thou shalt attempt to diminish by one step the distance now between us, thou shalt see that the Jewish maiden will rather trust her soul with God, than her honour to the Templar." The figure of Rebecca is abundantly spirited, but it wants dignity—it has too much flutter; and both Rebecca and Boisguilbert are too theatrical in attitude and air.—In the vignette (drawn by Cawse, and engraved by Taylor) we should say that Gurth, the swine-herd, is deficient in that sternness, savageness, and wildness of aspect described by the novelist; nor is his dog, Fangs, sufficiently rough, ragged, and fierce. Wamba, the jester, is in better accordance with the written description.

"*Tales of other Days*, by J. F. A.; with Illustrations by George Cruikshank, engraved by J. Thompson and S. and T. Williams," form a very clever, tasteful, beautiful volume. Ay, the name of George Cruikshank—the

Cruikshank—is itself a host. The Tales, twelve in number, have already appeared before the public in some obscure periodical; but their author has done wisely in revising, and rescuing them from an ignoble fate. In appropriately quaint and familiar phraseology, they present vivid, and—as far as we *moderns* can judge—accurate pictures of *ancient* manners and customs. In humour, force of character, and brilliancy of execution, the cuts are amongst the finest that we have seen, even by the gifted artist whose name appears in the title-page. Superadded to their other merits, the figures have evidently been drawn with due regard to historic propriety of costume.

One of the most extraordinary books of the day—extraordinary in matter rather than manner—is "*An Account of the Great Floods of August, 1829, in the Province of Moray, and adjoining Districts; by Sir Thomas Dick Lauder, Bart., of Fountain-hall, F.R.S.E.*" Of the unexampled flood—or deluge, as it may fairly be termed—of 1829, this is a most striking record, full of wild, thrilling, deeply tragic interest. Sir Thomas Lauder possesses a bold, sketchy, vigorous pen, and a pencil of scarcely inferior illustrative power. The line of rivers, affected by the floods, which he has travelled over, is not less than from 500 to 600 miles in extent: of these rivers he has given two maps; one, as a general view; the other, of the river Findhorn, from Coulterness to Binsness, with the adjacent lands injured by the fierce and ravaging element. In his volume of more than 400 pages, he has also given between sixty and seventy slight but strikingly illustrative sketches, upon copper, shewing the progress of the mighty waters—the past and present state of particular spots—the hairbreadth escapes of individuals—the means resorted to for their preservation, &c. Here we see a despairing group, huddled together upon a little patch of earth, and in momentary expectation that the waters will rise and sweep them away, or cover them for ever;—there, a family taken into a boat from an upper window;—in another place, unfortunate wretches forcing their way through gables, roofs of houses, and chimney-tops, to escape a threatened death. The entire book teems with startling interest. What Sir Thomas Lauder observes of one scene—that it "had an air of unreality about it that bewildered the senses"—may be applied to many—

"Like some of those wild melo-dramatic exhibitions, where nature's operations are out-heroded by the mechanist of a theatre, and

where mountains are thrown down by artificial storms. Never did the unsubstantiality of all earthly things come so perfectly home to my conviction. The hand of God appeared to be at work, and I felt that he had only to pronounce his dread fiat, and millions of such worlds as that we inhabit would cease to exist."

We could fill an entire No. of *LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE* with impressive melo-dramatic narratives from this volume; that of poor Crinckshanks, a publican, is, in particular, deeply affecting. Throwing himself upon a raft, to protect some timber, he was swept down the stream, and the raft dashed to atoms. He clung to a solitary tree against which the raft had struck. Hope, for a moment, revived; but, alas! no boat could reach the tree—the raging vortex of the surrounding current defied all approach. Night came on. For a time, his shouts were heard. They became gradually shorter—less audible and less frequent—they were heard no more!

"What was that?" cried his wife, in a delirious scream—"That was his whistle I heard!"—She said truly. A shrill whistle, such as that which is given with the fingers in the mouth, rose again over the loud din of the deluge, and the yelling of the storm. He was not yet gone. His voice was but cracked by his frequent exertions to make it heard, and he had now resorted to an easier mode of transmitting to his friends the certainty of his safety. For some time his unhappy wife drew hope from such considerations, but his whistles, as they came more loud and prolonged, pierced the ears of his foreboding friends like the ill-omened cry of some warning spirit; and it may be matter of question whether all believed that the sounds they heard were really mortal. Still they came louder and clearer for a brief space; but at last they were heard no more, save in his frantic wife's fancy, who continued to start as if she still heard them, and to wander about, and to listen, when all but herself were satisfied that she could never hear them again."

All the stories, however, are far too long, and too full of detail, for extract.

One strikingly descriptive passage we insert, chiefly for the singular opinion of the writer, which we distinguish by *italics*:—

"Nothing can convey an idea of the violence and velocity of the water that shot away from the whirling sea above the cliffs. It was scarcely possible to follow with the eye the trees and wreck that floated like straws on its surface. The force was as much more than that of a raging ocean as gunpowder ignited within the confined tube of a cannon is more terribly power-

ful than the same material when suffered to explode on the open ground. *I was particularly struck here with an example of the fact, that trees exposed to occasional struggles with torrents, instinctively prepare themselves to resist them.* I observed one tall ash, growing a little way above Randolph's Bridge, covered to at least four-fifths of its height. It was broken over at last, but having been taught by experience to resist the action of water, it was not rent away, whilst all those which had never been visited by floods before were torn up like weeds."

About 700 poor families suffered—many of them lost their all—through this awful visitation. For their relief, about £1,400. were collected. Of the loss, however, sustained in land, in houses, in wood, in cattle, in corn, no estimate can be formed; it was immense. "To give some idea of the loss in the grain crop, one farmer carried to the mill the whole produce of four acres of his best land, and brought home four bolls of very bad meal." In the plain of Forres, the inundation covered a space of something more than twenty square miles.

Never have we seen a work of its class produced with such uniform neatness, such beauty, and even elegance of embellishment, as "*The Northern Tourist, or Stranger's Guide to the North and North West of Ireland; including a particular Description of Belfast, the Giant's Causeway, and every Object of Picturesque Interest in the District referred to: by Philip Dixon Hardy, Esq., M.R.I.A., Author of 'The Picture of Dublin,' 'Essays and Sketches of Irish Life and Character, &c.'*" Besides a beautiful vignette—title—Carrick-a-Rede, Antrim—a Plan of Belfast, and a folding Map of the Northern Division of Ireland, this compact little volume contains nine striking views, engraved upon steel, by Miller, from drawings by Petrie, in a style equal to most, and superior to several of our popular annuals. The subjects are:—Long Bridge and Cave Hill, Belfast—Drogheda, from the Bridge—Narrow Water Castle—Rostrevor—Belfast, from Turf Lodge—Giant's Causeway—Dunluce Castle—Londonderry—and Lough Gill, near Sligo—Nor, in carefulness of research—in accuracy, clearness, and copiousness of description—is the work at all inferior in merit to its graphic illustrations. It abounds with anecdote—with traditional and historical recollections—with vivid sketches of the manners, customs, and superstitions of the natives; and, consequently, it may at any time be taken up for the mere purpose of amusement, as well as for that of inform-

ation. By means of an Index, and a copious Table of Contents, it also affords every facility for instant reference.

We have rarely, if ever, taken cognizance of a work with such unqualified satisfaction, as when it was our task to notice the first volume, published nearly twelve months since, of "*The British Naturalist; or, Sketches of the more interesting Productions of Britain and the Surrounding Sea, in the Scenes which they inhabit; and with relation to the General Economy of Nature, and the Wisdom and Power of its Author.*"* The second volume, devoted to the seasons of Spring and Summer, has just reached us. In a climate so variable as that of Britain," observes the writer, "changes of season are attended with as much difference in the appearances and habits of natural objects as changes of scene; and, therefore, instead of introducing the subject in detached parts, it has been thought better to give, in this volume, a very slight general glance at the natural history of the year, as affected by the motions of the earth, and the changing actions of the sun and moon." To assist the elucidation of this subject, for those who may not be "conversant with descriptive and physical astronomy," a plate, with numerous figures, relating to the seasons and tides, is given. Exclusively of the Introduction, the book is divided into three parts, respectively denominated—The Year—Spring—Summer.—From "Spring," we transcribe the initial paragraph, as a specimen of the author's feeling—of the freshness of his style and manner:—

"Spring is the season at which every man that can get abroad into the fields (and who would live and not inhale the vernal air?) is a naturalist. It is the dawn of life, the emblem of creation. The creatures rejoice. Those which man has domesticated and protected during the inclement months, are affected by their first visit to the fields as if by magic. The horse, even though worn by labour, and pinched by dry and scanty food, canters around and around the field, with arching neck, and nostrils distended, as if he would inhale the whole atmosphere at a breath, snorting aloud, and shaking from his lungs all the impurities of his confinement. Even the steer is a wanton; and the cow, at other seasons the dullest creature that lives, gambols and gallops with all the sportiveness of a kid. Long, indeed, before there is any thing that can please their appetites or satisfy their hunger, there comes upon them a balm in the

gale, a breathing of freshness and vigour, which proves that, even with the lower creatures, life is preferable to the means of living; and that, to all the productions of nature, the first and best of all blessings is the air in which they have their being, tempered by those restless breezes, which make it, at all places, ever new."

In this, as well as in the succeeding portion of the work, more space has been allotted to birds than to any of the other productions of nature, on the ground that "birds are the best animated indexes to the seasons." In particular, the author has some interesting remarks respecting the incubation of the cuckoo. Previously, however, to the appearance of a second edition of this volume, which we doubt not it will speedily reach, we advise him to consult a curious paper of the late Dr. Jenner's upon the subject, in which we always considered the question to have been set at rest. If we mistake not, an abstract or analysis of the paper will be found in a memoir of Dr. Jenner, given in "Public Characters."

"Summer" is executed in a similarly effective manner; and "Autumn," and "Winter," we presume, will occupy the space of the third volume of "*The British Naturalist.*" The wood-cuts, given in the present volume, form excellent illustrations.

Some twelve months since, we noticed, with approval, "*An Introduction to Systematical and Physiological Botany;*" and we have now before us, by the same author—Thomas Castle, F.L.S., Member of the Royal College of Surgeons, &c.—an equally meritorious little volume, entitled "*An Introduction to Medical Botany, illustrated with Coloured Figures.*" The plan of this work, though upon a smaller scale, closely resembles that of its predecessor. It is divided into five Parts, embracing the Elements of Botany—the Linnæan Artificial and Natural Systems, more particularly as connected with the study of medical plants—the Terminology of Botany, explaining the most useful and practical terms employed in medical writings—and Miscellaneous Subjects, consisting of a general arrangement of medical plants, a table of English and systematic names, a general index, and an index to the plates. The last-mentioned compartment greatly enhances the value of the book.

Inscribed, by permission, to "Her Royal Highness Amelia Adelaide Louisa Catherine, Duchess of Clarence," now, "by the grace of God," Queen of Great Britain, &c., we have before us, "*The Anthology; an Annual Reward Book for Midsummer and Christmas, 1830; consisting of Selections*

* Vide LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE, vol. x. page 281.

adapted to the Amusement and Instruction of Youth: by the Rev. J. D. Parry, M.A., of St. Peter's College, Cambridge. I. Voyages and Travels (including Natural History);—II. Tales, Apologues, and Fables;—III. Moral and Elegant Extracts;—IV. Poetry."—If we were pleased with the first volume of this work—as we certainly were—which we noticed a twelvemonth since, we find far greater reason to be pleased with its successor, which is in every respect an improvement on it. Containing "direct extracts (besides numerous references to others) from about eighty authors, and translations from eleven different languages," it happily combines the *utile* with the *dulce*, and is altogether tastefully "got up."

The Cabinet Album, a Collection of Original and Selected Literature, is one of the most respectable compilations of its class; but it has one fault—a recommendation to the purchaser—it is too cheap. On fine paper, with an unusually large page, and an unusually small, though very clear type, the quantity of matter which the volume contains is immense; and from the circumstance of many of its selections having been made from American periodicals, &c., it will, to the majority of readers, present an air of originality.

By what strange chance the poems of "*Rouge et Noir, and Versailles, by William Read, Esq.*" should have reached their third edition—an event of rare occurrence in the present day—without falling under our critical cognizance, their publisher best can tell. For their intrinsic merit we briefly notice them now, and recommend them to the attention of every reader of poetry by whom they may not yet have been seen. "*Rouge et Noir,*" the principal poem, is comprised in six cantos, respectively devoted to the Game—the Salon—the Palais Royal—Frascati—the Sharper—and the Guillotine. Here is ample scope for description, for humour, and for pathos; and in none of these is the author deficient. A single stanza, from the Palais Royal Canto, must, however, suffice as a specimen:—

Here new-come English ladies flock to stare
At all the wonders with their sleepy faces;
I'm often led to think, I do declare,
The ugliest come on purpose to disgrace us:
Their clothes tossed on with pitchforks, as it
were,
And marching more like grenadiers than
Graces!
Whilst Paris dames, who don't approve their
fashion,
Survey them with satirical compassion.

From "*Versailles*"—although our estimate of the *agrément* of that glorious retreat of royalty may not, perhaps, be quite so high as Mr. Read's—we shall be more liberal in our extract:—

Proud spot! it dazzles to behold
The pomp thy palace gates unfold—
Historic roofs, inlaid with gold,
Where many a story,
Traced in Le Brun's deep tints, is told
Of Gallic glory.

And wide and mirror-sheeted walls
Flood with reflected white those halls
That bend on golden capitals,
And architraves,
O'er which the rich acanthus falls
In sculptured leaves.

Thy terraced heights—thy statued ghades—
Thy marble founts—thy curved arcades—
Thy citron groves—thy tissue meads
Of sheeted green
Were fitter for Elysian shades
Than this terrene.

The Paradise of Dante's lays—
The scene where Tasso plucked his bays—
Nor that our Spencer's pen pours trays
Bewitchingly—
No, nor the famed Hesperides
Outrivalled thee!

Walks about Town; a Poem, in Two Cantos, with Notes, and a Memoir of the Authors; by the Antiquated Trio; with Illustrations, by Robert Cruikshank.—In all respects a very flimsy affair, of which the subjoined stanzas exhibit a favourable specimen:—

We went into the Commons' house,
And heard—(Oh! sad confession!)
That all good measures were prorogued
Until some future Session.

We heard men talk of happiness
Among the lower classes;
'Twas only by their ears that we
Distinguished them from asses.

NEW MUSIC.

"*I looked on the Waters;*" Duet, sung at the Nobility's Concerts; composed and arranged with an Accompaniment for the Piano-forte. By Henry R. Phillips—Words by Henry Brandreth, Jun., Esq.

WE are much pleased with this duet, which in its style and character is above mediocrity—for we discover in it that true test of power in a composer, a harmonious agreement between the poetry and the music—sound being as it ever ought to be, the echo of sense. The

than sarsnet, and more supple than *gros de Naples*. It is likely to be much worn during the winter.

Gaze popeline, and *gaze de soie*, are also in favour, particularly in evening dress. Gowns continue to be made of a graceful length in the waist, and with the skirts set on moderately full. Long sleeves are of an easy width from the elbow to the wrist. Some have cuffs arranged in folds which form festoons; others are made with a plain wristband. The upper part of the sleeve is always excessively wide, but it now hangs in graceful folds, the under sleeve not being stiffened. Short sleeves still stand out from the arm, and are worn as large as ever.

A new style of *corsage*, and the only novelty that has yet appeared, is called *corsage Chinois*. It is ornamented with a double *revers* cut in *dents*. These *dents* are bordered with a pointed festoon, and the centre is ornamented with embroideries of coloured silks in Chinese patterns.

The hair is, on the whole, more simply and more becomingly dressed this month. It is still worn high, but the bows and braids are much lighter. A novel and extremely becoming *coiffeure* for young ladies, is formed by a large braid arranged *en couronne* round the summit of the head. A tuft of corkscrew ringlets issues from it, and falls low on one side.

In social parties the hair is much worn turned up in one large bow on the summit of the head, and ornamented with three knots of ribbon of different colours, two of which mingle with the bow of hair behind, and the other droops over the tuft of curls on the left side of the forehead.

The favourite ornament of the hair in evening dress is the *bouquet des Pyrénées*. It is composed of six different flowers, arranged either in a wreath, or in a *bouquet* of six sprigs. In ball dress the foliage is either gold or silver.

The colours most in request are *ponceau*, *vert des Indes*, *rose noisette*, *rose Julienne*, Spanish brown, violet, and lavender.

Monthly View

OF

NEW PUBLICATIONS, MUSIC, THE ENGLISH AND FOREIGN
 DRAMA, THE FINE ARTS, LITERARY AND
 SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE, &c.

To the lover of romance—of dash, spirit, and cleverness—of daring prowess and high military enterprise—of perilous adventure and striking situation—we promise a high treat in the perusal of "*The Heiress of Bruges, a Tale of the Year Sixteen Hundred*; by Thomas Colley Grattan, author of '*Highways and Byways*,' '*Trails of Travel*,' &c." Notwithstanding the work is in four volumes, the interest of the reader is never allowed to sleep—from the commencement to the close, he is hurried on in a state of almost breathless excitement. The story, to a certain extent historical, arises out of the state of the Low Countries, writhing under Spanish oppression, during the government of the Archduke Albert, and his consort Isabella. Its heroine, Theresa, is the daughter of Siger Van Rozenhoed, chief burgomaster of Bruges, a man whose immense wealth originated in the discovery of concealed treasure; its hero—and, of course, the lady's lover—is the chivalrous Count Ivon de

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Bassenveldt, a Colonel of Walloons, in the service of Prince Maurice, of Nassau. Bassenveldt gains Theresa's affections in the character of Lambert Boonen, a supposed secretary, yet resolves to claim her hand only as the Count; thus, while her entire soul is devoted to the quiet, gentle-hearted Lambert, her imagination is excited almost to madness by her admiration of the heroic soldier, whom, in his proper person, she had never seen, and of whose moral character she had received a most unfavourable impression. The plot succeeds, though perhaps somewhat too artificially for the entire satisfaction of the reader. Two of the chief agents of Bassenveldt, in his plans, are Beatrice, a Morisco, and her brother Gaspar; the former, a high-minded enthusiast, of violent and ill-regulated passions, a worshipper of De Bassenveldt, and devoted to his fortunes—so devoted, that, having eloped with him from a convent, she attends him in military attire, and, remaining virtuous, applies all her

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energies to the task of inspiring Theresa with a passion for the idol of her own heart.

If Mr. Grattan's conceptions of character are not, in the first instance, powerfully original, they are very clear, distinct, and most skillfully sustained. Of his *dramatis personæ*, which are exceedingly numerous, no two are alike; the reader incurs no risk of ever confounding one with another. His scenery is sketched with a quick and vivid pencil; in his truly graphic descriptions of ancient houses, churches, castles, &c., he is at once a painter and an antiquary, evincing all the life and freshness of the one, without any of the usual dulness of the other. Of all that is external, he is a most close observer; and, with reference to the topography and localities of Bruges, in particular, where he has some time resided—to the national character, manners, customs, and costume of its inhabitants—we are not aware that equal justice has ever before been awarded.

Mr. Grattan is evidently fond of antithesis;—not antithesis of style, but of character. Thus, the character of Theresa—the gentle, timid, yet firm Theresa—is strikingly contrasted with that of the daring, wild, and impetuous Beatrice. A contrast almost equally forcible presents itself between the real and the assumed character of De Bassenveldt. This produces a boldness of relief, and sensibly, but somewhat melodramatically, heightens the effect. The respective characters are, as we have said, ably sustained; especially those of Bassenveldt, Rozenhoed, Schenck, Don Trovaldo (the Spanish governor of Bruges), Baron Lyderic (the traitor friend of Bassenveldt), Gallagher (a warm-hearted faithful Irish officer), Gaspar the Moor, Theresa, her cousin Madame de Lovenskerke, and Beatrice.

The early portions of this work are more carefully, more elaborately written than the latter, a difference sufficiently to be accounted for by the nature of the story: its commencement is in quietness and repose; its progress and termination are in scenes of battle, blood, and deep emotion.

Many years ago, on reading Southey's "Curse of Kehama," after his "Thalaba the Destroyer," we were forcibly impressed with the idea, that the one had been constructed from the refuse material collected for the other. A similar notion, only we must not here employ the epithet "refuse," crossed our mind on the perusal of "*De L'Orme*, by the Author of '*Richelieu*' and '*Darnley*.'" Mr. James, though an ex-

tensive and industrious reader—a reader of much research, and possessing great skill and judgment in the selection and appropriation of whatever may be suitable for his purpose—is an economist in his reading. Thus, much of the ground which he necessarily passed over, preparatory to his composition of "*Richelieu*," produced a supply beyond what was requisite for the immediate purpose, and therefore he set the superfluous apart for another occasion, which he has readily found in the production of "*De L'Orme*," the scene of which is laid nearly at the same period, and partly also in the same country as that of "*Richelieu*." However successful Mr. James may, in the present instance, have been, this is a mode of proceeding that we cannot recommend; for, as the best of the material collected, will, almost inevitably, be employed in the first work, the natural consequence is, that the second must be inferior.

In his preface to these volumes, Mr. James mentions his discovery, since they were written, that in a certain passage, they present a story similar to a tale that has already appeared. It is curious, that this is the third time, within a brief period, that we have encountered the very striking incident referred to, in different dresses. Where we met with it first, we do not recollect; but the second time was in Grattan's "*Traits of Travels*," and now we find it again in "*De L'Orme*." Mr. James's version is, we think, the best of the three—more simple and more natural than either of the others.

Adopting the auto-biographical form, Mr. James has related, in a fresh, rapid, and glowing style, the personal adventures—amatory, military, political, and miscellaneous—of *De L'Orme*, the young Count de Bigorre, who having, as he believes, killed the brother of his beloved mistress, leaves his father's house, associates with smugglers, is accidentally hurried into the midst of a formidable insurrection in Calabria, is sent on a diplomatic mission to Richelieu, is visited by De Retz (afterwards the cardinal) becomes a partisan of the unfortunate Prince de Soissons, and ultimately is restored to his family and his mistress. Though not invariably of the most probable character, many of *De L'Orme*'s rencontres are bold and striking in effect. The personal conflicts, skirmishes, and battles in which he was engaged, are sketched with great spirit. His interview with the Cardinal de Richelieu, is a fine and beautiful picture. In the description of scenery, too, Mr. James is

eminently successful. De L'Orme's account of his crossing the Pyrennees, with a brief passage from which we shall close this notice, is deeply impressive. De L'Orme was attended by Father Francis, the family priest, a servant, and a guide. A terrific avalanche is succeeded by an equally terrific snow-storm—night comes on—the storm increases in violence—the guide deserts the party—the servant is sent forward in the hope of procuring assistance—De L'Orme's horse is dashed over a precipice—the priest's mule is left behind, and they proceed on foot.

"Every step was dangerous, every step was difficult; nothing but horror and gloom surrounded us on all sides, and death lay around us in a thousand unknown shapes. Wherever we ascended we had to struggle with the full force of the overpowering blast, and wherever the path verged into a descent, there we had slowly to choose our way with redoubled caution, with a road so slippery that it was hardly possible to keep one's feet, and a profound precipice below; while the wind tore us in its fury, and the snow and sleet beat upon us without ceasing. For nearly an hour we continued to bear up against it, struggling onward with increasing difficulties, sometimes falling—sometimes dashed back by the wind, with our clothes drenched in consequence of the snow melting upon us, and the cold of the atmosphere growing more intense as every minute of the night advanced; at length hope itself was wearied out, and at a spot where the ravine opened out into a valley to the right and left, while our path continued over a causeway, with the river on one hand, and a deep dell filled up with snow on the other, Father Francis, who had hitherto struggled on with more vigour than might have been expected from his age, suddenly stopped, and resting on a rock, declared his incapacity to go any farther. 'My days are over, Louis,' said he; 'leave me, and go forward as fast as you can. If I mistake not that is the pass just above Laruns. Speed on, speed on, my dear boy, a quarter of an hour I know would put us in safety, but I have not strength to sustain myself any longer—I have done my utmost, and I must stop.'

"He spoke so feebly, that the very tone of his voice left me no hope that he would be able to proceed, especially across that open part of the valley where we were exposed to the full force of the wind. It already dashed against us with more tremendous gusts than we had yet felt, whirling up the snow into thick columns that threatened every moment to overwhelm us, and I doubted not that the path beyond lay still more open to its fury. To leave the good old man in that situation, was, of course, what I never

dreamed of, and consequently I expressed my own determination to wait there also for the return of Houssaye, who, I deemed, could not be long in coming to search for us.

"'No, Louis, no,' cried Father Francis, 'the wind, the snow, the cold, are all increasing—you must attempt to go on, for, if you do not you will perish also. But first listen to an important piece of information which has been confided to me. As I cannot bear the message myself, you must deliver it to your mother. Tell her—'

"I could hardly hear what he said, his voice was so faint, and the howling of the storm so dreadful; and before he had concluded, a gust of wind more violent than any we had hitherto encountered, whirled round us both with irresistible power. I strove to hold by the rock with all my force, but in vain. I was torn from it as if I had been a straw, and the next moment was dashed with the good priest into the midst of the snow that had collected in the dell below. We sunk deep down into the yielding drift, which rising high above our heads, for a moment nearly suffocated me. Soon, however, I found that I could breathe, and though all hope was now over, I contrived to remove the snow that lay between myself and Father Francis, of whose gown I had still retained a hold. I told him I was safe, and called to him to answer me. He made no reply—I raised his head—he moved not—I put my hand upon his heart—it had ceased to beat!"

With the XVIIth. volume of the *Waverley Novels*, "*Ivanhoe*" is concluded. In the vignette, drawn by Hart, and engraved by Davenport, the Templar in a furious air exclaiming, "Black Dog! I touch not mis-believers, save with the sword; Conrade, take thou the letter from the Jew, and give it to me," the attitudes of both Templar and Jew are constrained and unnatural. Nor is the engraving satisfactory: what should be soft, is dull; what should be fresh and sharp, is hard and stiff. Rebecca, in the frontispiece, by Boxall and Graves, is disproportionately, and out of nature, tall; and so is her fair associate. The fine, and highly intellectual character of the heroine has been wholly lost sight of. The engraving is too black, and without the requisite finish and delicacy of touch.

When the rage for periodical "*Libraries*" will subside, we know not; for the proprietors of the "*Cabinet Cyclopædia*" have announced one, to be called "*The Cabinet Library*," and to consist of *Personal Memoirs*, *detached Historical Pieces*, and *Voyages and Travels*; and we have just received the first volume of "*The Edinburgh*

Cabinet Library; dedicated, by permission, to John Barrow, Esq., F.R.S., one of the Secretaries of the Admiralty; being a Narrative of Discovery and Adventure in the Polar Seas and Regions; with Illustrations of their Climate, Geology, and Natural History; and an Account of the Whale-Fishery: embellished with a correct Chart of the Routes of Discovery; together with Eighteen Engravings by Branstons, exhibiting Picturesque Views of the Arctic Regions, Groups of the Natives, with their Occupations and Pursuits, Natural History; the Whale-Fishery, &c. By Professor Leslie, Professor Jameson, and Hugh Murray, Esq., F.R.S.E. The professed design of this volume is to exhibit a complete and connected view of the successive voyages made to the Arctic Regions; and, further, we are informed that—

“The narrative of these voyages has been carefully drawn from the most authentic sources, by Mr. Hugh Murray; and the most distinguished men of science in Scotland have lent their aid to illustrate that wonderful order of nature which prevails within the Arctic Circle.—Professor Leslie has commenced the volume with a full examination of the climate and its phenomena—subjects so prominent in those high latitudes, that, without a preliminary knowledge of them, the progress of discovery would be but imperfectly understood.—A general survey of all that is known of the geological structure of the same interesting regions is given by Professor Jameson.—The chapter on natural history, though it treats the subject rather in a popular than in a scientific manner, has received the careful revision of a distinguished naturalist.

“The whale-fishery forms an essential branch of the present work.”

Certainly this volume is very neatly “got up,” in size, paper, print, and price, uniform with the new edition of the Waverley Novels. That such a work should present any thing strictly speaking original, was not to be expected; in some form or other, the whole of its contents have been, at different times, before the public; but it is an able compilation, or *rifucimento*, the respective subjects of which are treated of in a plain, sound, philosophical spirit, in ten chapters, thus headed:—The Climate of the Polar Regions—Animal and Vegetable Life in the Polar Regions—Ancient Voyages to the North—Voyages in Search of a North-East Passage—Early Voyages towards the Pole—Early Voyages in Search of a North-West Passage—Recent Voyages for the Discovery of a North-West Passage—Recent Voyages towards the North Pole—The Northern Whale-Fishery—Arctic Geology.

The wood-cuts by which the volume is illustrated, are, in their style of execution, clear and effective.—The succeeding portion of the work, it appears, is to be devoted to discoveries and adventures in Africa, from the earliest to the present time.

For an extended notice of the commencing portion of “*The History of Maritime and Inland Discovery*,” we beg leave to refer the reader to the XIth. volume of *LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE*, page 82. Vol. II., constituting the XIth. volume of Dr. Lardner’s “*Cabinet Cyclopædia*,” is before us; and we have great pleasure in reporting, that it is distinguished, on the part of its author, by an equal extent of reading, industriousness of research, taste, skill, and soundness of judgment, as its precursor. It is exceedingly to be regretted, that the Rev. James Stanier Clarke, historiographer to his late Majesty, was not enabled to proceed with, and complete his copious and elaborate “*History of Maritime Discovery*,” only one quarto volume of which came before the public. On a smaller scale, however, the work now in hand most effectively supplies the *desideratum* which had been long felt and complained of.

As the first volume closed with the first voyage of Columbus, the second naturally commences with, and embraces the succeeding voyages and discoveries of that great navigator, whose name ought never, for a moment, to have been superseded by that of Americus Vesputius. “Popular fables, and the enthusiastic dreams of Columbus, intercepted from him a portion of his glory. He fancied that he had reached the Indies, the favoured seat of luxury and wealth; and would have felt sorry, perhaps, to relinquish that favourite idea for the honour of assuming the rich blazoury of fame to which he was truly entitled, and of giving his name to a new quarter of the world. The illiberal jealousy and reserve of the court of Spain, which throws a shade over the career of all who engage in its service, has contributed not a little to the injustice with which posterity has treated that great man. Amerigo Vespucci was the first who published an account of the newly-discovered countries, and mankind has liberally repaid the information it received.”

Our limits will not suffer us to proceed in detail with the contents of this volume, which comprises the whole of the Spanish and Portuguese discoveries—Voyages to the North—Settlements in the East, in North America, and in Africa—Voyages to the South Sea and the Pacific—Discovery of

Australia—Expeditions of the Buccaneers, and voyages of privateers and others to the South Sea—and Discoveries of the Russians, down to the year 1760. A wide and interesting field, it is evident, yet remains open for the succeeding volume or volumes.—The author of this work, whoever he may be, is a man of high talent—ninety-nine *per cent.* above most of his fellow-labourers—great as may be the names which they possess—in the “Cabinet Cyclopædia.” His book, in style, manner, and matter, is a genuine *English* book; undisturbed by the slovenly barbarisms of Sir Walter Scott, in his *History of Scotland*, or by the wild Irishisms of the man who huddled together the volume on Domestic Economy.

Than the once “great unknown” author of the Waverley Novels, no man can be better qualified to write upon the superstitions of past and present ages; it was therefore under no slight degree of excitement that we took up “*Letters on Demonology and Witchcraft, addressed to J. G. Lockhart, Esq., by Sir Walter Scott, Bart.,*” and forming one of the volumes of the Family Library. These letters, ten in number, are comprehensive in their character, interesting and curious in their details; one of Sir Walter Scott’s courses of reading having opened to him rich and almost inexhaustible stores of all that relates to demonology, witchcraft, divination, astrology, fairies, ghosts, visions, and all the immense variety of superstitions by which, since the creation of the world, the human mind has been excited, influenced, and deluded. He informs us, however, that his information is only miscellaneous—that he makes no pretensions, either to combat the systems of those by whom he is anticipated in consideration of the subject, or to erect any system of his own, his purpose being, after a general account of demonology and witchcraft, to confine himself to narratives of remarkable cases, and to the observations which naturally and easily arise out of them. In a book designed for the multitude, this was probably the wisest plan to pursue; and, assuredly, it will be for the narratives themselves, not for the philosophy or reasoning by which they are accompanied, that the work will be read. It has always been understood, and not without sufficient reason, that Sir Walter indulged in the belief of supernatural appearances, warnings, tokens, &c. Notwithstanding the numerous explanations and speculations here offered, there is nothing in the work before us that substantially refutes this opinion. “The

general, or, it may be termed, the universal belief of the inhabitants of the earth, in the existence of spirits separated from the encumbrance and incapacities of the body,” observes Sir Walter, “is grounded on the consciousness of the divinity that speaks in our bosoms, and demonstrates to all men, except the few who are hardened to the celestial voice, that there is within us a portion of the divine substance, which is not subject to the law of death and dissolution, but which, when the body is no longer fit for its abode, shall seek its new place, as a sentinel dismissed from his post.” Again, he tells us, “These spirits, in a state of separate existence, being admitted to exist, *are not, it may be supposed, indifferant to the affairs of mortality, PERHAPS NOT INCAPABLE OF INFLUENCING THEM.*” And, towards the close of the first letter, we find the passage here subjoined:—

“I have now arrived, by a devious path, at the conclusion of this letter, the object of which is to shew, from what attributes of our nature, whether mental or corporeal, arises that predisposition to believe in supernatural appearances. *It is, I think, conclusive, that mankind, from a very early period, have their minds prepared for such events by the consciousness of a supernatural world, inferring in the general proposition the undeniable truth, that each man, from the monarch to the beggar, who has once acted his part on the stage, continues to exist, and may again, even in a disembodied state, if such is the pleasure of Heaven, for aught we know to the contrary, be permitted to mingle or remain amongst those who yet remain in the body. The abstract possibility of apparitions must be admitted by every one who believes in a Deity, and his superintending omnipotence.* But imagination is apt to intrude its explanations and inferences founded on inadequate evidence. Sometimes our violent and inordinate passion, originating in sorrow for our friends, remorse for our crimes, our eagerness for patriotism, or our deep sense of devotion—these or other violent excitements of a moral character, in the visions of night, or rapt extacy of the day, persuade us that we witness with our eyes and ears, an actual instance of that supernatural communication, the possibility of which cannot be denied. At other times, the corporeal organs impose upon the mind, while the eye, and the ear, diseased, deranged, or misled, convey false impressions to the patient. Very often the mental and physical deceptions exist at the same time; and men’s belief of the phenomena presented to them, however erroneously, by the senses, is the firmer, and more readily granted, that the physical impression corresponded with the mental excitement.”

A strong mental illusion of the moment is thus happily enough illustrated by an incident which occurred to the writer himself:—

“Not long after the death of a late illustrious poet, who had filled, while living, a great station in the eye of the public, a literary friend, to whom the deceased had been well known, was engaged, during the darkening twilight of an autumn evening, in perusing one of the publications which professed to detail the habits and opinions of the distinguished individual who was now no more. As the reader had enjoyed the intimacy of the deceased to a considerable degree, he was deeply interested in the publication, which contained some particulars relating to himself and other friends. A visitor was sitting in the apartment, who was also engaged in reading. Their sitting-room opened into an entrance-hall, rather fantastically fitted up with armour, skins of wild animals, and the like. It was when laying down his book, and passing into this hall, through which the moon was beginning to shine, that the individual of whom I speak saw, right before him, and in a standing posture, the exact representation of his departed friend, whose recollection had been so strongly brought to his imagination. He stopped for a single moment, so as to notice the wonderful accuracy with which fancy had impressed upon the bodily eye, the peculiarities of dress and posture of the illustrious poet. Sensible, however, of the delusion, he felt no sentiment save that of wonder at the extraordinary accuracy of the resemblance, and stepped onwards towards the figure, which resolved itself, as he approached, into the various materials of which it was composed. These were merely a screen, occupied by great coats, shawls, p'laids, and such other articles as usually are found in a country entrance-hall. The spectator returned to the spot from which he had seen the illusion, and endeavoured, with all his power, to recal the image which had been so singularly vivid. But this was beyond his capacity; and the person who had witnessed the apparition, or, more properly, whose excited state had been the means of raising it, had only to return into the apartment, and tell his young friend under what a striking hallucination he had for a moment laboured.”

The succeeding is a case of a very different character—a case in which physical disease induced mental aberration:—

“A patient of Dr. Gregory, a person, it is understood, of some rank, having requested the Doctor's advice, made the following extraordinary statement of his complaint. ‘I am in the habit,’ he said, ‘of dining at five, and exactly as the hour of six arrives, I am subjected to the

following painful visitation. The door of the room, even when I have been weak enough to bolt it, which I have sometimes done, flies wide open; an old hag, like one of those who haunted the heath of Forres, enters with a frowning and incensed countenance, comes straight up to me with every demonstration of spite and indignation which could characterize her who haunted the merchant Abudah, in the Oriental tale; she rushes upon me; says something, but so hastily, that I cannot discover the purport, and then strikes me a severe blow with her staff. I fall from my chair in a swoon, which is of longer or shorter endurance. To the recurrence of this apparition I am daily subjected. And such is my new and singular complaint.’ The Doctor immediately asked, whether his patient had invited any one to sit with him when he expected such a visitation? He was answered in the negative. The nature of the complaint, he said, was so singular, it was so likely to be imputed to fancy, or even to mental derangement, that he had shrunk from communicating the circumstance to any one. ‘Then,’ said the Doctor, ‘with your permission, I will dine with you to-day, *tête-à-tête*, and we will see if your malignant old woman will venture to join our company.’ The patient accepted the proposal with hope and gratitude, for he had expected ridicule rather than sympathy. They met at dinner; and Dr. Gregory, who suspected some nervous disorder, exerted his powers of conversation, well known to be of the most varied and brilliant character, to keep the attention of his host engaged, and prevent him from thinking on the approach of the fated hour, to which he was accustomed to look forward with so much terror. He succeeded in his purpose better than he had hoped. The hour of six came almost unnoticed, and it was hoped, might pass away without any evil consequence; but it was scarce a moment struck when the owner of the house exclaimed, in an alarmed voice—‘The hag comes again!’ and dropped back in his chair in a swoon, in the way he had himself described. The physician caused him to be let blood, and satisfied himself that the periodical shocks of which his patient complained arose from a tendency to apoplexy.”

These two isolated passages are selected, from their comparative brevity, by no means as amongst the most striking in the work, which, as we have already intimated, abounds with the curious and the interesting. Nothing, however, can be more unsatisfactory than the dozen of lines that are devoted to the extraordinary death of Lord Lyttleton. “The unfortunate nobleman,” it is here stated, upon some authority not given, “had previously determined to take poison,

and of course had it in his own power to ascertain the execution of the prediction." *Fudge!* In candour, too, the extraordinary intimation received by Lord Lyttleton's friend, Miles Peter Andrews, respecting the decease of the former, and recorded by the latter, ought to have been related. The exact circumstance has escaped our recollection; but there was also another simultaneous intimation, which occurred in India, connected with Lord Lyttleton's death. The poisoning story would not account for these; they may therefore serve as future themes for the exercise of Sir Walter's ingenuity and skill.

This book, which, amongst much that is good, contains a great quantity of twaddle, will accomplish little towards the extermination of a belief in ghosts. In his attempted refutations, the reasonings of the author are neither forcible nor solid: Sir Walter rarely seems to be in earnest on the subject.

By the author of "Economy of the Hands and Feet," noticed some months since in *LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE*, we are now furnished with "*Economy of the Teeth, Gums, and Interior of the Mouth; including the Medical, Mechanical, and Moral Treatment of the most frequent Diseases and Accidents incidental to the Structure and Functions of those Delicate Parts, &c.*" Without any improper interference with the duties of the dentist, this is a sensible and useful little volume. In addition to the requisite instructions for cleansing, preserving, and managing the teeth, and for purifying the breath, it contains a variety of recipes, with directions for the preparation of roots, sponges, tooth-powders, &c.; and, what ought to be known, and attended to in every family, the best modes of preventing infection in cases of fever and other contagious disorders. Amongst other disinfecting substances, and the modes of making and using them, our attention is specially directed to M. Labarraque's recent discovery of the virtues of the chlorurets of the oxides of sodium and lime—preparations which, it has been ascertained, have greater power in destroying putrid and offensive effluvia, arising from animal matter in a forward state of decomposition, than any agents previously known.

Some lady, more zealous than wise, we opine, has published "*A Call to Women of all Ranks in the British Empire, on the Subject [of what, thinkest thou, gentle reader?] the National Debt!*" The idea is that of a sinking fund, with compound interest, to be raised by abstaining from finery and superfluity in dress, from operas, balls, &c.; and,

to evince her sincerity, the fair author generously offers a donation of £100. to commence with. This little brochure (into the details of which we cannot enter) will be found to contain some amusement.—Should his Grace the Duke of Wellington happen to resign, or to be turned out, we earnestly recommend this political economist of the gentle sex to tender her services to His Majesty as his successor. Amongst the novelties of a new reign, not the least striking would be that of a female premier.

NEW MUSIC.

The Rudiments of Harmony, with a short Account of the Instruments used in an Orchestra.
By G. Herbert Rodwell.

WE have always considered Mr. Rodwell as a talented man, a clever composer, and particularly skilful in instrumental arrangements, which, with the circumstance of his being a favourite pupil of Mr. Bishop, excited our expectations very highly with regard to the forthcoming volume. We regret to say how much we have been disappointed. The book is not only a rudimental, but a really imperfect rudimental work, and does not contain half the information which is absolutely necessary in an introduction to any science; and with regard to the definitions in which, from the author's preface, we had been led to expect explanations particularly lucid, and void of all technicalities, we will instance one as a specimen (No. 3, page 12). "All notes forming harmonies are derived from the scale itself which form the harmonies to each note of that scale." We confess this passes our comprehension. There are a few useful observations in the chapters on instruments, but much more might have been inserted in the same space, by curtailing some of the articles which are inordinately spun out, such as the remarks on the Scale of the Trumpet, where five pages might be well compressed to two without loss of matter. We can only hope that this has been a mere pilot balloon sent off to try the wind of public opinion, and that the author will really put his shoulder to the wheel at a future opportunity.

"*Hasten o'er the Lea.*" *Ballad.* By Henry Foss.

The author and composer of this pretty ballad are one and the same, a combination which we are always glad to see. If we cannot compliment him on a very high vein of poetry, it is at least pleasing and inoffensive. The accompaniment contains rather too many chromatics, to suit our notions of the ballad

the bottom of the sleeves, with *ruches* composed of plain blond. Crape and velvet are the materials used for dress hats, and blond lace is employed to ornament both. If the hat is trimmed with winter flowers, there are two *bouquets*, and the blond lace drapery which ornaments the crown is so disposed as to shade one of them. If feathers are used, then the drapery forms a separate ornament, not mixing at all with the feathers. Blond lace is also employed to trim the *nœuds* which ornament the inside of the brim. If blond is not used, a feather, or a sprig of silver foliage supplies its place. The new colour, *immortelle*, is most in favour for velvet hats, though many fair beauties still prefer black. Blue and rose are the favourite colours for crape hats, but white is more worn than either.

Blond lace caps are in great favour in full dress; they are smaller than they

have been during the last sixth months, and are trimmed with much lightness and taste; the most elegant have a wreath of small flowers extremely delicate, and of various colours, placed immediately over the forehead.

One of the most fashionable head-dresses of hair is composed of a braid, arranged *en corbeille*, on the summit of the head; the centre is filled by a tuft of corkscrew ringlets.

Chinese *coiffeures* are seldom worn but by young persons; they are frequently ornamented with ribbons only, which are arranged in two short bows, with long ends falling on one side.

Various shades of green, *pensée*, *vapeur*, grey, brown, and red, are in request. Dark colours are preferred, with the exception of rose-colour, citron, and blue, which, when worn in grand costume, are generally of delicate shades.

Monthly View

OF

NEW PUBLICATIONS, MUSIC, THE ENGLISH AND FOREIGN DRAMA, THE FINE ARTS, LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE, &c.

DEARLY do we love to accompany a clever, well-educated woman on her travels: her perceptions are so quick, her impressions so vivid, her observations so acute, her remarks so piquant;—Oh! it is a thousand times preferable to rambling about with one of the philosophic lords of the creation, who does every thing by line and rule—who cannot climb a mountain without stopping to give you its dimensions at its base and summit, its angle of acclivity, its altitude in feet and inches, and a thousand other minutiae, that, in the aggregate, amount to—nothing. And, after all, he bewilders rather than enlightens his reader: he relates, without exciting interest; he describes, without bringing the object before us; he produces no picture—he neither makes us see nor feel. This, at least, is the case with many of our scientific, or would-be thought scientific male travellers. It is not so with the lady whose two handsome yet unpretending octavos now lie before us: *she* carries her readers with her—they do not follow, lagging slowly behind. We are alluding to the "*Narrative of a Journey Overland from England, by the Con-*

tinent of Europe, Egypt, and the Red Sea, to India; including a Residence there and Voyage Home, in the years 1825, 26, and 27, by Mrs. Colonel Elwood." A journey overland to India by a lady! Who would have dreamt of such an undertaking? Mrs. Elwood, however, has heroically set the example, and we shall not be at all surprised to see it extensively followed. To those who are so disposed, she may say, with Abernethy—"Read my book;" for in the said book may be found all the useful information for which a professed "Guide" might be consulted, without any of the formality and dulness of such works.

Mrs. Elwood, as we learn, is the daughter of E. J. Curteis, Esq., M.P., for the county of Sussex, and sister to Mrs. Elphinstone, to whom, in the form of letters, her travels are addressed. Accompanying her husband, she started from East Bourne, on the 8th of October, 1825; and, proceeding by the way of Paris, Geneva, Turin, Genoa, Pisa, Florence, Rome, Naples, Messina, Malta, Alexandria, Cairo, Thebes, Cosseir, Yambo, Djidda, Hodeida, Mocha, and the Straits of

Babel Mandel, she arrived at Bombay on the 29th of July, 1826; the days of travelling, by land, amounting to thirty-five, and by sea, sixty-nine; making a total of one hundred and four days.

Shortened as we are in space, it cannot be expected of us to proceed, stage by stage, with our fair traveller. No, all that we can attempt is to be with her here and there; and, by a few excerpts, to convey to the readers of *LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE*, some faint idea of her style and manner, and of what she saw and what she felt.

Of course, we can look for nothing very new or striking near home; yet, as a happy style of painting, rather than of describing—for we seem to see the very spot referred to—it is worth while to quote Mrs. Elwood's notice of the Appian Way, at Pompeii:—

“The Via Appia is a tolerably wide street, with its ancient pavement in a far better condition than the modern at Rome. There are still elevated *trottoirs* on the sides for foot passengers, and the marks of wheels are even now visible. There are the remains of shops on both sides, the walls of all of them painted, and the colours and designs perfectly fresh, as if but just finished. The generality of them are very small, and reminded us of those in the Burlington Arcade, which they resemble as to magnitude, and they are also very like the bazaars in Oriental cities. In the public baking-house, in which bread was found when it was first discovered, is an oven, which, though some thousand years old, might even yet be used; and on a marble slab in a coffee-house, are the marks of cups, as if but recently set down! Indeed, everything looked so completely as if the town had just been deserted, that we could have almost expected to meet with some ancient Roman lingering in his native city; but in these places, which some centuries ago resounded with the cheerful hum of men, solitude and desolation now reign, and the only living objects besides ourselves and our guide, were a wild bandit-looking shepherd, conducting his sheep over pillars of marble, and through stately edifices half buried in ashes. The amphitheatre is in such wonderful preservation, that it might still serve for spectacles and shows, and from the top there is a fine view of Mount Vesuvius. The villa of Marcus Arrius Diomedes is in an affectingly perfect state; it really seemed so indelicate, penetrating into the haunts and apartments of a private family, that we half expected to have encountered some of them, coming to ask us the motives for our intrusion, and to chide us for our impertinent curiosity. The illusion at the moment was so strong that we forgot the many centuries that had elapsed since the poor master attempted to

flee from destruction, with the keys of his house and a purse of gold in his hand, and when the unfortunate females sought for refuge in the subterranean apartments, where seventeen skeletons were subsequently discovered.”

Were it practicable—which it is not—we should much like to introduce two curious and interesting scenes—an Arab Harem, at Hodeida; and a Jahrejah's Zenana, at Bhooj, to both of which Mrs. Elwood had the good fortune to be admitted. At the first of these, she observes:—

“They received me with the utmost cordiality and delight, the principal lady, Zaccara, as I found she was called, making me sit down by her side, caressingly taking my hand, presenting me with a nosegay, and after previously tasting it, offering me coffee, which was brought on a silver tray, in the usual beautiful little china cups. It was, however, so perfumed that I could scarcely drink it. She did the honours, and appeared as superior to the others in manners and address, as an English lady would be to her maid-servants. Her figure was light and slender—her features pretty and delicate—her countenance lively and intelligent—whilst her manners, which were peculiarly soft and pleasing, were at the same time both affectionate and sprightly.”

In the second instance, the Rannee, the wife of the ex, and the mother of the present Rao,

“Received us most courteously, and with as much grace as an English princess could have done. She was a pretty woman, with soft languishing eyes, very white teeth, and an agreeable and expressive countenance. Her costume was a handsome sarree, much worked with gold, and her arms, ankles, and throat were loaded with gorgeous bangles and neck-laces of pure gold; a number of handsome pearls were in her hair, and massy rings in her nose and ears, but her ornaments were rather heavy than elegant, and more valuable than brilliant.”

Of the Turks, and of their devotion to the sex, Mrs. Elwood appears to entertain an extraordinarily favourable opinion.

“I am inclined to think, that all we are told of the imprisonment of a ~~harem~~ is a great mistake. I suspect the Turkish ladies are under no greater restraint than princesses and ladies of rank are in our country; and the homage that is paid them seems infinitely greater. The seclusion of the harem appears to be no more than the natural wish of an adoring husband to guard his beloved from even the knowledge of the ills and woes that mortal man betides. Whilst he himself dares danger in every form,

he wishes to protect 'his lady-bird'—'the light of his harem,' from all trouble and anxiety. He would fain make her life 'a fairy tale;' he would not even let 'the winds of heaven visit her face too roughly;' and, as we carefully enshrine a valuable gem, or protect a sacred relict from the profane gaze of the multitude, so does he, on the same principle, hide from vulgar ken, his best, his choicest treasure—'his ain kind dearie.' The Turks, in their gallantry, consider the person of a woman sacred; and the place of her retreat, her harem, is always respected. Nay, there have been instances where persons have fled for protection to their enemy's seraglio, and been thereby saved; so that I found, that in Egypt I was likely to be the guardian of the party, and that in my utter helplessness I might possibly be a panoply from danger to my protectors themselves. In fact, Mr. Salt seriously recommended that I should always carry all our most valuable papers and money about me for safety."

Again:—

"We saw Turks on donkeys, and Mamelukes on horseback, 'pride in their port, defiance in their eye,' riding down every one before them, purposely and offensively sticking out their tremendous shovel-shaped stirrups; one chieftain, in particular, seemed to wish to evince in what utter contempt he held the Franks; but when he saw a *female* among the party, it is impossible to describe the change that instantaneously took place in his whole demeanour; the proud and contemptuous air with which he surveyed the gentlemen, was to me altered to one of the most perfect courtesy and civility; and the most polished Frenchman could not have reined in his steed with more grace, or have expressed more gentlemanly regret at my being annoyed or alarmed by my donkey accidentally running against his horse. Though it was evident he held the Christians in abhorrence, he saw that I was a *woman*, and he treated me with deference and respect. Indeed, I must say for the Turks, in general, whatever their faults may be, that their manners towards our sex as far exceed those of our countrymen in courtesy, as their graceful costume surpasses that of the Franks in magnificence and grandeur."

Howsoever reluctantly—for we could transcribe for a week—we must close these agreeable volumes with one more extract—a passage illustrating the state of society at Bombay:—

"Figure to yourself a country town, in the most remote parts of Scotland or Ireland, where the post and London newspapers do not arrive more than once a fortnight, or not so often—where local interests occupy the whole attention—where official situation gives consequence and

importance—and join to these, an enervating and depressing climate, which renders every employment an exertion, and some idea may be formed of Bombay.

"General politics and literature, the beaux arts, and public amusements, are seldom touched upon, and in their place is substituted party politics, local news, private character, and, from the want of something more amusing, not unfrequently scandal. The greater part of the community come out to India in their 'musically sounding teens;' a period when the human mind is, generally speaking, totally unacquainted with the world, and alike ignorant and unformed; and though there are, certainly, instances of persons who have subsequently taken the trouble to acquire that best of education which is the result of individual exertion and application, yet, perhaps, India is not the best place in the world to form either the character or the manners; and to study when it is not absolutely necessary, is a drudgery, to which young people are not often inclined voluntarily to submit, particularly when just emancipated from restraint, and in a country where the climate at once induces to, and offers an excuse and apology for, indolence.

"Manners formed in a provincial town are seldom very first-rate; and in India, I should say, generally speaking (though of course with numerous exceptions), those who have resided *least* at a presidency, are as superior to those who, from duty or inclination, have been constantly fixed there, as the unaffected, unpretending, "country gentleman" in England is preferable to the important and consequential 'Burra Sahib' of the county town."

To the ladies, in particular, we recommend Mrs. Elwood's work, as calculated to afford them both amusement and information of the most pleasing character. We have to add, that it is illustrated by five views of scenery, public buildings, &c.

The twelfth volume of Dr. Lardner's "Cabinet Cyclopædia" commences "*The History of France, by Eyre Evans Crowe.*" In how many volumes the work is to be completed, we are not apprised; but, as the first volume brings the history down to the death of Henry IV., in 1610, it is probable that one, or at the most two more, will suffice to exhibit rapidly, and in a condensed form, the march of events to the present time. For such a task Mr. Crowe is eminently qualified. At a glance, as it were, his eye takes in the theatre of centuries. His style is neat, clear, and pithy; and his power of condensation enables him to say much, and effectively, in a few words—to present a distinct and perfect picture in a

narrowly circumscribed space. He has none of the loose, flimsy, wire-drawing, hammering-out of Sir Walter Scott; none of the affected philosophy and Scotch metaphysics of Sir James Mackintosh. Always excepting "The History of Maritime and Inland Discovery," we are disposed to regard Mr. Crowe's as by far the best historic volume that has yet been introduced to the world by Dr. Lardner.

Could enthusiasm alone constitute poets and philosophers, "Charles Doyme Sillery, author of 'Vallery,' 'Eldred and Erin,' &c.," would be at the summit of each class. His "*Essay on the Creation of the Universe, and Evidences of the Existence of God*," is full of enthusiasm, full of piety, and of good meaning and feeling of all sorts. We must confess, however, that he is more to our taste as a poet than as a philosopher. But, let us hear something about Mr. Sillery from his own pen. To search after knowledge, he tell us, has ever been his greatest delight. "My childhood was spent in the study of the sciences, and my whole soul devoted, at that time, to these my favourite pursuits. Often have I sat on the green slope of a sunny bank, apart from my playful schoolfellows, by the side of the silver-flowing Tweed, pondering on the works of Newton, Ferguson, Franklin, Bacon, and Paley—many, and many a quiet night have I stood, in the solitude of my own soul, watching the apparent movement of the stars, when the heavens seemed sweeping over the slumbering country; and thinking, with tear-brimmed eyes, of the mighty philosophers who had once lived in this little world before me, till I had poetically fancied them the spirits of the stars, that shone so brilliantly above me." And then he adds that he can never forget "the rapturous impression" that the first reading of Dr. Chalmers's *Astronomical Discourses* made upon his youthful mind. Yes, this we can readily believe; for Dr. C.'s very ungrammatical, very un-English, very unscientific, very bombastic discourses, are calculated, beyond any book with which we are acquainted, to drive a boy, or a half-educated youth, of a sanguine temperament, mad. However, the effect upon Mr. Sillery was not so bad. "My cheeks," says he, "were seldom free from tears—but they were tears of inexpressible pleasure, and I felt such an unspeakable ecstasy in pouring forth my feelings and my prayers to Almighty God in the peaceful stillness of the night, that I never envied the head which was laid in placid forgetfulness on the downy couch of sleep."

And then Mr. Sillery constructed a telescope of high power, and devoted himself to the study of astronomy; after which, he took, in succession, chemistry, mineralogy, conchology, botany, zoology, ornithology, entomology, geology, and all the other ologies, physics, and metaphysics, till he "had completed the whole round of natural philosophy." His next object was "to collect materials for a museum;" and Mr. Sillery has no hesitation in saying, that he possessed "one of the finest collections of native insects and minerals in the country;" besides every thing in all the world that can be enumerated in the catalogue of a naturalist and an antiquary. And then he lived "apart from all society," in a little world of his own, and "finished an astronomical work of 700 *closely written folio pages*"—yet unpublished;—and then he undertook "a volume of mechanics and mélange of natural philosophy;"—and then he "invented a self-acting machine, of very singular construction" (thought to embrace the perpetual motion!) an account of which it is his intention to publish;—and then he commenced a *Series of Philosophical Letters*, which, with the folio volume on astronomy, "is offered to any publisher;"—and then he fitted up a regular laboratory, with furnaces, retorts, stills, bottles of every description; and earths, and acids, and alkalis of every kind;—and then he made an electrifying machine, a galvanic battery, a compass, a thermometer, a barometer, and a steam engine;—and then he went to sea;—and then he returned to his native country, and poured forth his whole heart in "Vallery," and "Eldred of Erin;"—and now, by way of climax, he has produced his "*Essay on the Universe*," not in 700 folio, but in 138 *duodecimo* pages.

Such is a rough sketch of the autobiography of Mr. Sillery, for the leading events of which, it would seem, we are indebted to Dr. Chalmers, to whom the little volume before us is dedicated.

Now, as to his system itself, its author shall speak of that also:—

"Though Sir Isaac Newton tells us that the sun is an immense globe of devouring fire, and I believe it to be inhabited with beings like those of our earth—though Whiston supposes the comets to be the abodes of the damned, and I can *prove* that they are capable of being inhabited by creatures similar, in every respect, to ourselves—though Brewster may believe the nucleus of the sun to be the magazine from which its heat is discharged, and its phosphorescent mantle the region where its light is

general; while I conceive the body of the sun to be as cold as that of our earth, and its luminous mantle only the *cause* of its heat, I have not the presumption for a moment to suppose that any thing I may advance, can in the slightest degree affect the fame of those mighty philosophers who have trodden the celestial path before me, and 'whose glory hath gone forth to the ends of the earth.' "

Some of Mr. Sillery's leading opinions—assumptions rather, for we must take leave to say, that, though he over and over again assures us he will *prove* every thing, while in fact he *proves* nothing—are, "*that every PLANET in the system was originally a COMET; and that every COMET will finally become a PLANET;*"—that "as the sun is the largest orb, and moreover the centre of our system, it is natural to conclude that it first came into existence;" and that "our cluster [of comets, we believe] is not yet purified—other bodies are forming in its ethereal regions—the comets of our sun alone may be yearly increasing in number—another moon, at some future period, may revolve around the earth [and then we shall have no farther occasion for gas-lights—unless on cloudy nights]—Mercury and Venus may yet have satellites, and the sun a thousand planets."

In this manner we could, through the aid of Mr. Sillery's Essay, amuse, if not instruct, the reader for another hour; but, as our limits forbid us to enter into the detail of his system, which is just of that fanciful and speculative character which might be expected from a pupil of Dr. Chalmers, we must conclude. The fullest credit is due to Mr. Sillery for his religious, moral, and benevolent feelings.

"*Joe Oxford, or the Runaway; by the Author of 'Ned Clinton,' &c.;*" is the history of a foundling—and a very amusing history it is. Plot, or any thing resembling a plot it cannot be said to possess; but it unfolds a series of adventures which befall its hero, who had been placed by his parents, of whose name and station in life he is ignorant, in the Foundling Hospital. Thence he makes his escape, when about fourteen, by the aid of another youth somewhat older, with whom he had formed a strict and close friendship. From this period, the reader has to trace the progress of the fugitives together, through a variety of busy scenes, laughable adventures, and strange reverses of fortune. To speak of the conduct of the story, however, or of the moral of the work, would be a vain attempt, for it has neither the one nor the other. Its chief merit con-

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sists in presenting a bold and vivid picture—at times, somewhat overcharged, perhaps—of human character in its worst varieties of knavery, selfishness, folly, falsehood, and hypocrisy. There is material enough in the three volumes before us, for half-a-dozen novels of the present day; for the bustle of the scene—more especially in the two first volumes—never flags, even for a moment; one adventure, one hair-breadth escape follows another, in such rapid succession, that we have scarcely breathing time; a rare qualification, by-the-by, to those who read *merely* for amusement, without looking to style—for the author goes on, full gallop, *right a-head*, without stopping to pick and cull his words and phrases. We should say that he has taken Le Sage for his model; and it is but just to add, that, in some scenes, he evinces a breadth of humour that would not have disgraced the pen of his mirth-provoking prototype. Of his sketches of character, those, perhaps, which amuse us the most, are—the Wesleyan preacher and his family—De Fleur, the French dentist—the old beau, Sir George Channing—and the, at *one* time, radical retailer of obscenity and blasphemy, who is afterwards white-washed, and becomes the vender of religious tracts. All these are well conceived, and happily executed; being, we have no doubt, portraits from life. The first-named has, however, been better given in the *Spiritual Quixotte*; and the superannuated, love-sick beau, is only another version of Lord Ogleby. The morning call, on the Misses Brown, the bright charmers of a Bath ball-room, is also good—and highly dramatic, where the one is discovered night-capped, gownless, and slip-shod, at the washing-tub; and the other, with tresses dishevelled, and bosom bare, at the ironing-board. The *detail*, also, of the scene—the stays, the combs, the false curls, carmine, court-plaster, &c.—which are strewed about in admired disorder, form a subject worthy of the pencil of Cruickshank. To be brief—as our limits oblige us to be—to those who read for the purpose of enjoying a hearty laugh at human nature—or, rather, this strange world which makes *man* what he too often is—we recommend "*Joe Oxford*," as a specific for the blue-devils of December.

We have long considered Mr. Kennedy to be a poet of promise; and "*The Arrow and the Rose, with other Poems*," by that gentleman, would have stamped the conviction on our minds, had we entertained any doubt upon the subject. His "*Fitful Fancies*" were, indeed, many of them, more than suf-

ficiently wild and *fitful*; still they gave earnest of genius—beautiful and powerful genius; and, in his second little volume, we are not disappointed. We must not conceal, however, that we expect much more from him hereafter. At times, he is touchingly graceful, tender, and pathetic; but, too often, he is careless in his thoughts, and slovenly in his modes of expression. The story of "The Arrow and the Rose" is that of the loves of Henry IV., of Navarre, when Prince of Bearne, and Fleurette, the gardener's daughter of Gascony. Absence smothers, though it does not extinguish the youthful affections of Henry; the pure light of the gentle, the lovely, the virtuous Fleurette is deserted for another flame—a loose one; Fleurette pines, sickens, is heart-broken; Henry sees her, by accident, near their trysting-place in happier times; his passion revives; he seeks, finds her, and obtains the promise of a secret meeting, by the accustomed fountain; *she* is punctual, to the moment, but *he*, through an unforeseen contingency, is past his time; he finds her not; "an arrow and a withered rose," pledge and token of his earliest love, meet his eye; and with them is "a fairy note."

"What may we not be doomed to feel
On severing of a tiny seal!
All that soothes and all that maddens,—
All that elevates and saddens."

The note contains these lines:—

"By the Fountain seek for me!
There I told thee I should be,
Let what would betide to thee.
Pass thou may'st without perceiving
Her thou partedst without grieving;
Though thy love no longer burn,
I shall wait for thy return.
Search again and thou shalt have me;
All is well—O! God forgive me!"

The search is made; and, too surely to his foreboding, the body of Fleurette is discovered in the basin of the fountain.

"Sure the arrow was, and keen,
That had pierced the garden queen;
Threats, or promises, were vain—
She would never bloom again!"

We should say the story is well told, were it not, that, in parts, where the narrative ought to be only light and airy, it is flippant, and flippancy and pathos can never harmonise—can never contrast with effect. The tale is essentially tragic; its conduct ought not to have been marred by levity. Passages, however, it contains, of true poetry—of exquisite beauty.

As a specimen of Mr. Kennedy's powers, we prefer selecting one of his short poems; and it shall be one of which Byron himself might not have been ashamed; for, without the vice of imitation, it breathes much of the noble bard's genuine spirit. A Last Remembrance:—

"I never more shall see thee,
Except as now I see,
In musing of the midnight hour
While Fancy revels free:
I'll never hear thy welcoming,
Nor clasp thy thrilling hand,
Nor view thy home, if ere again
I hail our common land.

"I have thee full before me,
Thy mild, but mournful eye;
And brow as fair as the cold moon
That hears thy secret sigh:
There are roses in thy window,
As when I last was there—
But where hath fled the matchless one,
Thy young cheek used to wear!

"Though parted, maid—long parted,
And not to meet again,
One star hath ruled the fate of both,
And seared our hearts with pain;
And though before the altar
I may not call thee bride,
Accept a token of the band
By which we are allied:

"I've found for thee an emblem
Of what hath fallen on me,
A leafless branch that lately crowned
A lightning-stricken tree:
Torn from the pleasant stem it loved,
The severing scar alone
Remains to shew, that e'er it grew,
Where it for years had grown.

"For pledges of affection
I'll give thee faded flowers,
And thou shalt send me withered leaves,
From Autumn's naked bowers;
The tears of untold bitterness,
I'll drink, instead of wine,
Carousing to thy broken peace—
Do thou as much for mine!

"Whene'er a passing funeral
Presents its dark array,
For thee, my maiden desolate!
I will not fail to pray.
Beneath the quiet coffin-lid,
'Twere better far to sleep,
Than live to nurse the scorpion care
Within thy bosom deep.

"The midnight wind is grieving;
Its melancholy swell
Doth make it meet to bear to thee
Thy lover's last farewell:
Farewell! pale child of hopelessness!
'Tis something still to know,
That he who cannot claim thy heart,
Partakes of all its woe."

In the composition of "*Zelinda, a Persian Tale, in Three Cantos, by Richard Badnall,*" the author has—rather unfortunately, we think—availed himself of the "fatal facility" of octosyllabic verse. This is a pretty-enough love story, in measure sufficiently smooth and easy; but it wants material, it wants thought, it wants power. The sub-joined lyric effusion, however, from the third canto, displays Mr. Badnall's talents to considerable advantage:—

"O come, fair maid, at this evening hour,
The dews are fallen on tree and flower,
And calm and bright as the stars above
Are the eyes below which beam with love!
But flowers may bloom—stars beam on high,
Yet stars will set and flowers will die;
But woman's love to the silent tomb,
Is beyond all light, and beyond all bloom!"

"O come, fair maid, for the pale moonbeam
Is light on earth and chaste on stream;
But far more light is that radiant eye,
And far more chaste that virgin sigh!
For moons, alas! will set with night,
And eyes grow dim which once were bright;
But woman's love to the silent tomb,
Is beyond all light, and beyond all bloom!"

"O come, fair maid, 'tis thy lover calls
The form he adores from the banquet halls,
To the bower of roses, the silent grove,
To the bosom of peace and the arms of love!
For banquets cloy, which once were gay,
And bowers which flourish will soon decay;
But woman's love to the silent tomb,
Is beyond all light, and beyond all bloom!"

We have before us a pleasing volume, chiefly of a descriptive character, entitled "*The Bereaved, Kenilworth, and other Poems, by the Rev. E. Whitfield.*" It is distinguished throughout by correct and easy versification, good taste, and the most amiable feeling. As a specimen—the most convenient for our purpose that we can find—the following lines, from a piece headed "Elegiac Stanzas," will justify this opinion:—

"He lies, he lies beyond the wave
Which idly beats the rock-crowned shore,
A tenant of the fearful grave,
And thou wilt view his form no more:

A stranger's foot is on the ground,
A stranger's sigh is echoed round,
A stranger's lips in silence bound,
Nor present friends his death deplore.

• • • • •

"Wouldst thou that sighs were wafted o'er
The spot where lie his cold remains?—
The wind that stirs dread ocean's roar,
And howls along the leafless plains,
In plaintive guise, shall only move
The tender blade his head above,
With sigh more gentle e'en than love
Blends with his sweetly-touching strains.

"And Ocean's self shall calm his rage;—
There, in his deep and rocky bed,
The heavings of his wrath assuage,
Shall rest awhile his awful head;
And, as his waters gently lave
Each beetling cliff and time-worn cave,
Shall waft his voice on every wave,
To moan a requiem for the dead."

"*The Lyre*" and "*The Laurel*," two of Sharpe's elegant pocket volumes, embracing very tasteful selections from the "*Fugitive Poetry of the Nineteenth Century*;" and, with due deference to the fame of our rhyming forefathers be it said, not a century of the Christian era can boast of poetry so exquisite, so true to every pulse of the heart, as the Nineteenth. It is, however, in what has been termed "personal poetry" that the writers of the present day chiefly excel. In a neatly written preface to "*The Lyre*," its editor justly observes, that, "it is to compositions of this order that we may invariably refer for the more successful productions of the poet." He who is skilful in delineating the feelings of an ideal hero, must prove much more energetic when roused and excited by the impulses of his own mind; he identifies his personal history with his writings. What, for example, constitutes the overwhelming interest of *Childe Harold*?—the fact, of which such abundant internal evidence is to be found throughout the poem, that it is in a great measure the personal history of the poet. And which are the passages most frequently remembered and referred to? Unquestionably those in which he lays aside the pilgrim vest, and appears before the reader in his own person; making him the confidant of the ever-shifting impulses of his soul—the depository of its gladness and its grief. Who is there who would not exchange the most splendid imaginative descriptions for such intense and impassioned revealings?" • • • "Which are he most universally popular of the writings

of Wordsworth, Southey, Campbell, and Coleridge? Unquestionably such poems as have been produced under the influence of some powerful emotion: which have not been prolonged beyond the existence of the feelings that inspired them; which are more or less identified with the personal histories of the poets, and which consequently reflect back the feelings and aspirations of a large proportion of their readers. It is for this reason that Lord Byron's exquisite apostrophes to Thyrza, and the melodious murmurs of a grief almost titanic in its character, which are every where scattered over his continuous poems, afford the noblest evidence of his genius. It is for this reason also that the *Tintern Abbey* of Wordsworth—the *Retrospection* of Southey—the exquisite *Genevieve* of Coleridge—the too prophetic lines written in a moment of dejection at Naples, of Shelley—the beautiful *Address to a Sleeping Child*, of Wilson—the lyrical burst, 'Let me not have this Gloomy View,' in the *Tales of the Hall*, of Crabbe, with numerous other poems of a similar character by the same authors, are superior to their larger and more elaborate compositions." We should add, that these volumes contain numerous excellent specimens of American poetry, which had not previously been seen in this country.

New and much improved editions of three of "*Pinnock's Catechisms*," have just reached us: "*Conchology*, containing a pleasing and familiar description of the construction and classification of shells, according to the Linnean system, with examples of each class;"—"English Law, containing correct ideas of our constitutional rights and liberties;" and "*Arithmetic*, in which the properties of numbers, and the first principles of calculation are explained in simple language." Perhaps there is more of what may strictly be termed the *philosophy of arithmetic*, in the last named little work, than in any other upon the subject extant. Teachers would do well to look to this; for it is a point on which, in nine cases out of ten, they are woefully deficient. And how should the blind lead the blind?

"*The French and English Pictorial Vocabulary; containing upwards of Twelve Hundred Words, with appropriate Illustrations by N. Whittock*," is the prettiest and most useful book of the kind, for children, we have ever seen. In each of twenty-eight copper-plates, or pages, are three distinct engravings; and each engraving is so ingeniously contrived as to illustrate five or six different

subjects. It is ornamental as well as useful, and will be found invaluable in the nursery.

NEW MUSIC.

"*The Omnipresence of the Deity*," an Oratorio. Written by Robert Montgomery. Composed by John Barnett.

THE appearance of an oratorio presents a species of era in our musical existence which we hail as a momentary relief from the nauseating loads of trash which are hourly showered upon us: it shews we have one composer left who can throw off the trammels of the publishers, and write for fame instead of the boarding schools, in spite of the pecuniary loss which stares him full in the face. Mr. Barnett's oratorio exhibits science, talent and taste, and if he does not wield his pen with the giant power of a Handel, he may take a very respectable stand with the more modern writers of this class of music. We are, however, inclined to impugn his judgment in the selection of a subject: one of the principal advantages which an oratorio possesses over mere chamber music is in its dramatic character; there should always be a tale told; even if persons are not introduced, the interest is carried on, and the force of imagination materially enhances the power of the music. We are aware there is one splendid exception, but it stands so completely alone, on a pinnacle so unapproachable, that we cannot recommend it as a model.

Independent of this want of dramatic power, the oratorio will be found a most honourable attempt on the part of the composer. The overture, or rather introduction, is an adagio in the Tugue style of about 2 pages leading into a tenor recitative, and followed by a very elegant trio in the quiet style, for sop., tenor, and bass. "Shall guilt crouch down," a bass song, in the German style, is extremely powerful. A tenor recitative and song "On Sinai's mountain," with an accompaniment partaking of the old school, is bold and effective. The chorus "Ye giant winds," with a fugue on two subjects, shews what Mr. B. can do if he likes to attack the scientific class of music. The soprano air "List, now the cradled winds," is simple and beautiful. "Now turn from earth," a recitative and air for a contralto, though extremely pleasing, seems more adapted to the Italian opera than the oratorio. "Sweet Sabbath morn," soprano solo afterwards harmonized in chorus, is a sweet piece of simple counterpoint with considerable dramatic effect. The quartett